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MUD HOLLOW

From Dust to Soul

BY

SIMON N. PATTEN

Not the seen but the felt, not color but joy, not fact but emotion, not beauty but action, not madonnas but corn-fed girls.

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To those who love their Ancestry, their Church, their Home, America, all her Idols—yet can laugh.

MUD HOLLOW

The West Amplified

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Its Life Presented

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PART I

MUD HOLLOW

Its Life Presented

Life today is shaped by the blood of the civil war, by golden harvests, and by Methodist theology. Children of this generation, reflecting what the viron has imposed, test the virtues and shortcomings of their forbears. By your children shall you be known.

MUD HOLLOW

I

Mud Hollow

Artists see angels in blocks of marble. A similar instinct helped Tim Brown to see the fertility hid beneath the bullrushes of Mud Hollow. Originally a swamp, it had by drainage become a garden. Old Tim was thus a maker: what he did others did; as he prospered so did they. The fields were square; the furrows straight. Above the ground was corn, from the corn the hog. When a farmer talked of beauty he meant hogs not his girls.

All was man-made—Tim-made, the neighbors said. His broad acres had no defect; no weeds dared to invade his premises. Old Tim said he would teach water a thing or two and he had. No sooner did a drop arrive than it looked about —took the beaten track as tamely as the traditional lamb.

The ground thawed on the seventh of March; the first frost came on September nineteenth. Planting, harvesting, corn-picking never varied in time or amount. The sun poured out just so many calories each day. The heat became corn, the corn became hog, which by Thanksgiving averaged 328. Western sun has no vagaries. It rises a dull gray, yields its calories like a squeezed lemon, dis*appears too exhaus*ted to light a candle.

It is merely a timepiece to tell roosters of when to crow, cows of milking time, turkeys when to go to bed. Nature was humbler than the bull Tim led by the nose. Glory, glory to man. Muscle and vim astride the universe.

Such was Mud Hollow. The soil was Indiana, but the heart, the mind, the thought, were still as rigidly Scotch as when Knox thundered. A stranger contrast than between week-days and Sunday could not exist. The one was carefully adjusted to local conditions, the other had not a trace of modern life. All was still except the preacher's voice and the growing corn. In this group Old Tim was the glorified chief. A better farmer, a more pig-headed theologian never existed. Calvinism was his glory. Methodism his aversion. He never mixed with the common clay across the street. Six days he worked; no flowers, no play, no camp-meeting for him.

The Civil War broke this isolation; the West, ceasing to be a series of clans, marched behind a banner which blended more faiths than it had stripes. Old Tim for the first time sat on the platform with his Methodist neighbors. For Lincoln they shouted; for Lincoln they voted; for Lincoln they fought.

Like every other town Mud Hollow had its Lincoln celebration. There were horsemen, Indians, revolutionary heroes, wide-awakes, girls with banners, but the crown of crowns was the Goddess of Liberty on a chariot, which in the enthusiasm of the hour was dragged around the square by leading citizens. When the Goddess finally descended everybody, Tim included, kissed her in truly western fashion. It was a grand affair, at least in Indiana eyes. Tim was pleased, so pleased that he forgot he kissed the girl he had denounced for loving flowers better than the *washtub.* Community campaigning had its cost

as well as glory. When patriotism crosses the road, love follows. If he could kiss the Goddess of Liberty so could his boy.

The wedding was a grand affair. All of the two churches sat in the pews. The beauty of one group, the pride of the other, walked down the aisle; their union blended two long antagonistic groups.

As the couple left the church they found before the Post Office an excited crowd. Lincoln had called for troops. All lined up, the groom with the rest; when the last drill came, and the engine puffed, a pale girl leaning against the corner of the depot was beginning to realize how different the world is from what we imagine.

What a change the war made: barns were emptied, sacrifice replaced joy; women did men's work. The bride going through with the rest finally got her reward in a maimed husband. Externally she was like her neighbors. What they acquired through centuries she got in one dose. She not only cooked but did the outdoor work of a man. A familiar sight was to see her astride a corn plow or pitching in the hay field. Yet all was done so quietly few realized her burden. Today she was dark and sinewy. Her face once seen was seldom forgotten. When she came to town the old soldiers stood attention and ran her errands like schoolboys.

A boy came, the pride of Old Tim, the hope of the town. Every old soldier was Paul's godfather, evincing that partiality in which overfriendly admirers indulge. Such conditions would have spoiled most boys. Petted children seldom make great men. His salvation came through his character's not fitting his viron. What he could do was not valued; what he could not do stood high *in public esteem*. In arithmetic he *surpassed, but prestige* came from spelling. The

glib rhymes other boys poured out on exhibition days were beyond his power. When the annual school exhibition came with its dialogues and theatricals Paul never got higher than doorkeeper. Seemingly stupid where the town expected excellence, he would have been looked on as a country jake but for the reputation of his family. "Looks like his mother," people said. He did, but in his tearful grindings at the spelling book his jaw was clinched as firmly as the grandfather's.

The two were inseparable. What Tim knew was poured into willing ears; all his farm standards, all his prejudice, all the family tradition, the boy knew. He became a replica of his grandfather, in opinion, manners, gestures; even more narrow and rigid in his views. Home was a realm that reflected heaven; Indiana an empire so large that it crowded the stars.

All went smoothly until old Tim's death transferred Paul from the home to school. Like all western villages Mud Hollow had an imported normal school enthusiast who brought with her culture, sweetness and light. She reformed the accents of children; corrected their manners, was vitriolic in spelling; but sin of all sin in the boy's eyes—what grandfather taught and mother did came in sharp contrast with the well-meaning but somewhat misguided instruction of this normal aesthete. The blackboard was covered with flowing lines which she made with an ease that astonished Paul, who try as he would could not make his awkward fingers move in flowing curves. She put a bird on the top of the figure 7; placed a nest with eggs in each of the loops of the figure 8; had roses in her hair, rings on her fingers. Her knowledge was as cosmopolitan as her dress. She had two-week courses in everything from Greek *architecture to the* modern drama.

More might be told of the virtue, knowledge and skill of this normal prodigy but the real point is not what she knew but how she impressed the boy. He sat sturdily in a back seat, reticent but boiling with an inward rage. She extolled spelling; he marked in his book words that in his view were spelled wrong. The birds she put on the board he rubbed out every time he got a chance. He clung to the home pronunciation as firmly as to church creed. He never broke rules, but hatred of school grew with the months. All this is doubtless wrong. It might have been punished if known. But being repressed it became an emotional wave coloring his life.

At last a break came. One of the school feats was reading without a mistake. Some girls could read a page; Paul could never read a sentence without technical errors. His slow Brown hesitation tripped him at every trial. The girls laughed, even mocked; chagrined, he refused to read. Then came a struggle with teacher; finally he yielded but burst out crying, sobbing for minutes when in his seat. The teacher felt her discipline had triumphed. His mother kissed him for submission. Neither knew the turmoil raging in the boy's mind. He threw stones at birds, persecuted cats, slashed roses. Rebuked, he took vengeance on thistles, decapitating them with fierce blows. "How like his grandfather," everyone said. Old Tim hated weeds; Paul hated girls, an inevitable result of subjecting slowly developing boys to the censure of glib girls.

The real Paul, the budding Paul, came to the surface in another way, to understand which the influence of Colonel Saunders must be understood. Every Indiana town has a Kentucky colonel, a man more noted for talk than for deed. All the adjectives of the dictionary were at his command.

At donation parties, wedding anniversaries, on the Fourth of July, he was in his element.

Mrs. Brown was a favorite; her cakes, her pies, her bread, her chicken and waffles, her house and her farm gave him endless opportunity to extol. The Colonel could make a Grecian goddess blush in return for a glass of water. Paul would not deny these excellences. But to him she was something higher, nobler, something the Colonel's words never reached.

He would outdo the Colonel. He would coin a mother-description that would pale anything Saunders had done. This was quite a task for a boy in a speechless family. Words were not his forte; but if the Browns did not have words they had a will that more than made up. When they started no obstacle was too great to surmount. In this spirit Paul took up his chosen task. He wrote and re-wrote but his ideal of mother grew faster than his words. He tried poetry but in it he never acquired enough proficiency to gain admission to the village paper. From the dictionary long lists of words were compiled to be used in the great Philippic on which he labored. When the dictionary failed he took the study of Greek. This Paul followed with a vigor which made it seem that he had a real love of literature. Hunt as he would for fitting words, they never came. He kept on trying to coin words but they never quite fitted his mother's case. At last fortune came his way. Professor Stuart, stopping at Mud Hollow on a Western trip, gave his oft-repeated lecture in laudation of women. The town liked Kentucky oratory better, but Paul was electrified. Stuart's sentences had a mystical ring which seemed vague to practical people; but to Paul they gave promise that he might at length reach his long-sought goal. That fall an uncouth, awkward boy left the Indiana plain for Pennsylvania

hills. The flat straight was to fit itself to the curved hill; the prairie to the forest.

Are the mud-hen and the eagle twins or strangers?

II

Bowman

In its settlement Pennsylvania represents more fully than elsewhere the diverse elements out of which our nation rose. We emphasize our unity so much that the strange commingling of races, creeds and aspirations among our forefathers does not stand out as clearly as it should. Of those, Pennsylvania had a double share because of the open door extended to all strangers. In many ways the Quakers were narrow but they were always true to the principles for which they stood. All were welcome whatever the variation in character or faith. But this prevented homogeneity. Ten miles, a river, or a range of hills often made an impassable barrier separating localities more completely than broad oceans now do. These little worlds had their peculiar life. They became a series of layers, each striving to keep its own religion, thought and language. While there has been some yielding of boundaries, these essential contrasts remain. Pennsylvania is still a federation—not a state.

Coming later than the Quakers, the Scotch-Irish occupy a worthy place. They found the fertile southeast section occupied. Forced into the foot-hills or the upland valleys, they found a region resembling in ruggedness the land they left. In it they sought to make a new Scotland and to perpetuate the institutions and beliefs to which the Scotch so fondly cling. For a whole century *little occurred to* break their isolation or

to introduce the new ideas floating into America through many doors. No serious inroads in customs or thought were made until the Civil War broke on them like a devastating cyclone. Its youth for the first time, flowing out, mingled with the larger world. The veteran brought home a new view of human relations which, remolding history, elevated disliked races into a broad comradeship. Why should interest continue in European conflicts when our own social problems were looming to a place of supreme importance? The new and the old clashed; nowhere was the struggle so severe as among the Scotch-Irish rigidly bound by their Calvinistic faith and tradition. It was the old problem of the irresistible meeting the immovable. What is more immovable than dogma and what more irresistible than the genial faith of the modern democrat?

Bowman was one of those communities to which pioneers flocked. Its old log church was the center of many a controversy from which the orthodox always came forth victorious. Its preachers formed a long line of solid defenders of the faith which at length blossomed into a theological school of national renown, from which flowed old ideas as from a well undefiled. The college gradually grew up around the school, until recently merely a preparatory school for the budding divines. The whole atmosphere was thus sternly Puritan. Life was regarded as too severe a task to make its joy worth cultivating.

Today, standing on its campus, one could hardly help exclaiming "Beautiful"; yet this was a word nobody thought of applying for a whole century. The site was chosen not for its beauty but for its utility. We are apt to think of our ancestors as artistic and of ourselves as utilitarian; yet the opposite is the case. The upland *soil was* more readily adapted to the cultivation

of wheat, the staple article both of food and of export. On these hill-tops our ancestors led their calm, isolated lives.

Bowman thus changed from utility to beauty without anyone's perceiving the change or doing much to help it along. It was on a bench between two branches of the river flowing through the valley below. This bench, reaching back many miles, connected with the main range of hills. On its top ran an old road along which the wood of the interior was carried to the local sawmill. The Ridge Road, as it is now called, has so many views of the valley on both sides that it seems designed for its artistic effects. But no such thought entered the minds of its projectors. They merely avoided the gullies which the rain had washed in the hillsides. Perhaps the loggers occasionally looked down into the valleys below but we may be sure they shuddered at the view more often than they smiled. Thinking of the glories of Scotland or of the songs of the Israelite prophets, one can understand the feeling with which the uplander looks down on the depth; corrupt and vicious, if occupied; and full of physical dangers if not.

At one of the points now most cherished is a stone on which the Rev. Alexander McCarter sat while he wrote his famous sermon on "The Second Coming," in which he pictured the flaming sword moving up the valley below. So accurate was the description that even now his sermon is used to give a picture of the region as it was. With these thoughts in the background, what was beauty to Bowman?

The village was not the result of town planning, but of the accident of growth. The green which became the college campus was in the foreground slightly sloping towards the river. On its far side stood the old church noted for its pulpit eloquence

and its severe orthodoxy. It could not claim much beauty except for the ivy which clung to its sides. A broad avenue lined with chestnuts ran between the college buildings and the green; but the other streets had no plan, each following the lay of the land which, fortunately, was too uneven to permit rectangular squares. The houses were as near or far from the street as the breadth of land between the road and the hill behind permitted. If they stood back, a fine lawn added to their charm; but often they squarely faced the street. At one time these street houses had a rather squalid appearance, as they were the homes of the poor. But the railroad town on the other side of the river gradually emptied Bowman of its working population.

This accident gave Bowman its unique character. Life was unpretentious and yet had the air of refinement seldom seen in so small a place. On the green were few ornaments. Before the Seminary stood a monument to commemorate the missionary efforts for which Bowman was noted. Its tablet deserved attention as Bowman had a martyr class, of whose nine members seven had died either in missionary service or on the battlefield. There was room at the bottom for the names of two men whose reputation gave to Bowman a unique position. Malcolm Stuart and Samuel Dickson were the ones to be added.

III

The Theologian

Samuel Dickson, D.D., LL.D., was the title of the dean of the Theological School. He was the *fifth in a line* of preachers with cousins, uncles

and relatives so numerous in the same work that the Dickson family could almost claim the title of defenders of the faith. After graduation he became a missionary, giving this up only at the urgent call of the home church. Bowman seemed likely to be eclipsed by mushroom seminaries of doubtful orthodoxy. Who could save the day better than one uncontaminated by modern thought? The returning solidity of conviction throughout the church bore evidence of his ability. All was well or at least seemed well except for the break Professor Stuart was making. Of what avail was it to scorch Satan in a hundred outlying places if right at home his corrupting influence was apparent?

Dr. Dickson was a short, thick-set man with a high forehead and protruding chin. His middle-face was thin and filled out only when he spoke with emphasis. Then the strong face muscles became prominent, which with the accompanying glow of earnestness made him a handsome man in the pulpit. Many were his admirers; he deserved them.

A description of the doctor is not complete without a glimpse of his wife. Every male Calvinist has back of him a female voice urging him on. This will be stoutly denied by the defenders of their faith. What is bolder than the way in which Calvinist ministers malign woman? She seems merely a penitent Magdalene having no place except at the pleasure of man. This, however, is merely a flow of words. In reality the woman drives; the man follows. He talks firmly but in trouble asks Jane what to do.

Calvinism has left its mark both on men and women. It is hard to tell how many ages man dragged woman after him in his exploits. It was certainly long *enough to* make the tradition of *the church and to shape* woman's thought so that

she accepts its limitations as natural. No woman could survive who questioned them. They thus became defenders of their own repression—keepers of their own prison doors. Each generation of women shaped the next to fit the situation in which they survive, a regime which leaves physical as well as mental marks. A weak chin, a full middle-face, a sloping forehead, was either caused by this repression or became the limits beyond which woman could not pass. Firmness would be suicidal. The strong-minded entered the church or died old maids.

While survival came through hunting, fishing and fighting the man dominated, but when it depended on clothes, cooking and cleanliness the woman came to her own. The plagues did much to inaugurate the new epoch. They were filth diseases carried by clothes, food and dirt. Cleanliness thus became more than godliness since cooking was the only means of germ extermination. On top of this came the visitation of tubercular germs which infected dirty houses as the plagues did food and clothing. The conquerors of these were not the hunter, fisher and warrior, but the woman with wash-tub and cook-stove. The man asked the woman for pastry instead of her begging meat of him. Soap was more powerful than powder. The dominating man and the slovenly housewife died of their own carelessness. The woman of muscle gained a husband and bore him children of a new kind. Woman was silent in church but ruled at home. This compromise is Calvinism well exemplified in the relations of Dr. and Mrs. Dickson.

No one was a more pronounced advocate of man's rule than she nor a firmer believer in woman's frailty. Yet Dr. Dickson always carried out her instructions. She was tall for a woman *and would have risen* above her husband if he

had not worn a high hat. Her hands were large, her bones developed, her muscles tightly drawn. There was no end to what she could endure; her planning outran her deeds. She stirred not only Dr. Dickson's activity but that of the whole town; was president of a dozen missionary societies, led the Christian Endeavor, was Sunday school superintendent and presided at all the women's teas —monarch of all she surveyed except Professor Stuart. Here was a gulf she never crossed; it vexed her beyond measure that such a thorn not only stayed but grew.

Mrs. Dickson was not exotic, but the product of long evolution. There are dozens like her in every town who would manifest the same traits if the occasion permitted. Man idealizes one kind of a woman, nature is forcing another kind on him. There is thus a death struggle between what he wants and what he must accept. He admires a pretty face, small hands, narrow waist and sloping shoulders. Such was the primitive woman and such is the modern Madonna whom artists draw. No matter what ancient conditions demanded, she does not fit modern life.

In earlier days when religion acted as a force to guide evolution, each sect tended to create an individual type by attracting the like and repelling the discordant. America was then a group of groups, each moving in its own way, preserving if not enlarging its own individuality. Of these the Methodist and the Calvinist were the more easily recognized. Methodism saved sinners; Calvinism ruled the saints whose emotions it could not arouse. There were thus upper and lower strata, each molding its people in its own way. Methodism was the new and the higher. It broke tradition and freed the soul. But the physical type it tended to *create* was reversion. In a *Methodist church the man* walked down the aisle

with a firm step; a humble, weak-chinned woman followed. In the rival church the woman led; a tame, subdued man followed even the children. No elder was without a prodding wife. His life had thorns as well as roses. Scotch women are pure, noble, virtuous, but they also have acid tongues. Some experienced with both types would rather be vociferously scolded at times than nagged all the while. When a Methodist woman bursts into a flame it is better to retire to the barn until passion subsides. Then a box of candy will straighten things out. Not so with the Calvinist. She has quieter ways but they are persistent. Feeling she must act through her husband, she exerts a constant pressure which often is far from agreeable.

There never was a more vigorous group than those who conquered the West for Methodism. They might slip in their English, but the volume of their voice was never in question. Sinners had to put their fingers in their ears to keep the gospel out. This at a time when Calvinist ministers wore spectacles, feared drafts and took pills for digestion. Any old almanac will tell the vigor of the praise they bestowed on patent nostrums; who can praise except those who use? The Methodist cured his cold by pounding the Bible. For a whole century no one became bishop who wore less than number eleven boots nor until he had pounded a hole in six Bibles. His feet and his hands were as big as his soul. Shoes tell the story of the ascent of Methodism. Physical might may not be as lofty as spiritual right but it wins. The world is for the strong even if the saints get the first place above.

IV

The Professor

A reader of character would have gone astray if he had attempted to judge Professor Stuart by appearance. Of all guesses the last would be that here stood a survivor of the Civil War, noted for his courage and audacity. Yet such was the case. Of the first to enlist, he had been in every campaign in which the Army of the Potomac fought. So efficient was his service that the end of the war found him in charge of a famous scouting troop. It is said that Sheridan desired to give him a commission in the regular army but the offer of the Greek professorship in his home college proved more attractive. Many are the tales told of his exploits and many the scars he bore. One was plainly visible on his right cheek but others more serious were covered by the straggling gray beard which hid what otherwise would be a deformity. The body marks were even more prominent but there were enough in sight to bear evidence of his valor.

At sixty there was nothing of the soldier about him, except on Decoration Day when the old uniform was burnished and the spurs clanked at the heels of his army boots. He seemed another man on this occasion or when he headed a group following some comrade to his final rest. All this would have made him worthy of notice but it is not this that made his character. The face of a woman had always been present even in the thickest of his fights. He was glad when the hour came to throw off his uniform and claim his bride. What could be better than a happy home and the quiet charm of a college professorship? *Ida and Greek*—what a combination! No

wonder the military step was displaced and war memories became a dream.

This Eden was not destined to last. Ida faded in spite of his care. All that remained was an enlarged photo and a little girl said to be her image.

The Professor changed, but it was a change of love from one woman to all her kind. From now on he became an ardent advocate of woman's rights. Many are the pamphlets which he contributed to the early stages of the suffrage movement; many more were the lectures he gave to advance its sacred cause. In college his opening course was a history of woman rather than of man. Back of each hero he saw the woman who gave him force. What are nations and conquest compared with human love? This may be crude doctrine, modern professors of history would smile at its innocent perspective, but it sufficed to give him zeal for a work which otherwise would have been a task.

All this might have happened, and yet not have given Stuart the place he held but for the transformation of thought which the reading of John Stuart Mill's autobiography wrought. Mill had been educated in a peculiar way. All ancestral beliefs were withheld in the hope of removing the cramping influence of false ideas. "Why not?" said Stuart, as he laid aside the volume, "apply the same treatment to a girl?" Yes, he would show the world a natural woman—one who stood on her own feet, thought her own thoughts, dreamed her own dreams. *A woman without tears;* no repressions save those of her own awakened conscience. To him a woman's woes are the unnatural product of her repressions. Baby Ruth should have none of these. She was to blossom as God intended; never knowing what tears or *sorrow meant.*

The Professor set about his chosen task in a most systematic manner. It was not for him to trim or guide. The tree grows, the germ comes to maturity without pruning. If God plans so carefully for plants and animals, why has He not implanted in woman the promptings which evoke her full development? Let a girl be happy, give her full contact with nature. All man can do is to wait and to keep woman away.

To be sponsor of the first free woman caused an isolation of Ruth from the woman world and a disregard of decorum which shocked the town as much as it pleased the Professor. They saw as depravity what to him was budding originality.

When Ida died many were the kind offers of her woman friends to care for Ruth. Stuart rejected them all kindly but firmly. When they began to protest at her antics he resented their intrusion. What were books, laws and traditions but deadening repressions which make for abnormality? Woman's beauty is God's truth. What He implanted she will fulfill if only the tribe of arrogant teachers ceases to interfere.

Such ideas could not but provoke strong reaction among the zealous Calvinists of Bowman. The Professor soon came to be regarded the bane of the town; the girl as a new trial to test the faith of the orthodox. Woman must walk a straight path, deviation from which is death. Time-honored traditions fix the boundary of her activity. Those who could not stand the rigor of these chains died or broke away. To harbor such a heresy, to permit such an exhibition in their town, was to invite God's wrath to be visited alike on the innocent and the guilty.

Bibles were diligently thumbed; many were the passages hurled at the Professor to show him the error of his way. When these failed, noted divines were imported to confound the guilty. But all in

vain. The Professor grew more determined but at the same time more gentle. This irritated his opponents. If he would only hit back some form of church discipline might be imposed. But to enjoy the fiery darts hurled at him seemed more than a crime. When Andrew Bain preached his Philippic against woman's depravity, pointing his finger straight at the Professor a dozen times, Stuart was the first to congratulate the worthy reverend at the close of the sermon. "What can we do with such a hardened sinner?" the women cried in unison.

It was indeed a hopeless case. All they could do was to read the prophecies more carefully and grow stronger in the faith. Some bitter punishment must come to the town, so bitter that they shuddered to think of it.

Thus Ruth became not only the center of town controversy but of state-wide agitation. It frequently got into the Presbytery and even in the committee rooms of the General Assembly. But what might be done not even the wisest could say. For once the catechism was short of perfection. There is no mention of what is woman's chief end. Through this omission a thorn arose which had to be endured until God saw fit to withdraw it. Had some other father sought to do what Stuart did the experiment might have been more promising. The girl ought to have had a higher forehead and broader chin to be an apt disciple of the doctrines her father taught. They never got into her heart; anybody but the Professor would have given up his chosen task before the year was out. But to him this aloofness was a virtue. It showed, he thought, a true budding of womanhood. Let the plant grow; the flower will come; after which the fruit. The merry prattle of a girl will change to the serious conduct of the woman *in nature's own* way. The more she laughs, the

less she thinks, the better will be the basis on which her motherhood rests.

Women were to him a product fitted to its end in nature's supreme way. He did not expect a girl to be intellectual; he had no love of child precocity. "The healthy," he was fond of saying, "have plenty of time." Smiling at the pranks of the girl, he rejoiced in her ignorance and was fond of telling about mistakes which would have made another father flush. A series of exact measurements were taken every month in which the size of hand and foot figured prominently. Her shoes he showed his visitors with great delight. They were two sizes larger than worn by girls of her age.

Her weight alone fell short of the ideal record. While well boned and muscular, she had slim ease of movement that made her attractive. Broham, the artist, said she had too much chin to be a Madonna and not enough nose to be a Grecian goddess. Perhaps this is so. She certainly had nothing of the Madonna about her. No Italian artist would have picked her as a model. Her nose may have been slight but her eyes flashed as she smiled and her cheer was proverbial. Frank and outspoken, she gained the reputation of forwardness, yet she was not self-centered nor overconfident.

Such was the girl but of more importance was her viron. Except across the street she never saw other girls and hence had none of their manner nor world view. Her father was her sole companion through her earlier years; later the athletic field became the center of her interest. Only a hedge separated her home from the field through which she made her advent on what was to become her chosen haunt. She laughed and chatted with the *boys or slept* within the shade of *overhanging trees. Her* language was a boy's

language. She knew their current terms and used them freely. To hear her one would think a boy was talking unless he recognized her voice. Her familiarity with games enabled her to use the jargon of the athletic field effectively. No one counted with her unless he could jump, run, bat or buck the line. She had the heart of a girl and the ways of a boy.

V

The Faculty Tea

The center of attention was the faculty bride, fresh from college with all the presumption which advanced courses give to women. She shook her head in a way which indicated an awareness of her superiority. An expert in everything from anthropology to modern literature, she expressed herself with more authority than young women at Bowman were accustomed to have.

"What does she mean?" said one. "Is she trying to make fun of us? That young man will discover a Ph.D. after his wife's name won't help him much."

"Oh, it'll rub off after a while," said Mrs. Wells, the mother emeritus of the faculty. "She isn't any worse than most of the new instructors. Sh-she's coming over here now."

Mrs. Powell threaded her way through the small groups around the patent plush rocker in which her hostess sat, drew a chair for Mrs. Wells and arranged that lady in it. Then lowering a window shade, she made herself "Very much at home in another woman's house." "The idea!" was the unconscious judgment of a dozen beholders.

"Where are the *faculty?*" asked Mrs. Powers *in her full voice.* "Do husbands ever drop in?—

No? Well, what shall I do to meet that dear old posey, Professor Stuart? He doesn't seem to be of the calling kind; I want to talk to him about his theories. Reading his essay to my husband, he said my periods became positively rotund, that I made gestures and raised my eyes to heaven. Professor Stuart told me I was by nature a goddess. You've seen the article, haven't you? Mill, Rousseau—a dash of Plato—plus the poetic idealism of the author's own self. Do you agree with him, Mrs. Ames? Are we a seraphic host sweeter than what honey-bees extract from flowers?"

The dignity of Mrs. Ames' displeasure with the free, easy manner of this probationary alien was not touched by the thrust. She clasped her fingers below her waist, while she spoke in measured tones: "I differ with Malcolm Stuart on principle and never believe a word he says about women, God or anything else. We earn redemption by thorns and sacrifice, not by tasting what the tempter has to offer."

Mrs. Powell laughed and said, "Yes, I agree with you; we ought to earn our spurs before we wear them. After all, mightn't we accept his thesis for the sake of the assumption in his argument? I'm willing to blink the facts of social evolution just to hear what compliments such an old dear will pay us next."

"Oh, you woudn't like to hear him talk—he's so embarrassing in private! I'm very sure your husband wouldn't, either. A man doesn't want his wife to get into such dicussions."

"What discussions? Do tell me. As for Doctor Powell, he proposed in the midst of a Ph.D. dissertation on Polyandry in Tibet; I should divorce him if he objected to anything such a delightful cameo as Professor Stuart could possibly say."

"He's a slick talker. Were it anybody else, I'd call *him foxy. In the middle* of the street lay

Miss Ruth flat on her back, throwing dust over herself. I spoke right out: 'Is that the way you bring up a girl, half hen and half pig?' Laughing like a great boob, he said, 'If she and the dust are cousins, why not embrace?' I answered him right back— I'd made up my mind to before I went. If you don't, he winds you around his little finger. So I gave him as good as he sent. 'She has a soul to save and the dust hasn't. A clean girl makes a good mother, that's why.'

" 'So you agree with Demonthenes, I perceive,' says he.

" 'Oh, I don't know whether I agree with him or not,' I answered back. Then he smiled in his sarcastic way, 'I am confident you do. The Bowman and the Greek idea are essentially one.'

" 'It's no such thing. Bowman is Christian, Greeks worshipped horned cattle. Such as you brought into that horrid play last spring.'

"Then I came home, mad way through. That's the worst of talking to him. You don't know what's coming next, and he says such perfectly dreadful things, lugging in anything so long as it makes a point, whether it ought to be there or not."

"But if it makes a point, the material is certainly relevant," said Mrs. Powell.

"Not when it's untrue, *never* when it's suggestive," stated Mrs. Ames with fine theological determinism, made emphatic by the perception that the speaker was not quite refined.

"It is best that Ruth should be taught things that will fit her to become a useful woman, with all the privileges of a Christian community. She should know how to keep house, to cook and sew. Mrs. Wells offered to teach her but her father is deaf to reason. I have urged him to bring his widowed sister here to look after Ruth, instead of *that* ignorant old colored woman—but no!"

"He keeps Mammy on that very account, you know," added Mrs. Wells.

"How interesting!" said Mrs. Powell. "What is his reasoning?

"His reasoning is that he doesn't want her restrained, frightened or disciplined. He claims that this old slave woman who was his wife's playmate down South is the only woman who won't twist her out of the pattern God intended for her. Every woman in the church is up in arms about it. Oh, how that harum-scarum gets on my nerves. Only yesterday I saw Miss Ruth on the lawn kneeling head-over-heels as if no man were within a hundred miles—somersaults, handsprings, cartwheels the boys call them. I was so disgusted after all the effort that has been made for her safety that I spoke to her father about it. I did not mince matters, I assure you!—but he was as bland and stubborn as ever. He began to be poetic about the grass and the birds and what not."

Mrs. Powell repressed a smile which led Mrs. Ames into the role of post-interpreter.

"What did he say?" repeated Mrs. Ames, musing. "W-e-ll, he wanted to know what could harm a pure girl on the clean grass with the blue sky above. Does it harm the *birds?* Isn't it as much her habitat as theirs? My, what is the world coming to when a girl can again dress in an apron of leaves?

"I then asked why he didn't send her away to some girls' boarding school until she was ready for college. He made the answer I expected—precisely. No schooling for Madame Ruth that doesn't accord with his fanatical ideas. His women are all queens sitting on thrones, half dressed, glimmering in the dawn. I declare," she concluded faintly, "sometimes it seems as if a widower *had lost his last* grain of common sense.

Dear, dear! I do hope nothing will happen to the poor, neglected, tempted child. I *wish* she'd let me mother her. She's a real sweet girl after all."

"To me she is extremely attractive—unusually so, indeed," said Mrs. Powell. "To be sure, I've scarcely met her, but I thought her unaffectedly simple, very keenly alive—like a splendid boy, but beautiful—like a woman."

"She is not considered attractive by the Bowman people who are qualified to judge. Her father is cultured enough himself, but he doesn't believe in it for women. From what I make out of him," said Mrs. Wells, plaintively, "women can do exactly as they want to because we were born to do right. In spite of all he says about God and duty, I think he is more of a Unitarian than Presbyterian."

"If that's so, why not take it to the Presbytery?"

"We have but it is no use. Men are such cowards. If they had the least gumption things would go right.

"That's so," put in Mrs. Ward. "Just like my Ralph. 'You know' said I, 'that the Professor will bring everlasting disgrace on the whole town. Why don't you talk to him?' 'I can't. No man can talk to his captain.' Finally he said, 'Let Jimmy Sloan talk to him.' 'Jimmy Sloan,' said I, 'Jimmy Sloan is an ass, a conceited ass.' 'That's the trouble,' said he, 'everybody in town is either an old soldier or an ass. The old soldiers won't talk to him and the others dare not.' There you have it. If men won't do their duty, women are helpless."

"That's just what I said to George"—exclaimed Mrs. Holman—'you are a burgess of the town, a banker, a lawyer, a deacon. Face the

deceptive creature. The moral law must be upheld.'

"So he went. The professor met him on the steps, sat him in his best chair; they talked war, politics, scripture, laughing and disputing until the supper bell rang. He never realized how the professor had put it over on him until crossing the street he saw the girl hanging by her toes on the trapeze. But then it was too late to go back!"

Mrs. Powell tried to think of some bright saying to turn the discussion her way. None seemed to fit. Relief came from a multitude of voices down the street. It was the opening day for athletics. Along they rushed, first the girl waving the college flag, then several boys with instruments which made more noise than music. The team and then a howling mob. They stopped before the professor's house. Judged by the cheering, what he said must have been thrilling.

They return. This time the professor leads, the girl is carried on the shoulder of Tom Kidd, the music and the team are a bit mixed; the boys are noisier than ever, zigzagging across the street in their merry dance.

"My," said Mrs. Jordan, "I would not want my Jane to dress like that. Absolutely nothing but bleating tinsels. It's enough to give one a conniption fit."

"When I was a girl," put in Mrs. Burton, "boys went to prayer meeting as regular as the clock. Sunday night they sat in back, watching the girls in the choir. Now girls are nowhere. To no one will they listen but the professor. Then there were debates and orations, but no such doings as he eggs them on to. He even winks when they study on Sunday to make up for time lost on that abominable field. I wish the weeds *grew there as they used to.* Then virtue would

have its reward. But it is easier to talk than to do when Malcolm Stuart is around. Is he right or are we? You can't help learning his headlines; he has been shouting them hither and yon for twenty years."

"Does he really talk like that?"

"Talk like that? That's only a beginning. Picking up a union suit, he said, 'Petticoats are needless ornaments. No girl should cover her knees except in a snow storm'—the idea, where would modesty be without a garment to hide behind? A girl's knee is so sacred she should not see it even when she washes. I never leave him without blushing to the roots of my hair."

"'Clothe not the body with raiment but the soul with righteousness,' he preached from the text, saying his translation of the scripture was better than the authorized version. The idea that man can improve what was written by the hand of God."

"'A woman needs no covering for her virtue'—say if you will this is not vile!

"'Beauty was not made to be hidden, but to be seen.'

"'Dress is a device to hide the defects of the soul.'

"'A maid is never contaminated except by her mother.'

"'Clothes hide what virtue adorns.'

"If you were to talk to him your modesty would be shivering in two minutes. He puts girls, birds and flowers together and would make a public exhibition of them all."

And so on, a dozen voices joining in the unison of denunciation, each more emphatic than the other. Then they paused, looked stern, bit their lips. A common thought was in everyone's mind, an oft-expressed wish to which no solution came.

"We got rid of saloons twenty years ago, but one professor is worse than a dozen saloons."

A new outburst was prevented by steps in the hall. Through the open door came Mrs. Dickson, with Mrs. Holden, the Kansas firebrand, on her arm.

The two women as they sat in their chairs of honor were much alike and yet different. Both had heavy chins and a firm setting to the mouth. Mrs. Dickson had a sunken middle-face and a high forehead. Her companion had high cheek-bones, a projecting nose and slanting forehead. Her eyes were large, mild and blue. From them one would never have imagined the deeds which filled the liquor-controlled papers with horror. But looking down, the cause of their terror became apparent. Her muscles had the rigidity of iron—working with her jaws, not with her eyes. She was a cross between a Methodist and a Calvinist, having the will of the one and the emotion of the other.

The older western states were settled by currents of immigration from several directions, each of which retained its individuality. The unifying force was Methodism, which drew into its fold the scattered remnants of many diverse groups. Calvinism could not hold its own in the open environment of the West. Its force is in its chains and fears. When these bonds break, decay sets in. Methodism thus wrought a union of primitive races and backsliding Calvinists. In their union we have a confusion of types; the crescent-faced Puritan intermarrying with the full-faced primitive stock. East of the Mississippi the older race strata are to some degree yet visible but to the west the half-breeds caused by the intermingling are dominant. The result is more emotion *and will*, less reserve and self-*control. Kansas, thinking* more quickly, is more

intuitive in judgment than New England. It is Illinois strained and magnified. Fire and will are united instead of opposed.

We rightly expect waves of emotion to start in the highlands of the west and to lose force as they come east. This is partly the result of climate. The upland does not have the muggy climate of the coast. But the larger element in the change is due to a mixture of two types giving the half-breed a strong chin, high cheek-bones and a receding forehead. This combination makes a good pugilist and athlete. Emotion and will unite; enthusiasm and persistency result. Great stores of energy thrown like a bolt give results that careful thinking cannot attain.

When this spirit comes to women they lose the reserve that men of older civilizations admire. They enter where they will; they strike with the celerity of man, if not his force. Of this type was Mrs. Holden, a queer combination of ruthless aggression and timid womanliness. Today she is one, tomorrow the other; hating with bitterness, loving with eager tenderness.

In this way Kansas women take the lead. With them the temperance movement entered a new stage, of which Mrs. Holden was a fitting representative. Where she went liquor moistened the streets, not the throats of men.

Her talk thrilled her audience. Even their limp muscles occasionally twitched, showing that thought was transforming itself into action. Still the old longing remained; the old problem kept coming back. The devil in Kansas was a saloon-keeper, in Bowman he was a professor. Blows could check the one but what would silence the other? They longed to put the question direct but a knock came. Mr. Ward, entering, stood at attention with whip in hand.

Smiling, Mrs. Ward arose and said, "John is

always on time. I hope, Mrs. Holden, you do not have to make the 5:10 train."

She had evidently forgotten what she had said of her husband's moral cowardice for she put her arm affectionately on his shoulder, and gleamed with happiness at the thought of a husband who was always on time. Mrs. Holden was firm. An evening lecture engagement must be met. Just as the handshaking was finished she said:

"Oh, I almost forgot my message. Lecturing at Mud Hollow last week, I heard of the greatest boy ever who is coming here. He is an angel in the bud—so say the old soldiers, the women and everybody else. His father was a war hero, his mother a saint if there ever were one. He has great possibilities; a ready-made hero, keen for any great cause. Don't let him fall into the wrong hands."

"We won't," said a dozen voices in unison, their thought going straight to the professor.

"Yes," said Mrs. Dickson, approvingly, "we need martyrs. The Lord loveth a blood sacrifice. The best are His. A hero on the rack makes heaven smile."

Amid a chorus of good-byes, the bays darted away. Then each woman hastened to her kitchen. No matter how they thought, they were good housewives.

"Putrid innocence," exclaimed Mrs. Powell, mounting her step. "Must I feed with these sweet geraniums all my life? Temperance, theology, knees. Not a word of Ibsen or Shaw nor even a Browning Club to relieve the monotony. Pennsylvania 'corrupt and contented.' No; that's not it. She's dead, petrified, turned to salt—Hell! I might as well learn to wash dishes and be done with it."

VI

College Opens

Paul Brown stopped when he saw that he was too late to enter chapel with the herd of excited Freshmen shoving through the doorway. Had he by nature been a class man, he would have run after them; had his perceptions been less slow, he would have followed the traditions which were its breathing soul. Arousing his self-consciousness, they would have warned him that he was too conspicuous against the skyline, too raw, too big to stand in isolation from his appointed mass. Whatever the power of the ideals that brought these sober country boys to Bowman, most of them would have been swept along by the excitement of the first morning of the college year. The country boy in town is a sharp observer.

But this one stood, a target for hostile comment, as deeply occupied with his intense purpose as when he had stopped at the end of a furrow, letting the horses sniff the ground. With the old gesture of relief he pushed his soft hat away from his forehead, brushing back the bristling, newly cut hair.

The campus had quickly emptied of men; dormitory windows opened from vacant rooms to the south wind; the professors' hired girls shook their dusters on the porches that looked over the campus. The fourth boundary of the field was a clean line of cropped emerald turf, beyond which the vigilant lawn mower had no concern for the tangled grass which grew wildly to the foot of a tumbling stone fence meshed in silvered clematis and carmined blackberry, half buried in the lovely spray of goldenrod that dashed against the lichened stones. On the other side of the tossed,

flowery back, wide meadows dipped gently downward, then upslanted softly to a dark, harsh ridge, misplaced and powerful. It cleft them brutally with naked feet of gneiss and granite, shouldering across the high pastures to a little talking stream above which it hung with a worn, barren crust. It was like a primeval silence cleaving mute sounds, which Paul, without volition, turned from the college to study. He met its sullen challenge by a blind clinching of his great hands.

The waving fields of grain bring a smile of victory to the western farmer's face. Every inch of that soil he has transformed, beaten into shape, forced to express his wish. The swamp he drained, the ridge he lowered, the soil he manured —all is self-expression. A rock, a boulder, is an irritating obstacle, an eternal reminder of man's helplessness. Break it, hide it, crush it. Who can smile when he is taunted by an untamed force?

Paul felt an impulse to put his shoulder against the uplifted mass and push it over into the valley below. As he was planning this the thought of his mission came back. He had come not to transform Pennsylvania rocks into Indiana soil, but to fight an incorporeal fight with Malcolm Stuart as his guide.

Such was Paul's reaction as he faced the huge uplift which the servile native went humbly around. If he stopped to look he called it beautiful, or if awed thought it a manifestation of God's power. But Paul's God was not of this sort. What is the greater God, He who left Pennsylvania a mass of obtruding obstacles, or He who rolled out the great prairies of the West? The answer is not so obvious as the lover of hills imagines. Paul, at least, had the Western view.

Ah, where could his hero be? In guessing, he turned *into a path at right* angles to the one upon

which he stood and walked forward to an area intersected with lime lines and dotted with bare spots. This he regarded with attention—the first athletic field he had ever seen. Was it not footless and puerile to measure strength by ungainful devices upon the ground? Thus the young farmer was inclined to judge, for his own body had come to unconscious, unexplored perfection through the garnering of harvests by the sheer force of willing muscles. But the life of which this was a part was hallowed by the influence of one man; a surge of tenderness washed away his judgment against whatever touched this man's daily life; all was potent, for an instant all was right.

The boys in the chapel began to sing the college song, to which Paul would have listened if he had not heard a sharp cry of distress and the scrape of feet behind a group of thick bushes that decorated the campus.

There he saw a girl half-lying on the ground beside a flat, broad stone. She seemed dazed, her lips were firmly closed as if to control uneven breathing. An abraded red line extended from her temple to her cheek. She was so slight that Paul thought she was a child trying not to sob. Touching the abrasion with his handkerchief, he said:

"There, now, don't cry. How did you happen to stumble over such a stone as that, I'd like to know?"

A spark illumined her tear-filled eyes, but she did not move. Putting his hands beneath her arms, he lifted her to her feet with the exaggerated tenderness displayed to small children.

"Let's sit on the stone a minute," he said, "while you tell me about it."

She took his handkerchief and brushed her hands, slapping it twice across her dress; he

saw she was not the child her quivering lips and grieved eyes had pictured her.

"Don't bother," she said, "I'm all right now, but it did hurt like fury for a minute. I was just practicing the standing broad jump and I flunked it. Didn't have my right shoes on—that's why I couldn't recover when I came down on the slant of the edge." She spoke briskly, making no show of gratitude as she limped away.

Paul attempted a diversion, but he was unable quickly to alter his manner to meet the radically different situation.

"Well, I never," he ejaculated. "Is this where you practice jumping? Wonder if I could get over? You watch me now, and we'll see if a girl can beat a boy."

She remained haughty and plainly harassed by the ignominy of defeat commented upon by a stranger, yes, probably a Freshman. He adjusted himself and cleared the rock after some by-play.

"Uh!" she said, "do it again."

He complied.

"Once more."

He shook his head.

"Don't be silly. Here! The record is ten inches beyond this corner—three years old. Try it, try it."

He smiled doubtfully at her command.

"I guess I'll have to take a little run to do that."

"No you daren't *run;* it's a standing jump," she said. "Now!"

"But how'll we know if I get more than ten inches?"

"Oh, gracious," she scoffed, "I'll measure. What's the difference, now or after?"

She laid her hands *along* the ground, then drew *her heel edge through it.*

"Here's Jordan's record. Beat it."

Paul estimated the force with which he must drive; it was a long jump, but he concluded it was but a matter of co-ordination; fixing his eye upon the line, he landed just beyond it. The girl shrieked!

"Who are you? What's your name? Where are you from? *Oh!* What's your department? *Don't* be a theologue!"

"Tell me your name. I discovered you," he laughed.

Instead of replying she snatched the handkerchief, which she had taken from him to dabble at her abraded cheek, and waved it high above her head. Through the wide chapel door boys were pouring in all directions across the campus. Paul turned and saw them, when his companion called again and again—

"Jordan's record's gone!"

"Oh, get out! No greeny can do that."

They crowded about Paul who, after whirling to escape the discomfort of being looked at by people behind him, stood still, embarrassed, surprised to find himself the center of a jesting, laughing throng.

"Show them, show them," she cried. "Wait, here comes Captain Gannett. Fred, Fred," she called, "here's a splendid man I've found for you. He broke the broad jump record without practice. And he weighs one-eighty stripped. Don't you?"

The football captain scanned Paul's possibilities with a critically narrowed eye and offered his hand to the silent novice.

"Happy fellow! Congratulations on meeting Miss Ruth's requirements. She's our visiting consultant. What's your position?"

"Freshman—arts."

Some one guffawed, and another said, "Truly

rural." The captain immediately appeared ennuied.

"I mean what position have you played in football?" he repeated patiently.

"I don't play football. I've never seen a game and I don't want to learn. I came here to study."

Some exclamations intended to disturb him rose from the boys as they began to scatter.

"Never mind," said Ruth, with breezy protectiveness. "You're right, just the same. Fred, bring him to the house tonight. I want Father to see him. He'll tell you what to do. All the boys come to him. He's Professor Stuart, you know."

"Oh! I didn't expect to meet him so soon."

Ruth looked at Paul a moment, then at the handkerchief, and cried,

"I know you. You are Paul Brown, the Indiana poet. Father got your poems last week; I read them to Fred and we had a good laugh. Think of wasting time over such stuff when the outside world is on the go! You have muscles—why not use them? Pens were made for sillies like Jim Bailey, white-livered flamingoes who squawk but cannot run or bat. That's good enough for Indiana, but it won't go in Bowman. No loitering around in the moonlight here. No buttonhole lilies. Buck the line, pitch the ball, knock a home run, run a mile. That's what counts; no monkeying with books. Leave the Greek roots unpulled, just wade in and do your best. You have lots of hair, let it grow tousled, not in curly locks like Jim Bailey, our Texas beauty.

"Dick," she cried, turning to a stocky youth in the front row, "take off your topper and show your wool.

"Look," as the youth complied, "that's beauty. He won't comb his hair until the season is over. Nor *open a book. The* breakers don't come until

February. There is plenty of time to prepare after the snow flies. Now, for glory and Bowman!

"Father is expecting you. He had already marked the poems 'promising.' But don't let that boost you up. It is the lowest mark he ever gives. From that it goes to 'charming,' 'exquisite,' 'the promise of greatness,' 'the budding of genius,' 'the hope of the age.' Father's looking for the great American poet and sees him in every stripling who hails from Indiana or Texas. Indiana and Texas—first in poetry but last in glory. Who ever heard of a team from either state?"

This was Paul's reception. He had traveled a thousand miles to reach a great intellectual center; a place where art, oratory and classics reigned. He had expected to find poets in every shady nook, orators with magical powers which excelled those of Colonel Saunders. He was unconscious of body, arms, limbs, so absorbed was he in literary ideals. Anybody can plow, reap, pitch hay or chop wood. Like all the Browns he did these without thought. For them he expected no praise. But to do what you can't, only that is worth while. Paul longed for a world where people can do the impossible and he had thought Bowman was the place. Oh, what a drop from the clouds was the reality he faced.

But Paul was game. He smiled as the girl gave him her hand.

"You are mine," she said, with a look of fervent adoration. "I am so glad that I saw you first. I just knew some one was coming to help us out. You are he, sure enough. Bring him tonight, Fred. Good-bye, until then."

She walked swiftly toward the house behind the hedge, straight-hipped, straight-breasted, lithe, and buoyant. Her chopped hair gave her the *look of a boy* whom she also resembled in agility

and frankness. If the test of a woman is to bring cheer Ruth could meet it, yet she was too physical to be beautiful, too natural to be virtuous.

"She's a great girl," observed Gannett, idly watching. "If you want to call tonight I'll be glad to take you. You'll like the old man. He's all to the good. All right, make it Quad Arch, seven-thirty, so long."

VII

A Sexless Soul

The two met that evening in accordance with the code forbidding an upper-classman to call upon a Freshman in his room. Yet Gannett was not unwilling to appear as the prompt, far-sighted patron of the man who bore more signs of brilliant athletics than any recent recruit. They strolled beneath the dormitory windows before turning into the broad walk that bounded three sides of the campus; here Gannett pointed out faculty members sitting on their porches with groups of callers; he indicated the status of young men they met, dressed in crisp, light vests and newly pressed suits, swinging their canes on the round of first-night visits. Paul saw a suave lifting of hats, and such a fashionable shaking of hands that he began to be uncomfortable; but the fear that he was alien to this polished life could not last in the atmosphere of kindliness which exhaled on them all from the hearts of the scholastic veterans in baggy clothes whose dim, tired wives sat aslant as if listening for a summons to the kitchen or the crib.

Gannett said, "Here we are," and indicated the green pillars of a hedge between which they *passed to a deep, rich lawn* well-arched with chest-

nut. A house opened its wide veranda to them as down its steps Ruth ran.

"It's you. Isn't that nice?"

Then she called to her father on the far end of the porch.

"Here is your Indiana poet, fresh and raw. I thought he'd be like Jim Bailey, but he isn't. Why should a big man want to do a little job when the world is full of cripples who can do nothing else? That is father, Paul, unload your poetry."

The Professor came forward, taking both of Paul's hands in his, gave him a welcome which made him forget the ignominy of the first Bowman contact.

"Come into the study, Paul. I was reading that delightful description of Indiana mothers. You won't object, I am sure, to my quoting it in a lecture I am to give next week."

While her father greeted Gannett and shook hands with Paul, Ruth retold the story of meeting Paul with an excitement which seemed to have accelerated since the morning. They sauntered to the house. Paul neither smiled nor spoke. Under the drop light at the door he abruptly faced the Professor, whose genial smile, like the sudden sparkle of the sun upon the sea, sent a message down into the heart of the awed admirer while his hands chilled and twitched.

Paul knew he was the focus of the silence which ensued, but he could not break it. In the confusion he was unwieldy.

"It is a great honor——" he said.

"Scarcely an honor, Mr. Brown. My daughter would hardly permit that, for you are already *persona grata* here. I sometimes think this is not so much the home of a quiet old Pennsylvanian as it is a shrine to Hercules, where a vestal feeds *the* flame. But come into my study."

The study ran clear across the front of the house, with open windows everywhere. To the rear on one side was Ruth's room; on the other, the dining room and kitchen. Bookshelves showed their friendly faces on all sides of the room except where pictures hung. They even in their final extension crowded against the fireplace before which stood a table and the Professor's favorite chair.

Books are an index of a man's character. Their gaps show his defects; their overgrown parts his love. Looking over a man's books while you wait for his appearance will tell what to avoid and where to tickle his fancy.

Judged in this way, the Professor's thought was easy to interpret. There was an immense collection of Greek texts but scarcely a work on philology and only one Greek dictionary. He was no scholar in the modern sense; merely browsing as his fancy dictated. He loved to read the Greek aloud. Often he did this when alone to catch the right shade of the rhythm. Ruth is the only girl perhaps for ages who was put to sleep by the harmonious flow of Greek poetry.

He needed no dictionary as the meaning was as clear as English, nor did he bother about the origin of words. To him it was a living language to be taught for its content and beauty. His classes would flunk the examinations now set for freshmen, but they carried away an inspiration that no other subject evoked. He was called easy; yet an alumnus of twenty years remembered more he had said than all other professors put together. When they returned on college days, they slung off Greek sayings with an avidity that would put a modern philologist to shame. Their Greek jokes could bring a laugh because understood; now only athletic slang brings a response.

After Greek came long gaps including what every professor should know. You might look and look, and the more you looked the more would you be impressed with the breaches in his intellectual interests. He was not a scholar, nor even a reader.

But beyond the gaps came another overgrown part. Every pamphlet that had the name of woman on or in it the professor bought. The collection was built on no principle; the greatest confusion prevailed in the placing of books. He was before the epoch of card catalogues, despising any regularity which denoted precision. Impulse was his only guide and that was of a fickle sort.

One of these collections was on ancient customs and missionary tales—"folk ways" as they now are called. They were his great storehouse from which to draw his material on the wrongs of women. He shivered as he read these pages. His audiences trembled when they heard them. Many doubtless were false, others overdrawn, but they gave the basis on which his theories rested. "Woman dethroned and debased" was ever on his lips: her replacement was his one ideal. He thus had a glorious mission and vivid tales to support it. What more than this and Greek literature does one need to make the earth a fairyland?

Stately, gentle, this man now opened his door for Ruth and stood aside for her to enter. When they had seated themselves, he gave his attention to Gannett, following with genial interest and encouraging loquacity the various pinchbeck incidents.

Paul had never imagined the fighting prophet in homely guise; the cool reaction cleared the mist through which he had been groping. He studied the bent, glistening face, carved in high

relief; he considered the widely spaced brown eyes, smouldering in dreams; he watched the thin mouth, slightly smiling, very gentle but founded in his less mobile lines without bitterness or pain. He glanced at the long, emphatic hand which penned the phrases that burned like an acid and goaded like a hymn; here was the man who knew how to right the wrongs of half the race; he who had given purpose to the pith of Paul's own life. He could not think of a descriptive term. Paul knew only that he wished to talk to him, to release the torrent of aspirations churning through his imagination.

Just then a shrill whistle was heard from the street. Both Gannett and Ruth jumped to their feet.

"It's Joe Bush," cried Ruth, looking out the window.

"I know what he wants. It's that mix-up on the scrub, Ruth. Want to come out and see him a minute?"

"Yes, indeed. Excuse us, papa. We'll be right back."

As they closed the study door, Paul's hands tightened whitely upon his knees.

"I just want to tell you, sir, that I came to Bowman on account of—your article——" He could not go on.

"An article of mine attracted you? I am glad if I can state Truth so fairly that a man comes here to help us. I look to the West for men unstained by tradition. Which article is it?"

"This one," Paul took it from his pocket. "The one named 'Woman: Enthroned, Enslaved'."

"Ah, that sprang from me when I was harried by traitors in my own camp!"

"Sir!"

"I mean I was *dealing with* the universal forces *that threatened to press* in upon one helpless

girl. I touched Truth there. Why did you like it? What do you want to do?"

"I want first to make folks appreciate *my mother* and they've got to before I'm through with them. She is far nobler than the men they praise. I'll show 'em that!"

"How, boy?" The Professor just breathed the question.

"I'll find a way. I'll study till I get down to bed-rock—to bottom bed-rock!"

"Then what would you do?"

Paul was silent, flushing deeply with the pain of incomplete expression.

"Pardon me," the Professor said, "it is a fault of mine to encroach on matters people do not wish to touch."

"No, no," Paul cried. "I can't explain what I feel. You said in this paper that Woman, the Queen, is eternally branded into slavery, and her bruises never heal. Well, it's true! Mother is all scarred up. It's work, work, work, from morning to night, a man's work and a woman's work on top of that. For all this she gets no praise other than that due a hired girl. A woman is estimated not in terms of soul, but for the menial acts of the kitchen and farm. When you think how it's happening every day to thousands of women in this country—where everybody pretends to respect women—how must they feel in those foreign lands where they don't pretend to do anything but sell them like cattle? It makes your blood boil."

He struck the arm of the chair heavily with his fist, but then, becoming self-conscious, he shrank back and his great beauty, energizing and directing the potencies of his body, vanished; to his observer's ceaseless scrutiny he seemed instantly to become a vacant structure. It was as if a *splendid statue, endued* with many qualities, sud-

denly losing them all, should pass back into the eclipse of unmodelled clay. The older man waited while the other slowly recovered from the shame of a lost control before he said:

"Go on. I am deeply interested."

Paul looked sharply at him. Were not the sympathetic tone, the perfect manner, too pretty to be honest? But in the open simplicity, the vibrant friendliness of the other's gaze, he felt himself give way. How could he have been so ungenerous as to suspect the motives of this open man, to whom he had already bound himself by ties of aspiration! He longed for the power to uncover every dear hope in the sight of him who had voiced his gravest trouble.

"After father came home from the war, mother tended his wounds. When he grew worse, mother took the whole load. I can remember how she used to ask the men who came to visit father for advice. My! They'd sit around father's lounge, eating apples and popcorn, stretching out their legs, resting good, while mother was sewing or cooking, with half a day's work ahead. The talk was always about the war and the things father did in it. Never of mother or her deeds."

"I judge he had especially distinguished himself."

"That's right. He got praise for it, too, down at the store, at church, in the county paper. That was the reward for four years' fighting—but mother's twenty years' fight gets no praise except in terms of doughnuts and griddle cakes. Oh, it makes me tired!"

"You must have been as proud of him as your mother was, as glad to see him happy."

Paul hesitated a moment. "I was proud," he said slowly, "we all were. He's all right; he thought there was *nobody* like mother. He'd *watch her by the hour* and they'd laugh and talk

as though they were two kids. She was as much his hero as he was hers. But the rest put him on a pedestal, with no place for her above the level of a washwoman. To them, it is all men, men, men! He did this, he did that! Yet we were made not by the deeds of which men brag, but by the silent efforts of women. When I think of my mother, I know there must have been a multitude of others who did her deeds, felt her sorrows and then sank into unmarked graves. Yes, heroes do not drop out of the sky. Neither do mothers. Why not give them the credit of making the race, instead of lauding the deeds of men who only reflect the virtues women have acquired through ages of suffering? But not so in Indiana. Women are good enough to make pies, to sew buttons, to churn and sweep, but due recognition for their merit they never receive. Oh, the presumption of men! I would like to kick 'em downstairs."

This was quite an oration for Paul; when finished he fell back into one of his moods, sitting with gripped hands, fixed jaws. The Professor was moved but waited in silence for some new outburst which he felt sure would come. Life came back as quickly as it had gone. Suddenly Paul sprang to his feet and cried:

"When the minister called, he said, 'You're the son of a soldier, an honor to the country.' Why didn't he say I was the son of a woman doing nobler deeds every day? Why should soldiers who kill men be praised higher than those who make them? To be good to her because she's his wife—is that all the honor she's to get? Where's her pension, her glory for grinding herself to the bone for us, and not a word of complaint out of her, year in, year out? He was glorified for one gunshot wound, while she gets no praise for a thousand pains that cut deeper than bullets. What *is it that* keeps us from being fair to a woman,

and giving her the kind of appreciation her deeds deserve? Everybody thinks well of the useful woman but all they ever say is, 'She is a good cook; her house is in order'; that isn't good enough for *my* mother. And if it isn't good enough for her, it isn't good enough for other women either."

He paused in his restless walk, a challenge in his observation.

"You are right," the Professor said, "it is enough for no woman."

He crossed the room to a large portrait upon the wall opposite his desk.

"Your inspiration flows from a great and misprized nature—from a woman's protean powers flowing in many channels, yet choked and dammed in every one. Mine came from a nature that poured its rare inspirational quality freely into every deed."

He looked at the painting so long that Paul was miserably uncertain as what he ought to do. At last the other said:

"Come here, Mr. Brown, I want you to know Mrs. Stuart."

Paul studied the canvas with a growing consternation and amazement. That "fancy picture" of Mrs. Stuart—the woman whose name was on the dedication leaves of the Professor's books! That smiling, glowing woman whose arms and shoulders gleamed boldly from the black velvety shadows, whose hair was curled and fluffed, whose white and slender hands were jewelled! She seemed to lean from the picture, accepting the admiration of any man for her skin-deep prettiness.

Paul felt a shock he knew not why, a recoil as though some bewitching vampire had tried to kiss him. The picture had not the sad smile hard toil brings *to the overworked millions* who get their

pay in coin which rings false. Can a woman of thirty have soft hands, a slender figure, a girl's face and still be an inspiration? Had Paul met Mrs. Stuart on the street he would have thought her overwrought, a drag not a help in the crusade which stirred his soul. But to find her on the wall of the man to whom he looked for guidance, to see his smile, the glow of his enthusiasm as he praised this seemingly useless creature—well, Paul was too slow of thought to solve the riddle. He hesitated, stammered and finally ejaculated:

"Did she always look that way?"

The Professor was too absorbed in his own thought to understand Paul's question or his mood. He gave a look of admiration and said:

"No, she is in what we might call a fancy costume. You may not be familiar with this school of portraiture, although it is often reproduced in books and magazines. My wife wished it in the manner of the older family paintings in southern homes, those after Reynolds and Gainsborough, which were much valued by her Virginia relatives. She and the artist in New York chose the brocade gown there, and I selected the black hat with its long plume. She always regretted that she could not wear the costume in Bowman for she thought it peculiarly enhanced her type."

Paul listened with a patient astonishment.

"She dressed up on purpose to have her picture taken!" he burst forth. "Why, I thought—I think—she's so different from my mother—I didn't know—I didn't suppose—that was the kind you're working for!"

The Professor's face sharpened for an instant, his fingers tapped the mantel's edge; then the cast softened to a tender wisdom, a patience that was infinitely sad.

"Yes, she dressed for this," he said slowly and simply, holding Paul's troubled glance.

"She knew I wanted her at the moment of her most expressive, most intensive beauty. The artist knew I wished him to limn an ideal of womanhood as well as a scrupulous portrait. He has achieved both—for me."

Absorbed in his over-enthusiasm he did not realize the mental conflict of his hearer, but broke forth in eulogy that expressed his inner feeling.

"She is the woman of my pamphlets, my lectures, my confidant. Only after I knew her did my philosophy gather the attribute of impregnable purity. She was a perfectly fearless woman, a perfectly free one, able to distinguish woman's loftiest conscious needs from her atrophied functions. She could state them for me in their ultimate terms, for she had never known the miseries of slain desires and exhausting toil. She knew no restraint; her own soul set the bounds of life; she stood upon the mountain tops; I mapped and plodded. From her unfettered growth, I drew that plan of specific rescue which I have set forth elsewhere. A woman with the equipment of perfection: perfected love, which is purity; perfected reason, which is intuition; perfected maternity, which is tenderness; perfected conscience, which is holiness. All these women harbor now, the primary gifts of God, yet overlaid, checked, controlled, nullified, and thwarted of expression by inhuman cruelties.

"Ah, well, at least we read together the Prologue of the new Book of Life, before we played the Epilogue of World Tragedy—we could not evade that. The curse of Eve was on her. We were in the grasp of vengeance, the victims of earth's chaotic maelstrom. Ida and I lived too soon to escape the disasters evoked by the brutal order against which we strove. She paid life, I—happiness; all I saved was our daughter. She is as *God would have her.* She is safe. She is

free, she is the holy one to be; in her hands is all that God ordained."

The lurking smoulder of his eyes was a bright light when he laid his hand on Paul's shoulder, saying in a different tone:

"It has been a pleasure and a relief to talk to you as one talks to a newcomer in whom he hopes to find a colleague. You must come here often; you shall be always welcome, and my daughter regards you as her especial treasure trove. Where is she? They have been absent some time. Shall we join them in the open air?"

Paul moved reluctantly. He did not understand nor could he frame questions which should probe further than the light touch of the Professor had gone. For the first time in his life he had the desire to submit to a personality. He had given himself freely to dogmas and to ideas, but he had never felt warm impulses of soul magnetism. He had not done what he intended to do, but, as he slowly followed the Professor, he felt himself sinking into peace with a widening horizon.

We know not what might have happened at this juncture if the two men had been left to think out an understanding. Perhaps a different fate would have been Paul's; a simpler, plainer road to his goal might have opened up. For the first time he felt a questioning of his ultimates, a flash of a new world.

Years were to pass before Paul through his own development faced the same problems again. For good or ill effect was momentary. The door suddenly opened; in rushed Ruth with the glow of another world.

"We are already late," she cried. "You promised to talk to the boys on the athletic field. You are not going to cut that, are you?"

"*So I did,* so I did," said the Professor. He

turned with a pained look which might have been due to having forgotten his engagement or to losing a chance for more talk. He hesitated a moment and then said, "Come on, Paul, you must see the athletic field."

Taking Paul by the arm he led the way out the gate, down the road to the entrance of the field. His appearance started vociferous cheers. It thrilled Paul, but his face flushed to be put unexpectedly in so prominent a place. It was the first college yelling he had heard, and who can resist its appeal? He seated himself on the front row of the grandstand, with the girl and Fred. The Professor stood before the mass of cheering boys. When they were silent he began.

"Boys, this is a world of dust, common dust. From dust we came, on dust we live and to dust we return. It is easy to turn one form of dust into another. God did the trick in six days. Nature has a more difficult task, a task not of six days but of millions of years. Dust ceasing to be dust must become soul. From dust to life, from life to muscle, from muscle to soul and from soul to God. The upward track along which all must pass. You can't manufacture soul by any patent process. Change and growth rest on the dusty dust in which our feet must always be. You can't have muscle without dust nor soul without muscle. It is more important to keep your feet on the earth, to mix with its dust, than to dream dreams of unreachable glory. About the clouds is a barren waste; below is world fertility. Stoop and enjoy it. Don't float away and freeze. The stars are reached by a ladder which Jacob saw but could not climb. The way from dust to God is up that ladder. Every step demands muscle. We get no nearer to Heaven than our muscles will take us. It's muscle, all muscle, nothing else *counts. That's why* we are here and not over

on the campus fanning ourselves beneath the chestnut trees. We are on the right track. The track from dust to God. We begin at the bottom of the ladder and work up—not at the top and fall back. Men are always mounting; saints are always falling. Their pasted wings drop off in the heat of the sun. Not so with us. We accept Nature's verdict that the road upward is from dust to muscle. We bite the dust, we eat the dust, we roll in dust. We are dust without, dust within; all, not to be dust, but to be dustless! We want to get away from it but we must carry lots of it along in muscles which are being transformed into soul and in souls which are becoming God.

"Be proud of dust divinity but climb above it, up until the stars fade and the milky way is lost in the depth below. The ladder rests on this athletic field. Men used to think that it started from the theological seminary or from the college campus, but it does not. They are mere way stations, dessert, not beefsteak. Muscles before college, muscles before theology. It is the long road, the low road, the dusty road which leads upward. On it dust ceasing to be dust becomes soul and God. We come here today to get our first lesson on how to travel this long dusty road; how to mount the ladder which leads from dirty dirt, from filthy filth, to love, hope and charity.

"Who would not prefer nature's path; go through the turmoil of its slow, difficult processes instead of trying to grow wings on his back. That is the difference between athletics and theology. The one acts with nature, the other against her. Come, boys, make the decision today. Will you fly or walk? Will you take the low dusty road or float among the clouds? Our ladder starts *lower, you move up it* more slowly, but it reaches

far higher. Muscles, not clouds, reach to the door of Heaven. Now is the time to make the decision and here is the place. I want to shake hands with those who will go with me up the slow road that leads from dust to soul. We shall always have our feet on solid earth but our eyes will see the above. As we mount, each step will be harder. We will need more muscle and have our feet rest more firmly on the dirt. From dust to soul—through muscle and by muscle. Come on, we will all go together, singing the college songs as we go."

The answer was a cry of joy. A hundred boys rushed forward to seize the Professor's hand. Paul was quicker and nearer. He got the hand first. His heart thrilled with a new impulse as he sprang forward. He had always thought of his muscles as load, as mere flesh which made for temptation. Now it was to be muscle first. His arms and legs were not the useless appendages he thought them to be.

That night at the window of his dormitory he pondered it all over. He had never before heard of evolution. He had studied books which told of *things* but not of how souls were made. Souls are transformed muscles. Souls are dustless dust. He would be dust that he might be soul. The new road seemed so attractive that he wanted to try it that night. He could see the ladder going up, up; at the top stood mother. She held not a book but a handful of dust. Yes, his mother had taken the dusty road and he must follow.

He gathered his poems, his mother eulogies. Wrapping them carefully he placed them at the bottom of his trunk. Then sleeping the sleep of the innocent he saw a ladder reaching so high that the earth faded in dim distance.

VIII

Senior Honors

Three years had passed almost to a day when Paul again leaped from the train, trod familiar streets and mounted the steps of College Hall. He heard the two o'clock bell and knew it called every one from lunch to the class room. Four o'clock meant athletics; then would the mind-weary horde desert the classic halls for boyish sport.

Paul cast an eye up and down the campus, then viewed the rocky crest beyond. All seemed different than it did when he first saw them. The hills had no terror for he knew them as friends. Paul had an air of mastery which made him different from the timid boy with crude edges to be worn off. His hair, his face, even his body seemed altered and yet beneath it all was his old modesty. He had grown accustomed to have others wait for his decision. His eyes still had that delicate shade of blue which flashed so superbly when some bold decision shone through them. His face seemed smoother and his big hands and feet less prominent. It was easy to see why he had become a dominant figure at Bowman. Yet kindly as he smiled at the familiar scenes there was a sadness in his heart. Amy Brown was dead. Her illness had kept him at home. Rumor had said that he must manage his mother's estate, but rumor as usual had made things worse than they were.

Now Paul was again at Bowman more determined than ever to be worthy of his cherished title, Defender of Woman. The spirit of the preceding year revived him as its trains of thought *came back with* their old vividness. Once more

he was the athlete with red blood of conquest pulsing in his veins. His vision flew from his well-cut suit of clothes to the old garments hanging in his room. He found all as he had left it. When he opened the door his student lamp was on the bare pine table; on the walls were still pinned the photographs of those collegians who had been adjudged worthy of places on the athletic pages of popular weeklies. Dust had settled everywhere, yet the place seemed home as he threw wide the blinds and laid his suit case on the folded mattress. The busy officials had left his room undisturbed although they had not expected him so soon. This evidence of demonstrated sympathy brought the burning blur which followed every kindness since his mother died. But he dreaded the rush of unhalted grief that now and then, overbearing his physical strength, left him wrenched and sobbing; his own first Ideal was born from the decay of Death. He had gone as had the Professor, among dead women to grasp their mysteries and hear their message.

"I'll make it all up yet," he cried within. "I'll do for every woman in the world all that I planned for her.

He plunged again into the current of a rushing, radiant purpose. So human and so near was she that he longed to talk of her to Professor Stuart. The campus, too, called him strongly; he no longer desired to hide himself like a mortally wounded man; but thought hungrily of his classmates and wished for their arms about his shoulders, their yelling welcome, their silent love. He swung through his window down upon the ground with a greater satisfaction than he had expected ever to feel again.

His stride was known to Bowman as "the Paul gait," travestied by spindling Freshmen, imitated

intelligently by the cross-country runners and by the fighting men under his personal captaincy.

"College has been open a week." Paul thought. "That's too bad. We'll have to take hold right now if we whip Penn this fall."

The Pennsylvania eleven had defeated Bowman the autumn previous by a narrow score. "Brown's remarkable offensive tactics in the second half made the final score doubtful until the watches snapped time. Brown is an athlete on whom the prophets must keep an eye next fall. Two records broken on Berkeley Oval make him a force in the athletic world whom the critics must take into consideration. Saturday's game has brought a new college upon the horizon. The man who carried the ball through Pennsylvania's defence twice in ten minutes and at the same time moved his own line with the precision of a stop-watch will have some surprises in store for the critics of next year's games."

The page which contained this appreciation of the hero, surmounted by his photograph, was tacked on many a dormitory wall; the vital functions of Bowman were interrupted by his absence; the stream was choked, it backed and filled without him. A member of the faculty committee on ahletics despatched an official inquiry into his probable action. The letter came to Paul's hand on a day when his captaincy lay unconsidered; the campaign so zestfully planned in the starry spring nights was a silly play when Paul stood beside the pebbly mound above his mother's coffin.

"I'll go over there the first thing after supper," he resolved, pausing to cool at the bottom of the high steps. He turned his face to a breeze which, wavering out of the great distances of field and sky behind him, stroked the wet flesh beneath the *loose outing shirt*. His soft collar, fastened with

a black necktie, fell back from the base of his big pulsing throat; he loosened it a little more, with his habitual gesture of easing hot blood. The September shimmer beat on his uncovered head, but he ran his fingers through his moist, crinkling hair and lifted it to the last touch of the breeze. Thrusting his thumbs into his white belt, he looked into the miles of palpitating sunshine. The Ridge alone was cold and stolid; all the world beside trembling with intensity. He looked at his watch. "Four o'clock. Last recitation. I'll wait here and catch the fellows when they come out."

The silent building stirred; doors opened, feet shuffled dully and distantly; classes poured into the corridor and converged upon the stairs. They tramped down and scattered; some went through the big door that opened upon the tidy little town, but most made for the narrow way that led down hacked, narrow steps upon the lazy shade, the baking tennis court, the blazing diamond and the neglected, effluent grass. The advance was swift; when it saw Paul at the bottom of the steps it recoiled upon the men behind. In the interval of silence and pushing, Paul drew his handkerchief across his forehead nervously.

Then he called out, "Hello, boys! That you, Trautman? Glad to see you. How goes it, Pratt?" He wished the moment ended, and to hasten it ran half-way up the steps. But they sprang down upon him and pressed him backward, striking him upon his shoulders, cuffing him, reaching for his hands, crowding round him.

"Well, I say!" yelled Trautman, hitting him upon his chest, "well, well! This is something like!" The doorways packed with men, who bore down upon the first and crowded them into the open field. Suddenly Trautman whirled and lifted both arms in the gesture of a conductor with his baton. *He jerked his* elbows violently upward,

and threw his hands wide open. "Ready," he hissed, "Bowman! One, two, three!" A roar burst from every man: "Rah, rah, rah, Bowman!"

"Brown!" he yelled again and jerked his arms higher. "Ready. Rah, rah, rah, Brown." They roared. Again, "Rah, rah, rah, Brown!" They halted and turned their faces to the sky, lifting their chests mightily. "Rah, rah, rah, Brown! Brown!! Brown!!!" The volume swelled, rose, burst open the campus with such fresh fire that it sprang to life at every pore. Figures came running; three rose from the somnolent-scented shadows of a distant haystack and trotted in. The dormitory windows teemed. Sleepy faces peered forth, coatless bodies leaned far out, uncollared, unshirted men rose to view. They waved and called unintelligibly and if they were too high aloft to jump they disappeared briefly to come hurrying through the accustomed exits. Others hung a leg outward on the casement and a few paused listening, shading their eyes from the slanting sun-glare to be sure of that towering central figure; then hustled, hurtled by the mass that caught up every man of Bowman. Not for mere ebullience of spirits would they sally forth! So they paused before they, too, were swallowed. Freshmen came, were crowded silently, sheepishly, and displaced easily.

"Brown's back," the others surmised and swung themselves instantly from the windows to the ground. They made way through the crowd to Paul and strove for his recognition. Pushed and pummelled, he swayed with them, grasping hands outthrust, nodding, smiling, answering, his blue eyes flashing on his classmates as they swarmed, gathered in about him.

A great fellow threw himself on Paul. "Why *didn't you telegraph*!" he said. "I'd have had

the team out. We'll beat 'em now. We'il whip the Big Four. I tell you, fellows," he cried, turning on the crowd. "I tell you we'll upset the records this year. We'll have them down."

"Gannett!" they answered. "Good one, Gannett, good boy! Bring on your team. Here's your captain! Team, this way!"

The team gathered itself, one by one, and came to Paul down ready lanes. Two lifted Paul upon their shoulders; the team winged out on either side and the coil unwound into procession. Now at its head, and now afield, the megaphones commanded and decried. The motes of the sunshine danced in the blare with the stamping feet of the proud young men who swung and sang. Paul rode at their head—to the right, to the left, the brawny beef-eating fighters—the line serpentining in their tracks. Gannett led it, walking backward, waving his hat, posturing like a dancer as he outlined the serpent's writhing, and uttering at regular intervals the college yell. The honor men stepped breezily on their path, chanting the football song, and joining each one in the cry of his class or fraternity as it rose from the ranks behind him. Gannett brought them at length to the athletic field and halted beneath two trees. Between them was arched a wire upon which were words made of faded hemlock twigs, now browned and falling to the ground. Here the tumult waged again; Paul was lifted by a dozen hands from the shoulders where he sat, and hoisted upon others which bore him under the arch.

Gannett, beside him, made the sign for silence, but was drowned in noise. Thereupon the megaphones came running and consulted with him. They turned their gaping throats and poured forth hollow, weird and cave-like sounds. "Silence!" "Silence!" "Every fellow read those words!" "*Remember!*" "Last spring we won—"

"A gold medal—" "A belt." "Who put up this arch—" "Bowman," yelled the crowd. "Who for?" "Brown," they answered. "Read it," said the megaphones. "Wait—ready, one, two, three!" Mouths opened, teeth gleamed from hot and happy faces: "We did them, Brown!" Three times they yelled it, tossed hats and hugged each other so fiercely that they did not see a girl come to the arch and wave the football men lightly back. They drew their bulk aside as her finger just touched their arms and pressed against each other to give her access to the hero. Those nearest became silent, and seemed to listen through the cheering deeper in the mass. They quickly glanced from the eager face of the girl to the impassivity of Paul. There was an instant's curious pause among his men, a hint of consciousness that delicacy was needful.

"Oh, I'm so glad, so glad," she sighed. "Your last letter to father was just awful. We gave you up—almost. I heard the racket when we came in from our walk just now and I supposed it was good news about the team." She laughed again, exultantly. "But I didn't hope you were really here." She studied him and saw that he was a bit hollow-eyed and strained. Her voice also sank a tone. "Come over and see father right away," she said softly. "He's missed you. Come over to supper with Fred. Will you? Will you?"

"You bet he will," vociferated Fred. "I'll take him home to dress right off. Whoop—Captain! Fellows," he shrieked as he seized a megaphone to issue a command. "Let's take him to his room now, and everybody who feels good come to the chapel steps at dark for a sing. Get together, Glee Club! Bring out every guitar and mandolin and banjo. It's up to every man to back the winner!"

IX

The Book

The day after Christmas, Professor Stuart began his lecture tour of the larger towns of his state. It was his pilgrimage of love upon which he set forth with waxing eagerness; he glowed more ardently each winter with the belief that he brought hope to patient prisoners. Among the varied organizations of women who continued to invite him, despite queries whether a newer attraction might not bring more money, he was known as an orator who morticed their stones into the arabesque cathedral of his own faith. He used them all in his structures—the Temperance Union, the educational convention, the Woman's Club, the dogma of the missionary, the logic of the suffragist—on all these he built with the hand of an artist, and exhorted with the flash of a zealot. His devotion thrilled his audience; they nodded daintily to him as they clapped their gloved hands; he thought they shook their chains; and he returned to Bowman elate, absorbed, dreamy with the imminence of revolution. These women, listening, questioning, receptive, seemed to press to the goal where men found freedom. Sitting again in his home study, he thought of what he had seen in the vast terms of the cosmic process guided by God. For weeks thereafter, watching his daughter with a certain reverence, he covered pages of his notebook with her answers to his questions. They might truly be interpretations of his visions. The outward-minded child was exalted into the vessel of the oracle and the boyish girl into the forerunner of the Dawn.

Two years earlier he had said to Mrs. Dickson in *the course of their interminable* warfare about

his daughter's upbringing: "She is an experiment—an experiment in the natural woman. I am obliged to yield that point to you, but does not my selection of Ida's daughter convince you that I have embarked on the safest waters?"

"Time will tell. Time will tell," she answered, adding darkly, "you mark my words."

But as time passed he regarded her less as an experiment in the social crucible—more as a revelation, mute as yet but precious with promise. It was a trial of his sweet courtesy that the women of his own town were that small minority of his wide acquaintance which sought to oppose his daughter's normal growth. He believed that the hundreds who listened each year, having comprehended his philosophy, would also understand the specific instance of its operation in a living girl. A half-mystical, sustaining comradeship arose with the absent women who had welcomed him with outstretched hands, and told him so earnestly that they remembered what he had said a year ago. All this was more real than his circumstantial association with his doubting neighbors. From the hard, uncomprehending, ignorant exactions of the latter, he appealed in his empty study to the gentle stimulation of the former; he never doubted that the Bowman women would be converted to his belief when a completed successful type should be presented to them —they were too good, too intelligent to repudiate direct evidence. The attitude of these contented wives who fell like wolves upon Tomorrow's Freedom he ascribed to their long-isolated, undisturbed economic status. Although he could explain why his associates failed to understand his relation to his daughter, he underwent periods of spiritual loneliness which were more insistent than the tender tolerance of the seer—stronger *than the acquired* patience of the teacher.

During these periods of depression, he tried to shut his eyes upon the protesting faces of old Bowman friends by recalling the compliant features "of those searching blindly for aid," who engaged him to lecture. These swiftly appearing, vanishing figures were to him somewhat as the memory of his wife, a cloudy call from regions of the world and yet above it. In the sublimation consequent upon these moods he assured himself again and again that he lived in a practical world; as if to protect himself against a suspicion that he was an impractical idealist and a helpless poet. It was then he wrote the pamphlets which attracted attention by daring metaphor and revolutionary allusion; they flared about the well-trodden statistics and historical jottings like beacons on a dim highroad. He was proud of them, satisfied with them, for they were struck at the white heat of illumination. The pages he dashed down linked him to the progressive movements of the day—on the one side they were indications from incomplete series of diligently gathered facts, on the other, deductions from an absolute God-revealed truth.

They were readily quoted upon publication and were accepted as occasional essays in the better magazines. He wrote musically, with a literary conscience reminiscent of Webster and Macauley and Cicero, whose oratund echoes rolled somewhat quaintly amid the general bruskness of the day's style. At the height of the memorable quarrel with the women of Bowman, in the correspondence columns of *The Observer,* he had not fallen once from standards sanctioned by classic satire. Mrs. Dickson said it was a "provoking manner" and the vigor of her letters at length compelled the President of the college to suppress their public correspondence.

At this the Professor smiled, for he thought

the honors were his. But when upon his return from this year's lecture circuit he found on his study table a rejected manuscript he was surprised and angered. "Would say," the letter ran, "your article on the 'Sexless Soul' is too polemic. Its style is classic but the thought fits the village library better than a million-read magazine. We deal with pleasant facts, those that inspire. Literature is soul, not bad science."

The two men did not face each other. Their only contact was this note, yet each represented tendencies nation-wide in import. Stuart was a parlor orator. His audience was a dozen, not a million. Everywhere he went a select group gathered to hear his message. His missionary trips were tiny affairs; he paid the railroad; the town furnished the biscuit and parlor. Each village had a lighted torch, an earnest group, a receptive attitude. He returned with zeal for his cause, a belief that America was ready to break its somber chains. This article forged in the preceding months he had tried on twenty audiences. Hundreds of pale, tired women had shaken his hand and approved his doctrine. A Sexless Soul, yes. The shell may be material, different, but the soul within glows with the same eternal essence.

Such was the thought; such the fire which its reception banked. In another mood was the editor who had just come from a two-dollar breakfast. At his right were the usual forty MSS of the morning mail. Before him were nine waste-baskets into which the rejected were cast, to be taken by secretaries who knew by the basket what answer to send. He had never seen a country village nor had he been of America since he dined at Oxford some years before. In the waste-baskets fell America, crude America, it is true, still each told of some crack in America's glacial *ice. But neither* running water nor fledgling emo-

tion was the editor's guest. His audience was the millions who form the crust, not the tiny, rebellious village groups. He delighted to reproduce what Oxford, Paris and Germany said; America was of interest only as a denunciation of Puritan morality; the last word of the nondescript West; the Greek revival at Princeton; or the kind of toothpicks Harvard professors use.

Professor Stuart's article had not been thrown into a waste-basket at first glance. The editor had been reading about a Vienna doctor who said the soul was sex and hence he thought the sexless soul was a branch of the same subject. He did not find his mistake until he had read three pages. Then in a kindly mood he penned the letter Stuart found on his return.

These things are said not to denounce breakfast with French names, twenty-five cent cigars nor articles on Harvard toothpicks. They are meant to illustrate the American crust and the cauldron beneath. The editor represents the organized, disciplined majority or at least what editors think majorities want. Their twenty thousand a year is a tribute to their good judgment and with it no fault is to be found. Yet Stuart stood for American emotion as the editor did for its mechanism. Millions of miles apart in thought, hundreds of degrees in temperature, their spheres touched in this letter.

Though kindly meant, it stung the Professor to the quick. He paced back and forth, now reading his manuscript, now burning with indignation at the men who presumed to limit the outlook of a half-million women.

Just then, Paul entered, "What now?" was his pleasing inquiry.

"Another slam," pointing to the letter.

"This is a challenge."

"*For what?*"

"A fight."

"How?"

"That is for you to say; me to do."

To observe how children repeat the history of the race, how their acts are conditioned by the deeds of the world as seen by our primitive ancestors, is so familiar that it is commonplace. The ideals of youth were not formed in so early an epoch as those of the child, but they are just as fixed and even more vivid. The young man is tribal, not animal like the child. He is the guardian of something other than himself. The world is his village and the hill its limit. Beyond it is a dreary waste of pitfalls from which come legions of evil spirits to destroy the oasis where the boy stands. On every hill are dragons, tigers and beasts of prey into whose grasp innocent maidens fall. So youth buckling on its armor starts forth to fight world battles. He, the simple David, must slay the mighty Goliath, he must drag the lion from his den, reach the Holy Grail, bring home a host of trophies and have a multitude of freed maidens throw garlands at his feet. Youth sees only one battle and one victory. All is at stake in its final plunge.

Victory and then—well, what will happen then no youth knows, nor does he seem to care. He goes just so far, uses up all his energy; when it revives he fights again the same old battle, meets the same foes and rescues perhaps one maiden. He goes as far as race history goes, repeats, because that is what race history has been doing for many thousand years.

Paul as he revelled in the imagery of youth, as he defied the dragons, scorpions and devils who lurked behind the forest shadows, was doing what other boys do. To all mechanical stimuli he responded. His mind, however, was not creative. Tell him what to do and he did it; but when asked

what to do he was helpless unless action had been grooved by narrow antecedent experience. He had ideals and emotions but they were too vague to excite definite response. Striking phrases started his thinking but they led nowhere. He could not bridge the gulf between the push of vague inner emotion and the concrete outer world. It would seem that a football hero should be a master-mind, a genius to solve world difficulties. Yet helpless is he unless he sees a goal some one else has set. Such a man is merely a machine to execute but not to plan. The woods are full of Pauls. Some do not have his physical perfection but all excel and fail as does he. They sit in rows on the front bench of every convention, gather on its committees and phrase its platforms. A dozen men full of vigor and determination ask each other what to do, pass the buck, suck their cigars and adjourn. Row on row of willing, hopeless boobs with fine muscles, genial faces—but no vision. Such is normalcy. Paul was as yet merely a private although his friends mistook him for a generalissimo. "England's football heroes have conquered the world." So say rows of college presidents who talk classics and graduate canned beef. Their imagination converts the stadium into a world arena and visualizes the victor of the one as the hero of the other. Such was Paul. A challenge meant a fight; in a fight that ugly old dragon always got in Paul's way and showed those horrid rows of teeth which made Paul's blood boil. He paced up and down the room shaking his fist at an image which he saw where others would merely have seen the wall. Hit first and think afterwards was his motto. Why should a dragon hunter be afraid of a Boston editor?

The Professor looked up surprised. He saw a big, hearty boy before *him*, with a firmly set jaw *and a gleaming eye. It* was just the look which

old Tim gave when he saw the Mud Hollow swamp with golden grain beneath the rushes. Paul was catching another vision, vague, but forceful. For three years he had been a muscular giant; his sway none could resist. Forgotten in the background lay the mother-descriptions over which he had plodded. Now the vision returned. He was ready but he knew not the way.

The Professor jumped to his feet; his old smile returned. He too had a vision, and old, almost forgotten emotion surged. Not since Ida's death had he had a companion. From now on the boy and he should be one.

"Paul," he cried, "I am John the Baptist, a forerunner; the real task is for someone else. I flash up, burn brightly and die out before the thirtieth page is written. It is for you to sound the tocsin. Your strength and my vision can win even against the icicles of Boston. The Wrongs of Women! That is our message; that is our task. It is for us to voice the universal woe of woman. We will gather the datum of man's tyranny and wring dry every historical source. We will then broaden our work so that it will express the sorrows of all human experience—give a larger interpretation to the organized bodies of women I address; lighten their gropings and heap up before their eyes the mountains of oppression they endure. My hope is to influence legislation, so to mold thought that the next century will sweep from the face of the earth the need for such another book. Do you care to fling yourself on such a task?" The undying smolder in his eyes was flame as he advanced to Paul.

"Yes, yes," amazed at the swift reality of a far-off, rosy dream.

Their thought had run a common route; now for the first time it was in the open. They both *felt the struggle* was theirs; together the victory

was sure. Few realize how ardent is the attachment between gray-haired teachers and their promising pupils. The old feel their failures and wish to cast them on younger shoulders. To the young the confidence of their seniors is an inspiration which transforms vague dreams into pleasing realities. They get at a bound what years of toil could otherwise hardly make possible. The two had grown together after years of contact and were ready to enter mutual enterprises. Each day they planned anew the great venture on which they were embarking. Their long walks knew no other topic; their dreams were sweet with coming realization.

X

The Exit

Paul's sanguine temperament responded healthfully from the first benumbing sense of unworthiness. There began to bestir within him the authority of the author and the priest. He felt that a power had been conferred upon him by his setting himself apart for the quest of the Truth; had there been a single strain of poetry in his limpid nature he would have seen himself as a sunny Galahad of the printed page; he wrote introductions and conclusions which soared across the intervening gulfs of silence; he ached with energy which generated moments of blinding egoism when he felt he was the Lord's appointed. With a fine logic he became increasingly indignant at Ruth's arraignment by the women of her circle. He held long debates with them in which he showed loyalty to the Professor's views. Yet when he was *with* Ruth he was unable to *qualify her. It was as if* he looked into a beautiful

crystal, clear and perfect, yet he went away from her precisely as he went to her—so few facets had she for the deflections of opinion. So, after a few weeks of scientific observation and negative results, he again half forgot her presence.

His roughnesses suited the greatness of the heroes in whom Ruth revelled. She pictured innumerable pageants wherein Paul shone in cuirassed splendor, or panted in a fray with his broad breast heaving as she had seen it in a football battle, or rode away with a trembling laugh as a Sabine maiden hung white across his saddle bow.

As the final hour awards of the college days approached, she liked best to marshal her heroes —all made flesh in Paul—for victors' awards in the field or forum. She wreathed his yellow head with laurel and fancied how nobly Roman his clean, high-colored face would then become with its immobile composure under tumultuous ovation. How calm and still it had been in those delirious moments on Franklin Field when all Bowman reeled past the benches, drunk with its glory! Next, his tatters and exhaustion vanished before the Augustan front of some Prince of Letters, and she herself to the music of a chanted ode advanced and crowned him. This Homeric fragment recurred to her day and night and took possession of her fancy. At last a chance came for its expression. "Brown has put Bowman on the map," wrote an old graduate. "He is a public benefactor. The next class will be double in size. I never realized how much more six was than four until I heard the news. Let's do something decent. Every one should chip in and show his loyalty." A special committee was formed to consummate this general wish. Between a watch, a loving cup and an encyclopedia a long debate ensued.

"Oh, fie," cried Ruth in anguish. "Those putrid prizes are silly. Every minister gets an encyclopedia when he comes, a loving cup when he goes. They won't do for Paul. To a real hero should come a hero's compense. For thousands of years a laurel wreath has been the reward of great men. Its value is nothing, but its meaning is everything."

"But who wants to give a bunch of rusty leaves?" put in the practical Fred.

"I do," she said, "I'll give it to him gladly. Oh, Fred, just think for a minute how much laurel means! It is reserved for heroes—an emblem of their triumphs. They rode into the cities with it on their brows! Have you seen my Perry pictures, Fred?"

"A lot of old duffers," he said. "That fat old has-been Samuel Johnson had one of your wreaths with a bow of hair-ribbon at the back of his neck. Brown won't stand for it, Ruth."

"He needn't wear it. We could just present it with a poem or an address—anyhow, there ought to be something grand, oughn't there?"

So seldom were Ruth and Fred in disagreement the clash caused a pause. Finally the junior representative said, "Ruth can do the trick all right, I'm sure. To tell the truth, I never was much on Greek history. It always got my goat. All forgotten long ago except for that old bloke who wrote a logic, Ira Slottle—Irish Tottle? That's more like it. Say, Bony, were the Irish on the go then?"

This poser was not settled by the august senior president who familiarly accepted the name. He fumbled his Kappa Kev a minute, then announced his decision. "Say, fellows, let's Greek it. Catch Paul under the big tulip, have Jimmy blow his horn, all rush in and watch Ruth do her stunt. A *genuine surprise party.* That's the ticket."

In the festal hurry of Commencement there was scant opportunity for discussion of the details; the town was be-rosed and be-ribboned, alumni came and were feasted, beaming parents arrived from farms and shops, creaking in new boots and silks; shy country girls visited their beaux and sweethearts openly under the Bowman elms. Class Day was a merry glory, cool, with a breeze that shaking the flowers swung a few white vapors high through the blue. The morning was a kind of ethereal tumult of drifting petals, of scudding clouds, of riotous warmth, odor, colors and laughter. Groups gathered and parted again to mingle with other features of class life.

There came a little rush about the Seniors and a musical volley of jests. The historian vaunted uproarious misdeeds and the poet rolled hexameters before Paul recounted the invasion of the football warriors. When he slipped forward he was honored by the click of reportorial cameras and the round-eyed staring of bucolic guests.

He stood half-lounging, his hands in pocket, observant, composed and at his ease; long since he had acquired a facile public bearing, the supple grace which is a readiness to meet crises before crowds with the intoxication of observed successes, and sharpened beneath the accustomed stimulant of shouting hundreds. He who had difficulty to express his sober thought knew how, when roused by a cheering mob, to seize the proper word and toss the winning order to the niche of an emergency. So today he wore unconsciously an air of modest dominance and the happy assurance of an established ability to do well. He pleased his audience before he spoke with his charm of manner, and won them wholly by the earnestness of his tributes to the men whom he captained. He stood forth to do justice to the rank and file, to the fellows who year after year

strove, sweated and were faithful. He ended by pronouncing slowly and gravely the names of the men who had saved the day for Bowman on the fields of twenty years. "I look into your hearts, and read these names from the Roll of Fame engraven there!"

He paused upon this peroration, and Ruth took the instant for her own. She left the compact circle and quickly was coming to him across the grass before he could slip back into his place. He waited, with the smile that all the people wore now; that something pretty was to happen at the hands of Ruth he saw at once. He advanced and met her at the center of the velvet carpet. She extended her arms, both hands holding up a slender wreath.

"You have left out one name from your list," she said clearly, "which stands first on the Roll of Fame. It is to show you how Bowman remembers it that I have here this laurel wreath. To whom can we give it with all it means? To the one who is most loyal to Bowman, to the one who loves it best of all, who is always ready to serve, to the one who is always present to inspire us on, on, instead of being satisfied with what we have won. We, your friends, present it to you, the pride of Bowman." She moved close to him and offered the circlet; he took it and tried to speak, and was drowned by salvos of applause.

Ruth stepped backward, but he caught her hand and held it until he could be heard. Then he said gaily: "The pride of Bowman. Who is the pride of Bowman? Not I. This is she!" Leaning over, he placed the wreath on Ruth's curls. Amazed and confused by the swiftness of Paul's reprisal, she looked up at him and waited uncertainly. The Captain of the Football Team played now with the ripening resources of four years of *drama. He leaped out* of his character into

one that could score heavily with the public hanging on his nerves. He bent to kiss her forehead but she, perceiving his intention, lifted her face with an obedience so anxious not to blunder that their lips met quivering. Paul sprang back instantly, and Ruth ran laughing, scarlet, bewildered, to her place by Fred.

The chapel bell rang to usher in the next event. There was a rush to see the tablet of the new class uncovered. The only one who moved not was Ruth. She stood transfixed, the wreath still on her brow. Without she did not seem changed, only a bit flushed. But within there was a surging she had never before felt. She pressed her hand on her bosom. Her heart throbbed, her whole being seemed to be on fire. Up to this time all her pleasure had been external. The world brought its products, and no return was asked but laugh and smile. Now she felt an unknown quickening, a joy and yet uncertainty. The touch of the lips had given a new meaning to life. Her fate was no longer hers. It was bound up in another. Paul had been her hero, she a humble worshipper. Now he was more. He had entered her holy of holies, torn the covering which hid her inner self. Yesterday she thought of herself as a boy, a comrade of Paul and Fred. Today she became a girl, all her latent instincts active. Laughing her mannish ideas to scorn, they set a new goal. Paul was hers. She felt a strong impulse to run along and claim him. But the new motives were held in check by a modesty she never before had felt. Most girls have their modesty driven in to them. Hers was a mute feeling. A minute before the laughing crowd around the ivy would have drawn her. Now she felt naked, lonely, ashamed. Her hair, her face, her limbs, had been nothing to her before. Now she shrank behind the bushes to *avoid late comers*. She seemed so weak, so help-

less, so bare. Could Paul admire a mere nothing, one who had so little to give, one whose knowledge was so vague and useless? No, she could not run to claim him. She would read, she would study, she would cook. He would go but when he returned—perhaps she might be worthy. Filled with this thought, she ran home, picked up a German book and studied for the first time in her life. Yesterday she lived without a goal. Today her goal was the only thing worth living for. Such is the history of one kiss to a woman.

To Paul it was mere incident, a happy exit from a difficult situation. He enjoyed the day just the same as if naught peculiar had happened. He slept soundly that night and the next day left. He was to return as the Professor's assistant.

XI

On the River

Winter changed to summer with a sudden bound. A warm south wind gave to the valley touches of green to offset the paleness of the dead grass; the pines on the Ridge still loomed in humble black, but the old haystack in the middle-distance was wrapped with a bluish tinge. The horizon was draped with heavy clouds which stood their ground against the aggressive sun. Life is breaking through the meshes of winter but its somber tone still prevails.

Into this shadowy world there defiled a number of trotting men in white running clothes; the coach's eyes came to them snappily and theirs to him with proud sidewise glances. They passed him, neck and shoulder supple with sweat; he noted how they lifted *themselves* with an indefinable *vim. A little behind* and at the side the

leader ran, directing, guiding, husbanding each individual ability. How he towered beside the slender Freshman striplings! His great driving muscles under the piston of his will shot him back and forth along the line—they moved with perfect smoothness at half-speed—they glided in unconscious, unheeded rhythm of complete restraint, complete power, just beneath that lustrous satin skin. He ordered laughingly; his blue eyes gleamed as he fell into step with a boy to show him the pace.

"Oh," Gannett called, "come here when you get around again."

Paul nodded over his shoulder and at once paced to the head of his little cavalcade. Fred saw him take it across some rough ground before they vanished to the final lap around the building.

"If I could get the fellows to work for me as they work for Brown, we'd have the team of the state," he thought.

"Well, how goes it, old man?" he asked immediately after.

"Fine," said Paul. "Fine. I had them out for an hour and they never whimpered. I can't get enough of it myself. But I'm not in first-rate condition—that arm isn't what it ought to be—what's the fault?" He flexed it with an anxious air and watched the muscles curve down its length under the white cotton sleeve.

Gannett scoffed with a great blow upon the biceps. "You're right as right," he said, "but it's doing you good. No place like the old Alma M."

Paul laughed. "I've got to do something to fill up spare time, and it seems so good to be out here that I don't want to go off by myself. But I've got to this minute—an outline for the Professor tonight. Garvin's asleep in my room—and I talk *to somebody* when I hang around here. I'm off

to the haystack. The Professor wants the outline."

"Ruth pretty well? Haven't seen her for a week."

"She stays home, I guess."

Gannett opened his mouth, then closed it. Next he smiled with infinite intent. "Well, we don't expect to see her as often now as we used to." His eyelid drooped wickedly and with craft.

"Why, what's up?" said Paul.

"Go along, you loafer, don't try to fool with your Uncle Fred," he said in high good humor, and seating himself with his hands hung between his knees, his hat precariously set upon his head, he whistled a stave and his gaze lounged back to the melting distances. Suddenly he stopped on a high note and listened; a slight step hurried up behind him; a murmur of skirts caused him to wink again. He waited roguishly for the girl to speak.

"Hello, Fred," she said, "where's everybody?"

"Your father's gone home, I'm sorry to say," he answered. "Sit down by me and I'll tell you a story."

"I'm afraid I can't now," she went on, absently. "Have you seen Paul?"

"He ran around here with a squad just now."

"Will he come back?"

"Well, he'll have to some time," he said.

"Then I'll wait," she cried and seated herself on the steps.

"But I think he wants to be alone, all, all alone."

"Where is he?" she rose, "I want to see him."

"If it's important—is it important, Ruth?"

"Oh, there he is! See! At the stack."

"What eyes," he commented. "Not every girl *would know him that far.*"

"You can't mistake him when you know him as I do."

"Well, don't go down there," he said whiningly, "stay here with me and I'll take you for a nice walk."

"No," she said with decision, "I want to see Paul. I've been looking all around for him. But you can walk down there if you want to."

"Thanks. I think it's too chilly—for me——" he shivered.

She waved her hand and left him. He watched her idly, fondly; a protecting smile of intimate loyalty followed her swift steps. "They don't tease worth a cent," he admitted, with pride and pleasure in the cleverness of his friends. "She is just as smart as he is," his thought ran on, "and she takes joshing like—a man. She's square. When Paul was absent she never once looked at another fellow. I hate these giggling, secret flirts who try to keep a dozen on the string at once. Gosh! I like the way she said 'I want to see Paul!' They're good enough for each other —I'm satisfied."

He sharply quenched a sheepish grin as the imagined tableau of the lovers' kisses rose before him; a faint shade of unrest followed it; the two warm friends had withheld their confidence and the general baiting was as far as he ought to go. It hurt him that he could express his approval only in the cordial innuendoes of society. Those were the common privilege and he, the true old friend, might have been let beyond the page of uproarious wink and ostentatious thrusts. He wished that he might tell Paul how fine a girl he had, how strictly honorable she had always been while he was gone, and how the fellows took care of the greatest girl in Bowman for him. But neither Paul nor Ruth had yet let down the barrier *before that speech.* "What's he saying to her

now?" he asked himself, as her swift figure vanished.

She stood an instant watching Paul frowning in the coil of thought before he looked up to greet her. "What are you working over now?" she said, sinking at his side with a single flexible motion.

"Nothing," he answered. "I was thinking of a heading for my work tonight. Did your father send for me?"

"No," she said, "I came myself. I saw you here."

There was a pause and she looked at him from head to foot. "Aren't you cold?" she said. "That suit is too thin for such a day. See how warmly dressed I am!" She laid her hand upon the great arch of his breast, warm and pulsing beneath the scant cotton covering. "Why, how warm you are," she cried, astonished.

"I always am wanting to get my coat off," he said. " I took the windows out of their sashes a month ago; now I wish I could sleep on the Ridge to keep cool. I'm sorry I'm not a wild Indian, Ruth. Houses and covers inconvenience me."

"You are awkward and restless in the house," she granted. "But I think you would look well in armor."

Paul laughed. "You're an odd child. Armor must be something of an extinguisher to the individual, it seems to me."

"Yes," she said. "I see you oftener dressed in an animal's skin, riding barebacked. That shows your power better; all your muscles spring out when you grip the horse with your knees."

"But I'm not as strong as I was. As a kid I could hardly dent my muscles anywhere and now——" he smote his chest and then his leg.

"They're better than any others," she cried. "My muscles tire. See how flabby they are."

Leaning forward, she drew her dress aside to show her slender curved leg.

Against this his nature recoiled mutely, unintelligibly. Looking off queerly into the blue air, with a kind of nausea of the spirit he left her, walking with a swift and even step.

Surprised, she watched him going; had some one called him? She looked about to see—or had he been angry at her interruption? She fell back in the fear of that to the old negative, watching attitude of the shadowy girl, tiptoeing behind the study conferences lest she disturb the occupation of the hour. Research and reflection she had always reverenced; alas, would Paul think less well of her that now with her identity newly found, precious, blossoming, she could not meekly abide events until he called? Wouldn't it have been better, the thought half frightened her, if she had not come at all? But how could she have helped it and why should she not?

She knew his habit of negligent courtesy, broken sometimes in the rudeness of perfect equality; for hours and days her father and he had frankly overlooked her haunting presence; she had not minded until now, when she leaped forward with imperious demands. Educated in the systematic freedom which her father said would make her a woman of the tomorrow, she had been deprived of the shelter of her forebears, and had become fearless of consequences. The Professor had unknowingly evoked the naked simplicity of the primitive mate of man—that untempered egoist who took and gave him undrooping lids. He had unwrapped a savage as guileless as a doe. That early psychic curiosity of the primitive woman, which held her motionless while her destiny ap-

proached, was in Ruth evolved to fleet imagination that took her open-eyed and eager to meet it.

She was the pliant, tearless creature of a single force; she lived in a world whose sole architect was her imagination; among its fairy terrors, its betowered hills, be-lillied valleys, its blue-eyed heroes, there was no danger on which it was not a rich delight to dream, nor a period not steeped in gorgeous glory. No denials; no pale giving up; no pleasure in temptation conquered. Her way was to devise disasters from which she was lifted lightly by superhuman strength and adroitness. Her hero was never the monk—nor she the nun, romantic and idealized by their qualities of deprivation. All about her red blood plowed, shouts rang, steel clashed, the battle waxed and she, the reward, was lifted to the hero's arm—to be borne away in triumph—why and whither she but dimly guessed; she hardly cared to linger with her hero after the sun had set upon his mêlée.

What did her father's books on the capture of wives convey to her? Ah, what could they mean if not that a woman was seen, was noted beautiful, struggled for by brave men, won by the bravest and swept away across leagues of forest, on and on, with the blue eyes, the hero's eyes—ah! Paul's eyes—looking into hers? A beautiful excitement touched her sleeping senses for a brief moment when she pictured that first seeing of his—the light of recognition dawning in his careless glance; then the pause, the rapture while he gazed and gazed, and knew her his decreed reward. While he was far off she had lived that scene in many aspects; would he wish to win her when he saw she could challenge the boys with her firm and agile strength? She strove mightily to build manlike fibres into her tender body—Paul would be *very proud of her success*. Would she hold

him with her knowledge of the subjects he studied in college and she scanned at home? Or would she first arrest him with her beauty—the beauty of mind, of sympathy and co-operation?

Thrilling and singing with her imagination, she was yet so far from the voice of Life itself that no sinister echo said, "Your sweet body—not in its pitiful strength, but its almighty power—is the instrument you seek. Offer it to the maw of a man's passion and he will be aware of you." But she was adventuring into Life with the imagination of the primal wilds, unreinforced by experience. She hoped to influence men by a resemblance to them; equality had made her imitative; could she but win a race or general a game, the man she wanted then would pause and see her.

Such thoughts were the product of her environment and of her father's philosophy. Girls were boys in the making. To them came the same honors, the same prizes. They were one in aim and ambition. Now, instinct and emotion were creating new pictures, voicing new claims. A desire swelled up in her bosom not to conquer but to be conquered. To yield, to give, to be a part of another instead of being an independent self. In her new dream, she was not an actor but a witness. A reward and not a contestant. Prizes whet the appetite for conquest only as their beauty is appreciated. If only Paul would see her thus, the ice would be broken. Instead of this, he had given her one cold look of hate and left her! The shock of surprise and blank disappointment held her motionless until he was half across the field. She rose, sighing with mystification, and followed him. "I will see him tonight, in the study," she promised herself, but was not happy for there she knew she could not make him look at her. She knit her brows. Ah, what must she do to be

recognized? What to be seized and mated by the hero?

In her own room that night, before the glass, she wasted no more conjecture on the unexpected accident of the afternoon. Her beauty was so potent that she thought he *must* see it. She had waited patiently during the days of absence; but the weeks of his unheeding presence tried her. "I am much prettier with my dress off," she thought, "I wish he could see me now." For a week she failed to be alone with him. Her wit told her not to intrude upon the projection of a new chapter of the book.

She heard him call across the campus, one warm noon, "All right, Mitchell, I'll meet you on the river at three. Take the long skiff."

"Good," said Mitchell, "I'll have her ready."

Ruth ran to her room and looked searchingly in her mirror, questioning, approving. She walked with her father when he crossed the campus on the Professors' Path, at two o'clock, tingling with mirth, laughing and loving him.

"Ah," he said, reproachfully, "how can you be so happy when your poor father, immuring himself in a class room, must forfeit three long hours of a perfect spring day? Daughter, shall I cut and run?" he said, with the little pantomime of mystery which they had so often played together. "We will take a long detour and I will show you the cluster of lady's-slipper we found last spring. Sneak back and get our field-glasses, and we will count birds, too," he whispered.

"Shame, shame," she admonished. "Be good until Saturday, Daddy. You must indeed go in and work today. Besides, I'm going boating with Paul."

"Ah," he answered, "that is good." He shook his head stubbornly. "I'm coming, too."

She laughed again. "Oh, papa," she said, "you

are so funny! Now I'll tell you what I'll do. If you will promise me not to cut today, I'll get up a picnic for tomorrow. We can start early, walk or hire Rushton's three-seated wagon—oh, good! let's do that. I haven't driven this spring—we can go away up to the gap for laurel." Here she threw her arm around her father's shoulder. "I'll ask Paul this afternoon and tell him to see Fred—and who else shall we invite? Never mind, we'll think. Now won't that be fun?"

He wiped his eyes dejectedly. "Yes," he said, "I suppose it will do if I can have a chocolate cake, too."

"I'll make it myself tonight," she cried. "Now, kiss me! Be good!" she warned him with a slim forefinger as he raised his hat. They paused, smiling happily at each other for an instant before they parted.

The girl looked across the thick deep green of the fields, to the stream emerging into sight as a bright silver disc at the steep foot of the harsh ridge, before it threaded onward just out of vision beyond the swelling meadow slopes. She went then to the reading room and turned the leaves of magazines and chatted restlessly with a few Freshmen who thought to propitiate the Professor by politeness to the daughter. But she soon left them to walk about the halls and at three o'clock they saw her hasten from the building. Once on the way to the river, she lingered so that Paul and Mitchell first saw her sitting on the bank when they paddled swiftly around a bend. Mitchell trailed his paddle; Paul's interrupted stroke knocked it from his hand.

"Ouch, hold on there, Brown! you stung my hand," he said. "This is good seamanship, isn't it, Ruth?" he asked.

She did not answer; her eyes searched Paul's

with a naked glance and her breath quivered between her lips.

"I did spoil the stroke," said Paul. He spun the boat so quickly on its axis that the bow lifted from the water and his paddle left a great hollow. "Now you can pick it up," he said, and stopped the boat with a single motion of his forearm. His white outing shirt sleeves were rolled above his elbows; the hot spring sun had begun to redden his flesh, whitened by winter; and the full purple veins corded his arms with a branching beauty. His ruddy face gleamed in its ripples as the water glittered in its tiny waves, and its high, clear modelling showed his profile austerely to her.

His lips seemed locked now while Mitchell, righting himself, spoke again. "You look alone," he said.

"I am," she answered, "all alone. Where are you going? I want to go with you."

Mitchell grinned and pushed the boat toward the bank. "Come and take my place," he urged. "I've got to get back to town in fifteen minutes."

"You came for longer," said Paul, with a sharpness that made the other stare. "You stay," he added with a touch of roughness.

"Ha," thought Mitchell, "he wants me to think he doesn't care. Well, jump in," he said to Ruth, "there's room for all of us, and we'll give you a spin for a minute. I can stay ten minutes longer." He scowled, contemplating his watch. He placed Ruth on a low wicker seat, and Paul drove his blade downward. The boat trembled with the stroke, the water purled from the prow.

"I've had enough," said Mitchell. He laid his paddle athwart and looked again at his watch. "Run in at the point, old fellow," he said, with authority. "I can't stay another second."

Paul drove ahead, laughing crossly. "Let's see

you get away," he answered, paddling swiftly through a lazy bend whose sandy shores narrowed the watery lane.

Mitchell turned and glanced at Ruth. His eyes questioned; hers answered. "Then watch me," he continued. "This is the way." He plunged his paddle in and with all his strength steered the rapid boat head-on to pasture land. It grated on the gravel and he jumped ankle-deep into the water and shoved it free again. He laughed with infinite cunning as his pleased gaze travelled from Paul's lowering annoyance to Ruth's swift content. "It's all right, children," he shouted to the mute pair. "Use me again when I can be of service."

The tiny craft dipped dangerously as Paul's ungentle hand swung it to the placid channel; and he brought it to sharply. It halted and Ruth felt his mastery of the nervous thing, its slight frame strained and worried by his careless strength. Even the elements and the laws were obedient to him, she thought.

Now they moved on, not evenly, but with a wave-like motion on the still stream. With each stroke of his arm the prow dove, then rose, slowed and dove again. The boat had Paul's pulse, she fancied, and her own fell into rhythm with it. His life, power and splendor thrilled her. She laid her hand gently upon its side with a mystic message to the silent presence behind her.

"Paul," she whispered.

After a long moment, "Well?"

"I am happy," she said.

The boat went on toward the harsh ridge that shouldered its way to the stream and hung shelving there. It confronted them, insolent, uplifting. It made one on the instant very humble or very braggart, a courtier or a monarch.

Ruth, as easily as if she were on the lawn, rose to her feet and turned to Paul.

"Take care," he cried, "do you want to tip us over?"

She stepped forward and knelt before him. "Take me," she said in a sweet, clear voice, and pressed forward until their hearts and lips almost touched.

With uncontrollable swiftness he laid his paddle down, and pressed her back with his palm against her shoulder. In his cold, averted eyes lurked the anger she had seen before, but now he could not go until she had made him look at her with understanding and appreciation! She gave him a wholly unveiled, searching glance, compelling, beseeching, shameless, from which his own slid and fell.

"Go back to your seat, we'll land—land now," he said with final emphasis.

"No," she murmured. "*Look at me,* Paul!"

He set his lips together and half rose to put her from him. She felt that strength separating them like a blind unreasoning obstacle, and she flung herself against it. She wanted to tear at that dumb automatic antagonism which rose to baffle her again. She gripped and clove to him with a brave purpose, and while he thrust her aside with averted eyes, her own anger clashed against his baffling advantage. A furious disappointment rose to her brain when she saw herself safely, cautiously and inevitably put away from him; worsted in the struggle on the tiny field! She would have sobbed had not anger and wit instantly contrived a victory that stunned her with its brilliancy. Now, indeed, he should truly rescue her from peril of her life!—she glanced in delicious terror toward the shore, and seemed to see the woods astir with her skulking tribesmen. Across *the water, she played,* was harbor from pursuers

—he must win it with her in his hero arms. So, with a sound—half a laugh, half a cry—she rose, waited gasping an instant and sprang bonnily into friendly water which closed smoothly over her head. With a face wiped blank, Paul dove after her and they came up together noiselessly. With one hand he buoyed her composed body and with the other turned them both to the boat.

"That's all right," he said, "don't be frightened, you are perfectly safe."

She glanced at him and found him unresponsive to her presence; now she saw the starry mayflowers and violets on the bank looking down at her; faint barnyard sounds reached them through the utter spring silence. The avenging tribesmen fled away. She flung herself upon Paul and tried to cling about his neck, but with the instinctive alarm of a drowning grip he thrust her off a little roughly.

"Don't do that," he said.

Ah, how near the shore! She unclasped her hands from him and sank like a shot. When he brought her to the surface, he clasped her closely to his body, he pinioned her in an enwrapping arm and they moved as one. She could not have separated herself from him—but he said again, "Don't do that, either!"

Now with her head on his shoulder, her cheek almost touching his, in perfect bodily accord, she forgot the troubling earth and uncommunicative air in the undreamed ecstacy in life of the new universe. Every smallest drop of the medium in which they floated touched them both, it flowed about the two and made them one. Ruth closed her eyes; the darkness and the water that folded her and Paul seemed to tremble with pulses of one joy. She remembered the picture of Paola and Francesca, endlessly adrift together, wedded *by the undulations* of space, and then thought her-

self irrevocably Paul's, they alone, their feet unplanted from earth and its laws.

She was faint with triumph and delight. For the moment she seemed to be carried over a rapids in the arms of her hero. Her response was a dream response, the climax which brings a union of hero and maid.

Dreamland—yes, to her but not to Paul. He carried her quickly among the flowers; her pallor alarmed him. When she felt herself parting from him she clasped her hands about his throat and pressed her wet face to his, so that the water from his drenched hair dripped upon her neck. She raised her eyes and saw a gust of abhorrence in his. She met it as she would have received a lash. She faced him with hauteur. A chill breeze disconcerted the starry flowers and pierced the thin clothes that clung to the two tense bodies. They were aware of nothing but deadly contest; they shivered not with cold but the dim knowledge that a grim battle had begun, not theirs, not a volition, but the blind, mindless crash of monstrous unaging powers. A blank disgust, a well-nigh visible hate baffled and angered her for a long moment.

Then she saw his eyes—with an attention he had never given her before—fix themselves upon her face, her shoulders, her whole revealed form. She hung on that first expression of seeing. Oh, was he not recognizing her? She feared to move lest she disturb that searching, absorbed, slow gaze that meant, she knew, a thought of her. But his lips curled and his brows were drawn together.

"What made you act like a——" he started with violence, but he could not finish.

"I did it because—ah, you know why, Paul, because——"

"Why don't you cover up? You should be ashamed—*ashamed*——" he burst out cruelly.

This repulse brought her to herself but did not eradicate the dream elements in her thought. Here were a river, a forest, a glassy plot on the border of which wild cherries were in blossom. What can favor primitive dreams more than a sunny nook by a river, in springtime? In response to her vision she sprang up, shook the wet from her hair and laughed.

"Let's run a race while our clothes dry," she cried. Her wet clothes clung to her body so tightly that every womanly feature stood out as if she had been a marble statue. Twisted branches of wild cherry hung about her waist and from them an apron of mingled fern and rhododendron leaves descended to her knees. Her shoulders were bare save as hid by her tresses. No modern restraints held her in. She did what nature dictated, acting through the throbs of a primitive environment projected into a modern situation.

While she forgot the world and lived again the life of a thousand generations ago, the man stood immovable. He saw the transformation, but he did not comprehend its meaning. Was it degeneration? Was it depravity? Was it a reversion? Paul knew woman only from books which do not deal with her moods. They are pictures on the wall, plaster casts, which never alter. From these to the reality Paul's slow thought could not go. He had a thousand and one rules of conduct pasted on the walls of his room but none of them told what to do when a primitive woman is met in a cosy nook by the river.

"Now for a race," she cried. Putting her foot beside his she cried, "Ready, start." Off she flew but she was soon aware that she ran alone. She came back to the sphinx, took his hand and reached up as if to kiss him. Rudely he shook her off. But her play mood was too active to be *controlled.* The sun, the river and the wood car-

ried her back to days before the cramp of convention was felt. Her heart beat high, the lust of life and beauty, the splendor of the battle which had begun she knew not when and led she knew not whither, would end she cared not how, all possessed her spirit as the water had possessed her body—like a super-earthly joy, a tenderness that transcended thought, a caress for which there could be no other expression. She had begun to live the hazardous life of the sex painted in her father's library, for that afternoon she set her feet upon the bleeding path where she would find herself a woman. She rested gayly in the hot sun and her hair curled and fluffed afresh about her forehead. The tiniest tendrils blew across her eyes as she thrust them back. Then she brushed with the lightest hand the open starry faces of the mayflowers by which she sat.

Stroking them tenderly, she looked up at Paul hoping that he would come. Seeing him turn toward the boat, she asked, "Where are you going?"

"Home," was his only word, as he gathered the paddles and arranged the seat for Ruth. "Get in."

"No," she answered. "I want to stay here and get dry in the sun. It is so warm and lovely; let's live for an hour as children of the wood."

Her mood was that of the birds, and the lambs in springtime. They sing and play when the sun smiles, why should not she? She danced, she ran, she turned somersaults and, using a low branch of a tree as a trapeze, she tried all the stunts which had much irritated Mrs. Dickson and her chilly cohorts. Then she skipped about Paul, blew dandelion feathers in his face, tried to decorate him with flowers. Every primitive art was tried to break the rock which kept him silent—and in vain. *She was free to let* impulse play as it

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would. Light, warmth and color brought their proper response. But he was chained. Convention, tradition, custom had him in their grip. He could see today and live for tomorrow, but yesterday was a sealed book. Had some sudden danger faced them, had a tribe of savages burst through the wood, his response would have been the right one. Defender of woman he was. He was earning the title his mother gave him. But to forget himself in momentary joys, to be ruled by nature and not by morals——

He finally broke silence by saying, "Come, Ruth, we must go. The sun is getting low."

"So much the better," she replied. "Oh, for a night in the woods! Here is a shady nook where we can sleep."

"Nonsense," he replied, "we must get into dry clothes."

"My clothes are dry," she affirmed, "feel of my skirt." She tried to put his hand on it but he pulled away.

When he started for the boat she got in his way. He turned aside and sat on the bank, at loss what to do next. Had Paul been more primitive he would have seized Ruth. But Paul could not lay hands on Ruth. All his precepts forbade. He might defend but he could not punish. Neither could he accept.

She and nature were one; he and the rock, twin brothers. Nature changes; it is gay and somber by turn. The rock is unalterable. Only as the moss hides its ugliness does it alter its mood. Heat never enters; cold does not chill. Rain may wear furrows but the newly exposed is as lifeless as was the older shale. And still within, beneath. the hardest rock there is internal fire. Some time it was a world ablaze. Its crust has grown strong but now and then its fire breaks through, pouring *lava over* all about.

So was Paul. Hotter fires were never banked but they had not mode of expression. His will was like a great frost that congeals as it molds. The outer and the inner were separated by an impassable gulf. So dissimilar were they that he did not recognize the inner as a part of himself, nor even had names to give to his moods. Words that once were applied to these inner promptings were now used in a meaningless way to denote moral suppressions. The poison that hardened seemed to be the medicine that cured. Soul coldness was virtue, soul warmth a device to lead astray. Such was Paul as he brothered the rock and felt a kinship for its immobile expression.

Not so with Ruth. Her fire was on the surface. Between heart, cheek, look and expression there was no gulf. No frozen surface kept the internal from gaining an outlet. What she felt she did. Her soul like that of nature was an open book that all may read. Nature laughs and smiles even if she sometimes groans. We have but to raise our window in the morning to know whether frost or heat dominates. The flower, the grass and the leaves glow in the sun and wilt in the shade. Why should not a girl be as expressive as they? Perhaps, but the chill of many ages says *no*. Which should guide, nature in her unfolding, or the echo of a thousand repressions?

At length Ruth tired of her exercise, threw herself on the grass beside him. "Why will you not play, Paul?" she cried. "The trees and the flowers laugh in the sunshine, why should not we?"

She could not understand his mood. Why had he not done what in dreams her hero had ever done? She saw his stern look, his tightly drawn muscles, but of the internal conflict she had no inkling. She thus became more conscious of the difference between man and woman. Accepting

her father's philosophy, she expected that growth would finally bring her into a man's estate.

As she looked at her sullen hero a doubt of this came up from her unconscious self and started a new train of thought. She put her bare foot beside his, passing her hand over her soft leg muscle and touching his leg to feel the difference. As her curiosity became more intense she passed her hand from her supple frame to his, saying demurely, "Why are you different from me?"

Paul gave a start. The internal flame which his stern jaw repressed came for a moment to the surface and lit his eye. His face paled and flushed in turn. Paul was moral but he was flesh. It is one thing sitting in a chamber to decide moral questions; it is quite another to have a girl throw herself before him. There was a flush on his cheek and a flutter in his heart. He felt himself on a yawning precipice with the ground slipping from under him. Suddenly he sprang to his feet; with a wild cry he ran down to the boat and paddled away.

It was his mother he saw. It was her call he obeyed. It was she who took him out of danger.

Ruth watched the boat disappear and then she felt lonely. Why had he left so suddenly? Why had he not taken her with him? She knew she had lost but she tried to console herself by a new series of games. She danced, she ran, she sang—but nothing pleased her. The driving motive to make a hero yield to her charms was gone and with it her zeal for display. She threw herself angrily on the grass, tore her flowered ornaments from her body, kicked them away as if they were the cause of her failure. She cried, then she slept. Nature smiled at seeing her beauty reflected in human form. What was Ruth but the essence of all that had gone before? In her all *elements blended.* Each recognized the kinship.

The winds fanned her cheek, the brook sang its lullaby. The rocks shook off their somber hue as the clouds assumed a color to match the setting sun.

A kindly oak cast a deep shadow to dim what Morality would surely have seen. Curious, is it not? Nature and Morality—twin sisters—yet with such different views of girl. "Beauty and excellence," saith one. "Depravity," saith the other. Where high authorities differ, evolution is the only test; her decision all must abide.

XII

Cross Currents

Well behind his punctual hour, Paul came that night and would have hastened past the Professor rocking in the balmy darkness of the porch.

"Let us delay a moment," said his gentle voice, touched with the mid-century literary tone with which he emerged from fervid reverie. "You go striding with such eagerness that I am almost chagrined to confess how filled with content I am. Be seated, Paul. I had almost ceased to expect you tonight."

The young man dropped into a willow chair which creaked under the sudden, falling weight. "I thought I'd get back in time," he vouchsafed. "I went farther than I expected."

"Went farther?" the other repeated with his unfailing habit of interest in the least detail of his boys' lives.

"I am just back from Lord's," striking his hands together lightly in laughing protest.

"Oh, youth, youth, and the lust of living!" he cried. "Ten miles! and still on fire with the energy *of this young year*—and your young mind—

and heart—and soul—" he added with a rising cadence of joyous excitement. "Am I growing old?" he asked him, whimsically.

"No, no."

"Ah, good! thank you. I feared it, for here I sit basking until brushed by the breeze of your passing and the song that bursts from your companion in happiness. Where is she?" He peered through the lacy vines to the lawn. "I remember, some one called her. She has not been still an instant since the sun began to set. I have watched her dancing in and out, and she flitted from my knee to execute a frollicking song at the piano. She is more elusive—more loving than I remember to have ever seen her before. What is the date?"

"The tenth," Paul said.

"I will write in my notebook, tonight, that her intellect exalts and grows apace with her perfect health and happiness. After all her flitting and mirth this evening, a sudden silence attracted me. On looking about, I espied her in a white dress beneath her favorite tree in that superb attitude of the Reading Magdalen. So wrapt was she that she did not hear my steps; I looked at her volume before she was aware of me. What do you think has transfixed her mind? Nothing less epic and less alien to the spirit of the hour than the sanguinary passage in Homer. The natural and unbiased desires of self-betterment have inevitably risen in her brain now.

"My notebooks on her educational expansion show the most gratifying progress. They elucidate and more, I maintain—they *establish* certain educational principles. I fear we have not time to go into them tonight as I should be exceedingly pleased to do——" he looked hopefully at Paul, his smoldering eyes blazing up from the core *of his existence.*

"To be very brief," the gentleness of his voice lost in its depths and strength, "her unhurried choice to learn and her untrammelled range of subjects have resulted in substantiating every one of my arguments. She responds to the great interests of all mankind. Her subjects are those which men enjoy. I found her studying Mill's 'Logic' a week ago, and was amazed at the celerity with which she turned the leaves. I asked her if she liked it. 'I simply love it, papa,' she said, enthusiastically. There spoke the essential mind of the free and unwarped woman! Paul, I could be humbled if I were not uplifted by impregnable, conquering youth beside me. How great is your heart! But how can you understand? I suspect you cannot. Suffice it then to conclude: my belief in our book, my pleasure in its growth, are strong tonight; the world is ready for us. On the one hand, a young woman, unled, feeding on Homer—on the other, the young man and the sound of his feet rushing in the wind of his own eagerness. The harvest ripens on the hillsides of the Lord and I may draw aside to rest.

"I might if I would," his voice broke, surcharged with emotion. "If I would but I will not. Activity is too absorbing. Paul, let's to work."

The three sat at the same table, enjoyed the same shelter, thought they loved each other—yet the three were as far apart as Siberia from Java. On they moved, each in his own world; good worlds but worlds that did not match. Ruth wanted so much to be a partner in the great enterprise coming to its fruition in that study. Had the men taken her in, given her something to do, made her feel that she was one with them, she would have played a humble part, been a helpful co-worker and waited without thought for Time to carry them to their destined goal. She was a *bird, a plumed bird, alive* to the present with no

thought of the morrow. Did she drop from Paul's level, the men were to blame. They forced her into an untried world which might lead anywhere —a road most girls take but which after all is foreign to their nature.

When the yearning girl came his way, Paul rebuked her as temptation. When she sought her father he fondled her as a six-year old. Unconscious and well-meaning, he was blind to the effects which his own philosophy had wrought. Looking at her he saw Ida's eyes, Ida's hair, Ida's smile; and thought the girl would blossom to another Ida. She was to become a clinging vine like her mother, when in reality—standing firmly on her own feet—she was being transformed into an oak; not so big an oak as Paul but with the same motives, interests and manner of approach.

The Professor waited on Ida, Ruth waited on him. He brought Ida's shawl; Ruth brought his slippers. Ida sat by the fire, reflecting to the Professor what he gave, merely a looking-glass throwing back what the gazer put in it. Ruth was free from the traditions which bound Ida, made active by a health which Ida never enjoyed.

During the sultry August the three lives were conditioned as Paul and the Professor would have them. Ruth drew aside with a gallant cheerfulness for the paramount woman of pure theory. While they wrote she hung over a kitchen cookbook or cooled her white arms, tingling from the dry heat of the oven, beneath the cold water from the faucet. Her hair curled smartly on her brow, her lips were red, her cheeks bloomed duskily, her dark eyes brilliantly swept her field; the critical moment, by book and clock, had come for the biscuit in the oven.

In her new sphere she aimed at Paul's womanly ideal so nearly as his scant description of his *mother would* permit. Poor Ruth had never pic-

tured her in any other than the qualitative way; her quick perceptions had missed the very crux of Paul's stiff, narrow measure of the beautiful. If she could have concealed the opulent lines and curves of her honest, supple body, as the thin, straight figure of the mother concealed itself within shapeless garments, Paul in time could have endued her with the qualities of those clothes. He neither feared nor was disturbed by the woman of that kind. Ruth saw the type in Bowman from her own unique angle; it was the older, faded faculty woman, the middle-aged, iron-gray persons upon whom she never bestowed a thought or question. Yet, Paul's mother was the woman he admired. When she first stepped from her own path to walk in his, she noted shrewdly how often this scornful arraigner of those who lauded her bread spoke of her cake and pie.

One lonely evening when the palms of her hands smarted with oven heat, she waited with a sinking heart for the men to note the juicy virtues of her steak. Alas, when old Mammy removed it, the two were harking back up the ripe conundrum about the relation of economics to sociology. She was lost in the polemic—her triumph was unobserved. When the door swung upon her vanished proof, she burst into tears. The quick, sharp sobs effectually centered their attention upon her, and Paul jumped with an expression of solicitude.

"Why, daughter, what is it?" her father asked, bending over her chair.

"Did you hurt yourself?" Paul asked.

"Yes," she sobbed. "I burned my hands over that old steak and I want to go upstairs."

Her father laid her palm against his cheek.

"And you never mentioned it," said Paul, his stiffness gone in the necessity of sympathy in physical disaster.

"And *you* never said a word about the steak," she retorted with an access of anger.

"My dear," her father cried, "I can hardy believe you broiled it! Did you truly? It was delicious, eh, Paul?"

"I never ate a better. Can't I get something for your hand? A lotion or cold cream?"

She dried her eyes. "It doesn't hurt so much, now. I'll stay here, I think. Please bring me the witch hazel from the shelf, Paul."

He hurried for it and returned in a trice, pouring a drop into the cup of her pink palms. He would not let her bruise them upon the handle of the coffee urn, but served the beverage while her father attended to the berries. The priority of the social sciences no longer occupying them, she played with her new-found force, Deception, with such skill and intuitive knowledge of the instrument that Paul for two hours was almost the Paul of the playmate days, before fearing her. He judged her a revert of some early epoch, as innocent perhaps as some ancestress naked and dripping on a sunny, southern shore, plunging her gleaming body into tropic waters. His broad and simple nature welcomed her subterfuge for sympathy and attention. Yet after the first relief given by the burst of indignant tears and trivial lies, Paul was stirred by a vanishing hint of an encompassing, nameless threat, a lurking cosmic Danger. When the girl's happy eyes told him that the eclipse of her gaiety had passed, he suffered a premonition that they were involved in a sorrow they could not avert, coming from conditions beyond their reach. Her wistful smiles drew him into the vortex of her charm; she called to his sentiment and before he was braced to repel it the thought of her in his arms—running a polluting fire through his veins—weakened for an *instant the* whole big frame. He met it in dejec-

tion—the stern happiness of holding at bay his carnal temptations was gone. It was a treadmill to him on which he must run endlessly even to preserve life.

"What an awful hold this thing has on me," he muttered, "there's too much blood in me. I must work this taint out of my muscles." He leaped and ran as if he were testing a candidate—falling to a walk, he would hear Ruth's voice or a movement of the bushes that at length made him jump with a superstitious terror. Then with a slow, hard brutality—blind to the consequences if he might team away the demon that fattened on him—he rushed panting, his pulses a-hammer, until white and faint he threw himself down with face in the ferns. Thus went on the struggle from day to day, from week to week. A phantom Ruth in the wood, a real Ruth in the home. Which was the worse he could not tell—in fact he never was sure with which he was dealing. He ran from her or struck back at her as his fitful mood determined. Great ideals make men stern, fierce, even brutal toward any encountered obstacle. Whatever obtrudes must be crushed regardless of consequences. In this mood he threw stones at the phantom Ruth and dodged when the real Ruth appeared.

She in turn tired of waiting, pressed forward like a shy animal hungry on a trail to her thrilling part in life. When they were not together for many hours, she feared nothing would ever happen again in this stationary globe. So her eyes blazed with a swift excitement one dusky evening when she saw Paul seat himself upon the piazza until Dr. Dickson should leave the study. Coming straight to him, she stopped when her dress pressed against his knee. His eyes came to her with such a look that she knew she must act without *parley; leaning* forward half across his

breast, she kissed him full and long on his unready lips. A deathly languor overspread his face. Quicker even than was his wont he warded her off with a rude push that made her stagger against the low railing. The cruel deed had nothing back of it but a blind resistance to an unwelcome fate. So acted his forbears—prophets, priests and moralists; so did Paul. What is a woman's pain to a man's composure?

That night Ruth stood before the glass, helping it bring out her good qualities, The more she looked the more she became convinced that she was pretty; if Paul should really *see her* he would appreciate her beauty. While so sure she was right and never doubting beauty's power, defeat made her humble. Paul came and went as before but she no longer lay on the rug watching the struggle for words that brought out his characteristics. It was grand to see him contend for a new expression. His great frame shook with every wrong; his eye flashed with any new indication of man's depravity; when he apprehended some new onslaught of the enemy he braced his foot as if he were to meet the Pennsylvania team.

Unconscious of this byplay the Professor was happy. His pamphlets shone with greater lustre when revised by Paul. The day seemed at hand when the world would have the truth in a convincing form. The two made a good team, their virtues and their defects matched. So long as the material was used their agreement was perfect. There were no words too strong, no picture of woman's misery which they were not willing to frame and exploit. Yet the ideals of the two men were radically different. Despite Paul's respect for the Professor and his love of Ruth, despite their intimacy and daily communion, they had *never got beyond* the threshold of the woman

problem nor into fields where their differences shone. Sooner or later this was bound to happen. At length rhetoric and description must end; then the two goals and the two types of woman adoration would come to the fore.

Paul saw Mother. Girls and beauty played no part in his vision. Virtue, work and sacrifice were his ideals. That over-work might harm—that the hard faces of tired mothers represented defeat, not progress—that millions go down under a load which heredity has not prepared them to carry—these doctrines which he heard the Professor enunciate were perhaps accepted but not assimilated. Work to him was joy. His fresh, round muscles responded without a murmur. Why should it not be so with woman as well as man?

To the Professor Ida was always foremost—an Ida whose picture showed a woman who had never suffered hardship. Her hands were small and white, her arms were too slight to be muscular, her face had no scars, her cheek did not bear the furrows of age; her smile, not her daily toil, paid the Professor for his efforts. This did not mean that Ida was a woman who never recompensed deeds in kind. She did as much for the Professor as he did for her. But all was so nicely arranged, forethought had done so much, the household adjustments were so complete, that joy reigned from the rising to the setting of the sun.

The Professor saw only the glory of life; Paul saw the mechanism by which it was ennobled. Food is the great original problem to which in primitive life all must bend. But food means work—work for all—man, woman and child alike, at least theoretically. Out of this need all institutions grew. Progress is only new forms of the division of labor. Yes, labor differs but yet it is always labor; and to labor all transformations in the *human frame are due.* Bone and muscle meas-

ure the progress of women as of men—not their soft cheeks and slender hands. Take away work and women become mere playthings, not comrades and co-workers. The race has gone up from toil to leisure, from starvation to plenty, from helplessness to world control, from an age of bare-handed struggle to that of tool and machine. Men live to work, not work to live. Such was Paul's interpretation of history. It was the lesson of his readings.

Of such books the Professor read little. Even the preface was too much for him. He liked to ponder on the golden age which all poets see. Evolution had never deprived him of his Garden of Eden where all is joy. Work was a penalty not an agent in world advance. The first law was to eat, drink and be happy—not that the sweat of the brow is the source of daily bread. He might not say that tools were useless implements and wheat-fields a mar on nature except for their color. He was too far along for such a tirade against modern invention, but in his vision there were no tools nor economic contrivances. Everything was just as nature made it. The fruits of the field came in their season because at that moment they filled into nature's scheme. In such a world woman was not a handmaid fitting into utilitarian schemes, but the crowning piece of God's handiwork. "Woman is God's last and best product," was his familiar cry. Man was made from the dust but woman came from above. This crowning crown of the universe should never be degraded, never turned into a machine, never made the servant of man's interests. Woman's degradation is world degradation. Woman's beauty is world beauty. Mar it at your peril.

So thought the Professor. All went well until *Paul began to* write the chapter on primitive

woman. The two sat at the Professor's fireside when Paul read the product of his toil. He had scarcely begun before the Professor jumped up, paced the room, threw his hand about violently. Finally he interrupted, stamping his foot to make the words emphatic. He cried, "That's nonsense, Paul, utter nonsense. Where did you get that stuff?"

"Out of your library," Paul replied, putting before the Professor a dozen volumes which he had himself bought.

The Professor looked at Paul's material, thumbed it carelessly and then broke forth. "Nothing could make that stuff *fact*. That is not the way nature works. She gets ready before she does anything; the parts fit together so nicely that beauty results. You would make a botch of the whole universe. Did man make the fruits of the field or were they ready for him when he arrived? Men cut trees, men make filth—but no man has yet made a rose. Oh, those dreadful tools, those huge factories, those smoky cities—those are the product of work, the result of presumption, men trying to improve nature. Down the world goes every time men try to improve it. The more they work the lower they sink. No, give woman clean hands and a pretty face right from the start. Her first day was her best day: fresh from God's hands, she was the embodiment of all the stored-up beauty of the ages. God made the lilies not to work but to be looked at. He made woman not to hoe in the garden but to inspire noble deeds. Don't talk of work, Paul, as though work were God. It's penalty, tyranny, degeneration! The fire is the only place for that chapter."

He reached over as though he would execute his threat but Paul *put his* hand firmly on the *manuscript*. The Professor tried to smile but

failed. Paul sat dazed but unconvinced. To talk against work was to talk against his mother. His highest ideal was a woman pitching hay or driving a team to market. Work was man's salvation. Sweat was the cure of all evil. No one with open pores did wrong. The idle hand was the source of vice; the idle brain planned destruction. Evil came not through work but in trying to escape from work.

Paul's visions lay in the future, not in the past. He saw not the golden age but the promised day. His world was yet to be made, man's toil was God's agent making it. He was ready for the laborious climb from dust to soul. No patience had he for those who would not spit on their hands nor soil their faces to do God's work. Beauty is below man, not above him. It becomes virtue as it nears the clouds. We see beauty, looking back; we see virtue when we look ahead. Work is God's agent; beauty is the tempter's tool.

The Professor jumped up again to pace the floor, shaking his fist at imaginary enemies. "Oh, God," he cried, "Beauty, the tempter's tool. What book says *that?* The only place for it is the fire." He thumbed the books again as if he would find the hated doctrine and cast it out forever. Failing in this he sat glaring at Paul while Paul in turn held firmly to his position. The two men had at length reached an irreconcilable difference which seemed ready to destroy their long-felt unity.

"Let me show you," cried Ruth, at which, grabbing the bearskin on the floor, she disappeared. Neither noticed but kept up their argument.

"Beauty and vice came together," cried Paul, as he saw in vision the primitive festivities *against which* the prophets raved.

"Oh, shame," cried the Professor as a pained look came over his face and a chill shook his frame, "it is only toil that degrades. Vice is a product not of God but of a recent age. Why be chained to toil when its products only increase our misery? Once woman stood proud and free. Her hands were clean, her eye clear and her soul as yet untarnished by man's brutality. Then all was beauty—beauty by day, beauty by night. Now day is toil and night a dreary, moaning sleep. It is better to rest on nature's pillow than to be smothered beneath a feather tick. The more we have the more the misery, the louder the groan of the repressed soul."

"A myth, a fancy," replied Paul. "Man rose from the earth by the sweat of his brow. Woman learned the lesson of work first. She became man's plaything only after she had lost contact with the earth from which she sprang. Are ribbons, flowers and fancy any compensation for an empty stomach, a bare back and frosted toes? Nature lives only from day to day. Man lives for tomorrow, daring the thundercloud to prevent his elevation. Beauty and degeneration come together; they are human foes not friends."

Paul said this with a sweep of his long arm and a look on his face as if he saw the starving, barefooted horde which books on primitive man depict. He leaned over the table, on his lips a torrent of invective which he meant to hurl in the defense of his position. But just as he started he heard a long-drawn-out "Boo!" over his shoulder.

Turning quickly, he leaped to his feet and with a look of dismay retreated to the rear of the room. He saw—was it girl or vision? If vision it was the distant past coming back to life to avenge itself for the cruel pictures which prophets, priests and economists have drawn of ages now buried in *a helpless oblivion. If the* girl, she had exchanged

her dress for a bearskin covering. The hind legs were loosely tied around her waist, the forelegs flapped across her breast, the head hung over her shoulder. On her head were feathers and plumes. Her arms, her shoulders and legs shone white and bare. About the room she moved in a quick, flowing primitive dance which changed into leaps and bounds as imagery demanded.

Ruth had read all those books with which her father's library overflowed. Missionaries, travelers and scientists, each had told his tale. They were included in the father's scheme to unlock the past of woman. What the girl saw was different from what he saw and still more different from the deductions which Paul drew. To her, being carried off by a wild man or guarded on a lone island by a dragon did not seem half so bad as it did to the two valiant defenders of women who occupied the same study and read the same books. Dances and festivals were her joy. Even the crude accounts of the missionaries were transformed from horror into things of beauty.

This was not the first time she had donned the bearskin and danced before the fire. But till now the only beholder was the looking-glass which smiled at the many feats which she essayed to perform. There was no garment which she had not tried on or left off. Every color, every movement, was carefully studied and skillfully imitated. Hour after hour she had made this her amusement while the men were doing sterner duty in the many vocations which occupied their attention. Her father knew that she danced. She had often amused him in this way. But they were child dances. To him she was a little girl, nothing more.

Now she thought to help them in the solution of the problem which caused their differences. She *started* with good intentions but soon the spirit

of woman took possession of her. She became a type, not an individual. Up and down the room she moved with an easy, swinging grace. She circled, she ran, she curtsied, bending forward and backward as she felt the pulse of some imagined scene. In feeling and in movement she changed as her thought flew from one personification to another. Now she was on the banks of the Ganges, now in the heated interior of Africa; the desert of Sahara loomed up in turn, then the table land of central Asia. Indian maidens were not forgotten, nor the dwellers of the distant isles of Southern Seas. Wherever the missionary had been, wherever the traveler had explored, there maidens had always been found and the same joy of the spring festival had found expression. Her soul was in them and they in her. Of the millions of ancestors which Ruth had in her each now was crying for expression. We may stifle our heredity, refuse its behests, still it is here, chained yet eager for expression when the bars are loosened.

Ruth had never been repressed, the crushing force of the mailed fist she never felt. No bounds had ever been set for her self-expression. What the blood, the nerves, the muscles demanded she did as if from a conscious purpose. Who can have a million ancestors boxed in her primal cell without some time being each of them? Think not that she is normal who feels only what the church, the school and the age demand. She is but a fraction of what heredity prompts her to be. Think not that she is superior whose thought runs in trained grooves, who thinks only of home, married virtues and food for man to eat. All these are exterior. The soul is not in them but in a dark cavern to which the modern woman seldom descends. Below the imposed framework is a crushed *something which* every woman feels.

This is her heredity, this is the voice of her

ancestry crying for expression; this is the fire which lit the soul of women in days when she and nature were companions. Now women are scared when they feel the pulse of what is below, when they see their true selves marred by convention, tortured by thorny commandments, blinded by ages of confinement in lanternless caves. Yet despite all this, overlaid as it may be with the moss of tradition or the mold of usage, woman carries all her ancestral traits in her, ever ready to express themselves when locks are unbolted. Her ancestors never die. They are with her and in her. Ruth was they and they were Ruth. As she circled around the room they came out of her. She became a thousand instead of one. Paul stood dazed as he saw the multiplication; they seemed to fly in through the window and to rise out of the flame of the fireplace.

The air echoed women's voices, the clouds took her form, the moon became twisted into girlish smiles; the fairies, witches and gnomes leaped in to help their sister. All nature was on Ruth's side. Only a stubborn will opposed. Even it shrank in terror from what it could not prevent. Paul was like a creature clinging to a denuded tree while a hurricane sweeps by tearing the grass from its roots.

The room had been lighted by a lamp on the table, but the Professor had emphasized one of his statements by blowing it out. He could think better when looking at the blazing logs on the hearth. The light which fell on Ruth came from the open fire or from the moon which peered through the window. She had one color when she passed before the fire, another when she reached the window. Each time she disappeared in the dark recesses of the room she reappeared in a new form and had with her a *new troupe* of her ancestors. Were they real

or did they exist in the imagination of the terrified Paul? He had read the books, and now saw the same pictures as Ruth. Yesterday they were mere words; now they became visions. Were both under the same delusion or did both receive the same revelation?

Paul's ancestors chopped wood, built temples, fought battles. Their expression left a product in tools, houses, farms and cities. Ruth's ancestors left no product, they built no altars, nor had they any walled cities. Hunt as you may, the remnants of woman's efforts are not to be found. What she did lives only in her descendants, coming to the fore as the daughter repeats what the mothers did. Woman is God's best mechanism. All that she can be is what her mother gave her.

Paul feared this eternal element in woman. He wanted to make her over into deeds like his own. Trembling before the host of women who joined Ruth in her dance, he ran at their approach. But Ruth reinforced by her sisters became more bold. Wilder was the dance, more complex its figures. When she crouched before the fire and leaped out at the startled Paul, she seemed like a thousand disembodied spirits. When she passed before the window new flocks of ancestral ghosts seemed to float in. What woman was there that Paul did not see? What dress or features but passed before his gaze and riveted his attention in spite of his endeavor to shut them out? They were not the modest Idas which smile from the wall, neither the pale-faced mother doing a man's duty in the hay-field. They were simply women eager to fulfill their function, bubbling over with joy and happiness. No prison held them; no chain bound their feet nor did garments hide their identity or impede their movements.

They sang, they danced, they appealed. They chased the virtuous Paul about the room until he fled to a dark corner where he held them at bay. Currents of air seemed to sweep by him and a still greater force back of him seemed to push him on. But Paul was *will*. He braced his feet as if he were to meet the charge of an opposing football squadron. When in this way victory was assured the sides of the room faded and the wall paper turned into trees. He was not in Bowman but in a virgin forest amid the blaze of a thousand torches which lit up a midnight festival. Here woman was supreme. Each was a Ruth and more. There was no man to say "No!" to their impulses nor prophet to foretell their doom. Paul sprang back in horror; with a mighty sweep he drove them forth. Will dominated and Bowman returned.

Yet Ruth was before him, wilder and more excited than ever. Her leaps were longer. In dizzy circles she swept by him and strove to drag him with her. Her father caught her spirit, swung around the room with her but Paul stood in his corner firmly intrenched behind a chair. With a bound she leaped upon the chair and threw her arms around him crying, "Paul, come!"

Dodging, he escaped, but she flew about the room after him. Just as she grasped him he leaped from the window. She would have followed but her father caught and held her tightly in his arms.

What the fire saw, what the moon saw, the Professor could have seen but did not. He held not the bearskin, but Ruth! her face hot with passion.

Clasping her closely to his bosom, he sat in his chair and laughed; laughed until the tears rolled down his cheeks and his body shook. At last he stopped long enough to cry, "I guess we won't *hear of that* economic woman for a while." Then

he laughed again. The Professor had won a victory but at what cost?

The girl mistook his joy for an approval of her conduct.

XIII

The Discovery

After this episode Paul did not appear. His excuse was the urgency of work, thinking thus to find something to divert his thought from his surging impulses. There had been a world without and a world within. Between them there were reactions, but no external message got by the carefully locked door, the key to which the will firmly held. The body obeyed, never starting fresh impressions. Now it was alive. Starting trains of thought, it forced pictures into Paul's consciousness which he would gladly have forbidden. The theology of his famous predecessor had been to him a mere theory until this moment. Now it became a great reality. Feeling he must assert his spiritual mastery, he resorted to many expedients to bring back the calm which had always been his to enjoy.

All in vain. The long walks, the cross-country runs, the indoor sports had all been tried. They seemed to work, but when he started across the campus to resume his place in the study a phantom Ruth bobbed up from behind the bushes or was reflected from the window panes of the home he approached. He tried to laugh at his visions, he threw stones into the bushes to show how indifferent he was to the spectral world. But his visions continued to haunt him in spite of his earnest endeavors to suppress them. He went to the settlement to get relief. Girls were everywhere. *For the first time* he discovered that they

all had limbs, necks and winning smiles. He wondered how they could be so careless—exposing their charms without the least consideration of proprieties.

Just what girls had been to him before and how they had acted he never stopped to consider. He had, in fact, never given them a moment's thought. He could not have told whether their skirts were long or short or how low their dresses were cut. Girls were girls. He neither hated nor admired them, but went his way as they did theirs. Now, dress and girl became distinct entities and the ends of dress seemed to be to expose what should not be seen. He gazed at their apparel with blank astonishment, wondering how such an aggregation of insinuating devices could have been invented. He tried to figure how he would have them dress, but his mind refused to work that way. It always passed from the seen to the unseen. Try as he would, the beneath always got on the outside. The shock of Ruth's passion stripped woman of her covering. She was always dancing before him, in every girl who came under his gaze. They seemed to throw off their apparel the moment he approached. Back of each was a specter which stood forth so plainly that he rubbed his eyes to be sure that no transformation had taken place. "How brazen girls are," was a constant thought. Even their voices started an inward terror which he found no means of suppressing.

So he deserted the town and sought the woods. But he could hear Ruth's voice everywhere, "Wait Paul, it is I," echoed from every hill. If he looked over his shoulder she was there, running as he ran, turning as he turned. Each day the tension became worse; he lost weight; he bored his companions with frequent challenges of cross-country runs in the hope that their presence would *drive the specter* away. It did, but when alone it

came back with fresh courage. At last he was only safe in the lecture room. Here he was the self of old, pouring forth his thought in a thrilling eloquence which astonished his hearers. Students crowded the room, to the doorway. Even old professors, wearied by the talk of years, dropping in to hear the boy orator went away with a new thrill. What was in came out while he talked, so forcefully that the without had no chance to get within. Strong as he was, the glow of the lecture tired him. The active brain sapping the vigor of the body left him faint. Something was wrong. His friends could see it but could not divine its cause. They suggested amusements and brought delicacies, vied with each other in friendly acts and yet the flush on his cheek grew plainer, his eye glowing as if with fever. They advised a trip to the seashore, or some diversion in the city. But all in vain. The lecture was Paul's one joy; to it he clung with a desperate resolve to gain self-mastery through cleanness of thought. Each day he seemed almost to grasp a solution. He saw it coming down the aisle or springing from the faces of his hearers. But just as he grasped it the bell rang the closing of the hour. His spirit slunk back within himself, his thought faded until brought to life again by the next period.

The crisis which Paul faced was not less acute than that which Ruth underwent during the same period. That indifference for the morrow which was her charm faded. She was now a being with an end. Her dreams became day visions and they walked about with her. But whatever disguise her primitive thought took it became—when unmasked—Paul! She yearned for him every minute, dreamt of him every night. Each little reminder of him stirred a fresh emotion. Paul was everywhere, "*Paul, Paul, I* must win Paul," was *her constant cry, the sole* content of her prayer.

She sought every device of which she could think to augment her physical appeal; planned many surprises which would find him unawares as he passed up the lawn or entered the study. She practised her stunts daily before the looking-glass eagerly waiting Paul's return to try their efficacy. Knowing her beauty, she trusted its power.

But no Paul came. She heard of the wonderful lectures; the town was ablaze with their glory. But there was no place for girls in the man-guarded precincts of the college hall. She knew of his walks; tried to catch him in secluded places. But all in vain. Paul would neither stop nor listen. As he dashed on, he became more of a hero, more indispensable, a greater object of admiration. The unattainable must be attained, the impassable must be crossed. There is some entrance to the holy of holies and this she would find.

Many days elapsed before a new avenue of approach occurred to her. She loved to sit in Paul's chair before the big desk and imagine herself writing on the book. She tried her hand to imitate the admired Paul. Oh, could his spirit come to her through his pen and through the paper he was using! It is an old thought that we can control others by a control of the things they use. Ruth was primitive enough in her mood to feel its force. At first she only rewrote sentences which she had heard Paul use or phrases her father often repeated. Then she grew bolder. The old yearning to participate in the great work revived. She would write a chapter to show her ability. Then, ah, then, she could become a co-worker on the epoch-making book.

The chapter on which the two men split she would write in her own way. She saw this woman as a sister to herself. She knew the literature on *primitive man* as well as they, but she trusted her *memory and thus* mixed her dreams with her facts.

The world she described was a dream world, where awful tragedies chilled the blood, where transformations were sudden; yet in the end came out as they should. It was a rambling story dictated by the feeling of each day and often revised to meet new impulses. She meant it to be a real story and yet her own desires forced their way in so much that each incident had some bearing on her own situation. It was a true story only insofar as she was a primitive woman herself, and thus made the past and present one. But Ruth was not enough of a philosopher to see it in this light. The chapter ran as her fancy dictated. She thought of Paul as the hero of a cave dwellers' epoch. It was easy, therefore, to mix Paul, dreams and history in one view and satisfy herself that she was writing fact when she was merely dreaming Paul.

The story of Lady Margaret thus came into being and its author cast about for means to get it into Paul's hands. She yearned to give it to him herself and see the delight with which she was sure he would greet it. She thought out many plans, but their execution was frustrated by a sudden announcement. Paul was sick. He had a high fever and the doctor had been called in. Even though it was Sunday, her father shut himself up with a dozen new books on economics, expecting the next morning to deliver Paul's outlined lecture on the latest phases of the value controversy. It was not an easy task, but his zeal made up for his deficiency. Ruth wandered aimlessly about. She went to the gate a dozen times, determined to seek Paul, but each time her heart failed. So went the day until the church bell called Bowman together for the afternoon service. Then as the campus became still she ventured forth, hoping for a look at Paul or at least a chance to leave the story of Lady Margaret with

him. Many times she walked along the path under Paul's window, striving to work up enough courage to call him. But something choked her every time she tried to raise her voice; she grew more desperate and thought to look at her hero. Placing her hand on Paul's windowsill, she gave a spring, hoping to attract his attention or at least to see him. Her first bound failed. She saw only the dark walls of an almost empty room. Paul was evidently in bed and her heart throbbed with pain as the thought of his suffering became more intense. A mighty impulse seized her. Leaping with such force that she could not stop, she fell through his window and lay in a jumble on the floor. Her dress was torn, her face was bloody, for the moment she was paralyzed by shock.

Paul jumped up from the couch where he lay. Was it a new vision or was it a reality? He rubbed his eyes to see. All night long, yes, even in the day, phantom Ruths had been casting themselves in his way. They flew through the transom, hid behind his pictures, raised their alluring forms above the foot of his bed. Look where he would with eyes closed or open, they forced themselves on his attention and addled him with their nakedness.

From their reveries the cry of the helpless girl on the floor aroused him. Ruth's super-abundant hair was always getting her in difficulty and this time it had been caught by the latch on the window frame. Paul sprang to her aid, unfastened the tangled tresses, washed the blood from her face, and pinned the dress together so as to hide the girl's exposed breast.

She had exceeded all her wishes in making him see her and she expected a response. Hope flushed her face as she raised her arms to encircle her hero. Paul gave a start, the color of his cheek darkened. But that mighty will dominated. Rais-

ing her gently, he put her on the couch. From this Ruth leaped with a bound, dazed by her fall but boiling with emotion. She rushed at Paul but clasping her hands he held her off. They stood thus facing each other while Paul cast about for means to relieve the situation. Something must be done to shield Ruth. For her to be seen in the Dorms meant disgrace. At last desperation moved him as he heard the church audience join in singing the doxology. He would wrap her in his blanket, carry her across the campus and deposit her in her own home. Paul was above suspicion. No one would question him if he crossed the campus with a strange bundle on Sunday. He tried to explain his intent to Ruth, but it only made her opposition more violent. She, Ruth, the woman, to be carried across the campus disguised as a baby—never! She jerked loose from his grasp, angrily slapped him in the face. Before he could seize her she vaulted out the window.

The sudden exit of Ruth made her visit seem like a dream. She had, however, left a reminder in the shape of a shoe. He looked around for a safe place to hide it and finally put it in his bureau. Then he pulled it out and tried several other places, but they all seemed equally unsatisfactory. The shoe seemed to shine out under any cover and to get always in the very place where someone would be sure to see it. A loud knock found Paul with the shoe still in hand, but with a sudden spring he threw it into his trunk, and then invited the visitor in. It proved to be Dr. Dickson, and in his hand was the other shoe. Paul waited for his winded visitor to speak, but speech came slowly.

"Paul," he finally cried, "a dastardly deed has been committed! The sacred precincts of our college campus *have been invaded*. I was returning *from early prayer and* came this way to reach my

study, where I had left the notes for my evening sermon. As I passed under the window of Dr. Morse's study a girl suddenly leaped out and came down on my head. She knocked off my hat and glasses. Before I recovered my astonishment she ran across the yard and disappeared behind the trees. I felt around for my hat and found it under Dr. Morse's window. The glasses I could not find but they, too, will prove what happened and where. I have long suspected Dr. Morse of heterodoxy—but of adultery I never thought. To think, too, that we have such girls around. They corrupt the whole town. Oh, is the purity of Bowman to go and are we to be disgraced in this fashion by one of our professors?"

Paul knew that the window through which the girl had come was his own, and that Ruth's adventure was on the verge of being discovered. His first thought was of the glasses. He sprang through the window with a bound and back again with another. His surmise was right. The glasses lay in the path directly under *his* window. The doctor was too greatly pleased by their recovery to ask whence they came. He put them on with an air of relief and then began again.

"I must report this to President Thompson," he finally said and suddenly left the room, bent on a righteous mission.

Paul let him leave not because he wanted Dr. Morse to be blamed, but because he hoped to find some way of protecting Ruth. Yet no available plan suggested itself, and instead came the thought of hiding Ruth's shoes, of which he now had two. He tried and tried changing every article in the room many times, and finally for want of a better plan dropped one of them, which in the many transferences had found its way to his table, into *his football* shoe. Paul drew a sigh of relief when *he saw it so* completely disappear and turned to

get Ruth's other shoe to similarly dispose of it.

Before this was done, the door opened and the Doctor again appeared. He had seen the president, but having told his tale was assured that it must be a mistake as Dr. Morse went to Franklin to preach. The president was inclined to scout at the reality of the girl although he suspected that a practical joke was being played. He questioned the doctor carefully and cautioned him in the good name of the college not to spread such grave rumors without a stronger case. So much, indeed, was said that the doctor left the president not only doubting his own senses but fearing that his statement might be used as a basis of removing him from the head of the theological school. He knew the literal element of the church was suggesting that the younger and more brilliant Dr. Morse might with advantage be put at the head of the school—and this might give them an occasion to act. So he had returned to Paul to ask him to say nothing but to let the president investigate as he would.

The first thing he saw was Paul's shoe on the table. He picked it up in amazement while Paul trembled for fear he would see the shoe within.

"Is this the shoe I brought in?" he asked with emotion. "I did not have my glasses on, but I thought it was a girl's shoe. It seems big enough for you." He did not wait for an explanation but went on, "I see, Paul, it is all a mistake. I fear I was too precipitate and a little mixed.

"You won't tell, will you?" he asked entreatingly. Paul having meant no deception thought that this furnished a ready means of protecting Ruth. He gave the asked-for promise and the good doctor left in peace.

Dr. Dickson, returning home, told the story to his wife. She was not so easily misled as the president. *The red shoe*, the flying dress, the

athletic girl leaping out of the window brought up to her mind but one girl and that was Ruth. Her old antagonism burst out anew, she felt sure she was on the track of an exposé that would discomfit her old rival, Professor Stuart. To her husband's appeal she only smiled. Picking a hair off his coat collar, she remarked, caustically, "I presume this is the hair of an angel."

The old doctor now became more confused and she more determined to investigate. Had she not been too sure of the complicity of Dr. Morse she could have found a bit of Ruth's dress hanging on the window-frame of Paul's room. Examining the grass under Dr. Morse's window carefully and not seeing anything, she started to track Ruth home. She soon came on footprints in the soft earth and they pointed straight toward the Professor's house.

"Hello, what is this?" she cried as she spied a roll of paper on the grass, tied nicely in a blue ribbon. This was, indeed, a find, for it was Ruth's story of Lady Margaret. In the excitement of the interview with Paul she had forgotten about it and in her mad haste to get home she had dropped it. It did not take Mrs. Dickson long to digest the contents. After reading it carefully she began looking for other evidence. Here she reaped a rich harvest. Ruth's foot, caught in a bramble, left a bit of her stocking as evidence of her flight. Farther on, a thorn had torn her dress.

Mrs. Dickson did not stop until she had followed the tracks into the Professor's yard. Looking at the house, she saw the Professor's image faintly through the window. "I'll go this instant," she decided, with a flash of anger. "You must start early to catch an old fool and a young hussy before night."

But as she approached, her decision faded. *Even she hesitated* to break in on the Professor's

evening meditation. His glasses were raised above his eyes and a sweet smile lit his face. He was thinking how gracious God had been to him; how all his wishes were being fulfilled. The book seemed nearing completion, the cause of woman was gaining recruits every day. And his girl, oh, what a treasure she was and how fully her acts corresponded to his theories! He had seen the change which had come over Ruth. In a single year she seemed to have completed a whole college course. She had an eager desire for knowledge and would listen for hours to his recitations from his favorite Greek authors. What more could be asked than to have Paul carry his work to completion and to have Ruth participate in his literary enjoyment? Such a state of bliss made even Mrs. Dickson pause. She turned back, threw herself on a bench and read anew the tale of Lady Margaret, thinking out many bitter taunts which she knew the Professor would keenly feel. When she returned she saw the Professor standing cheerfully before the open fire. She entered abruptly for fear she might lose courage again. Pressing her hand he led her to a seat.

"I fear," he said, "my reverie was so deep that I did not hear your knock. I was immersed in a perusal of my dearest heresy, and for these crude children of our brain we all have a peculiar fondness, have we not?"

"I don't know," she answered, "there is such a thing as being so fond of our fancies that we neglect our duty. Sin has a long rope but it trips the offender in the end. It is easy to slide down, but it is a hard road to climb back."

The Professor raised his eyes and replied, "What has my darling child done now? You have evidently come to re-fight our old battle."

"Your darling *child*? How long are you going *to persist in that* infant-accountability fiction

about Ruth? Child! She is a woman grown, responsible for every sinful impulse. Smile in your superiority if you will, but remember I always told you she'd go bad and now she has."

"My dear lady, my dear lady, you choose words of sinister suggestion; and you choose at random, I fear, to describe some slight offense against Bowman's code—which I have often defined to be an attempt of men to deform the nature of women."

She sprang to her feet and shook a trembling forefinger at him. "Bowman's code includes the Seventh Commandment. Perhaps you'll say *that* deforms nature, too. If you had thought of it oftener, your daughter would not be a fallen woman today carrying obscene literature to men's rooms and unfit, do you hear me? to crawl on her hands and knees into Ida's house."

In the profound silence that followed, his eyes bore down upon her inexorably. "This passes all bounds," he said slowly. "Every word you utter from this moment will receive full reckoning. I confront you now in the name of my innocent child and of my dead wife. What is the proof of your charge? I shall extenuate nothing."

She threw the tale of Lady Margaret on the table and cried, "Read that story and you will see her depravity. Traveling disguised as a man. Dancing naked on the lawn; and sleeping on the grass. Oh, what a fine outcome for the girl who sings with the birds and rolls on the grass in the plain sight of men." Then she told her story in a firm, shrill voice and showed the remnant of Ruth's dress. "If you want more proof than this paper, this cloth, ask the young lady to produce her red slippers—both of them."

Professor Stuart sat dumb through all this tirade. Before she was half through, he seemed *to have aged* by ten years. To him Ruth had been

but a mere girl. He never thought of her as a woman; now it all rushed in on him and in the worst of ways. He did not distrust the proof. The torn bits of clothing, the tracks and the story sank in on his mind and made him too abject for thought. When Mrs. Dickson was done, she flung the story into his lap and turned to go. As she crossed the door, she turned with a gleam of triumph and said, sneeringly, "God's law still holds. Each sinner meets his doom even as in days of old. 'When a girl goes wrong, look for the man.' But perhaps it would be as well to keep an eye on the girl."

Slamming the door to express her righteous indignation, she left the house in triumph.

XIV

The Confession

The old man sat without moving. His energies could not overcome the shock and resume their normal functionings. At last he was partially aroused by the entrance of Ruth.

"Why, what is the matter?" she cried. "Something has happened. What can it be! Oh, you look as though it were I. Have I done anything to displease you?"

She looked about and her eye fell on the story of Lady Margaret.

"There is my story. How came it here? It tells of a girl who loved her negligent hero so much that she followed him. You must hear it."

Ruth sat on a stool at his feet and read. Her soft voice and fine intonations due to her own feelings made the recitation effective, doing much to change his belief as to its contents and Ruth's innocence. *The story did* not strike him as it had

appeared to Mrs. Dickson. True, the heroine was among men but she received no harm. A bit of the old man's philosophy returned. He became more cheery. But he was compelled to probe further.

"What is this?" he asked, holding up the shred of her dress.

"I tore my dress," replied Ruth frankly but a little abashed.

"On the college grounds?" he asked.

"Yes," replied Ruth, "I ran across them coming from Paul's room. I wanted him to read Lady Margaret and thought I might put it in his room while he was at church. So I ran over and jumped in at the window to leave it. Paul was there and helped me fix my dress, but would not let me kiss him. So I leaped from the window and ran home. Did he bring my story back? I have forgotten what I did with it. I think Paul was real mean not to let me kiss him, don't you? He never looks at me and I don't believe he knows what a woman is except by her hair. But, oh, papa, he ought to run off with me just as did the heroes of old. I want him to see me—but he won't look. If he would only look he would love me, I am sure."

These statements, so honestly made, showed Mrs. Dickson's explanations of the evening's events were wrong. Ruth did not jump out of Dr. Morse's window but she did from Paul's and that was almost as bad. The Professor meditated, for he scarcely knew how to begin this new topic. His philosophy had always emphasized equality—the complete equality of men and women. This clearly involved the right of women to discuss all topics and to act according to what they conceived to be their interest. All problems of intellectual and political rights he had gone over a thousand times but he had never extended his thought to

love affairs. Good women were in his mind, like Ida, and Ida modestly waited for him to make advances. Taking his own experience without question to be the natural course of events, he was unprepared for a state of mind in women that would cause them to be the aggressor in love. He had not even gone far enough to consider its possibility. Several traits he had marked as being peculiarly feminine. Among them was modesty. "These natural characters are sufficient safeguards to society. One need not interfere; God has arranged all social relations by a natural method better than man could by any possibility devise. Let girls alone and their natural qualities appear in due time and give them the protection they need. Shut up bad men; let women go free; the world is for the pure; let them have it to enjoy."

All this he applied to his girl and had pictured her as becoming Ida, showing in her conduct all that modesty and grace that Ida manifested. Thinking in this way, absorbed in his own work, he had not seen the change that was coming over Ruth. She was to him the same little girl she had always been. But now as he looked he saw a woman before him. An Ida—yes, more than an Ida so far as physical graces were concerned. Even in her simplicity and earnestness and in the delicacy of movement he could not but be charmed by the girl before him. Had the vision of the coming womanhood arisen in any other way he would have been pleased by the many graces of his daughter. But that with these should go a fearlessness in regard to men, a willingness to make advances, was a condition that he could not incorporate into his thought of woman. Why should Ruth go to Paul and why should she want Paul to see her? He had no philosophy to which

these thoughts could be attached and hence his mind refused to work.

He could now see that Ruth loved Paul and that she was using her charms as a means of arousing a love for her. He felt glad that it was Paul, for Paul of all men had the control needed for such a situation. Still, why should Ruth want to do this and where were those natural restraints which he felt would induce right conduct? God never leaves us without some guide to action. Somewhere in instinct, in habit, or in the presence of the beauty of nature, the right conduct is impressed. Man can only set up bad standards. If they are the same as nature's they are of no use. If they are different they are wrong. In this manner the old Professor had talked and, believing what he said, he put it in practice. Now it seemed to fail but why he could not fathom. He sat and thought and the more he thought the more serious seemed the situation; he became sadder as he apprehended he had no solution to offer.

It was Ruth who broke the silence. She was still thinking of how Paul might be impressed with her beauty and of the determination not to see her good qualities.

"In the stories of the past the great contests were over women. How did they decide who were the beautiful women? Did the women come out to be observed or did the men go to them? If all men were like Paul it would be of no use to be beautiful. But if he looked once, he would love me—I could make him!" She fell into an abrupt silence, her hands and eyes restless.

What a situation. It was unprecedented, unintelligible, untenable; yet, after all, the professor recognized, with the thrill of the bewildered traveller who finds a familiar landmark, the situation had sprung from a theory and therefore must be *soluble.* The doctrine of intellectual rights he had

thought covered the entire domain of woman's affairs. Such rights logically included the adjustments of subsidiary wrongs as the area of any whole contains the area of each of its parts. But which of these panaceas would serve here, for a passion like this—unafraid of its goal, scornful of restraint, unaware of inequalities? Inequalities! Ah, here was an approach. From the day he perfected his philosophy he had emphasized equality, complete, thoroughgoing, basic, between men and women. The right of women to discuss all topics and to act with the boldest freedom, according to their own best interests, was therefore indisputable.

But as the liberties of men inhere in their qualities, so will those of women inhere upon their natural characteristics. Indeed, the liberties of women are capable of determination to a nicer degree than those of men.

"The natural characteristics of woman, or, if you will permit me to express the same truth in another form," he was accustomed to say in his annual lecture, "the natural virtues of woman, may be very readily distinguished from acquired traits by subjecting them to the acid test of an assured position in the State whereby their protective vices are rendered unnecessary for their preservation. Their natural restraints are God-given standards of conduct; man devices are only false or useless guides; if they are not Nature's they are false, and if they are Nature's they are useless."

Chief among the inalienable restraints established by God's polity he ranked modesty, Ida's quality; a modesty that held her remote in every manifestation of body or soul which would arouse the flood of man's passsion.

Why did her *daughter* long and seek? Why did *she advance to challenge* an indifferent man with

her eager, half-ripe charms? Why were restraints defied by this natural woman nurtured in the love of God's laws?

She did not wait for him to think out a reply. Springing to her feet she flew about the room in a way that quickly exposed all her allures. Her hair, glistening from the moisture of the bath, curled and crept down her shoulders. Through the jetty strands rose the full curves of her throat and breast, firm as marble, fresh as snow. Her pose was proud and challenging. She held her draperies with an accustomed touch that showed she had confidence in their effects.

In an instant he saw, with stupefying astonishment, that his daughter had long since ceased to play games at his feet. She was a woman adoring a man, hazarding her womanhood to win him. What was worse, the way she did it now showed that it was a trick of hers which she had often done before.

"Daughter," he whispered, "have you ever been out of your room like this before? Has Paul ever seen you so?"

"No," she answered, "not yet. But I mean that he shall. A hero has a right to a pretty woman. He triumphs, she rewards."

"What child's talk is this!" he interrupted, profoundly roused. "Forgive me, daughter," he added in quick fear, peering at her with a distressful smile, "continue, please."

She was silent; after a pause he began. "Your thoughts have taken color from the barbarous eras of our civilization. While they were dramatic and in a way beautiful, yet it is well for you that they have passed and that, having traversed the era of exploitation, you now stand on the threshold of equality. Now women are not the despised playthings and slaves of their male captors, but jour*ney through* life beside them, doing the world's

work together, searching the same treasures, striving for the same rewards, achieving the same triumphs. The enjoyment of the common results should be shared by all alike."

As he wandered among the reverberating echoes of pamphlets and recitation rooms, he groped for the fresh deduction, or the new premise that would yield a rule applicable to these snarled circumstances. He knew that the philosophy which had yielded the broadest and most facile generalizations must aptly untangle Ruth's coil. In his search he found himself travelling farther and farther from the issue, and sweeping ever widening arcs. He perceived that his deductions of equality established Ruth's right to seek Paul; the flaw was not there. But the assumption of God-given natural restraints seemed to be vitally involved—and that he could not yield. Half conscious of the futility of his efforts he often stopped when but parts of his favorite premises were uttered. They seemed to be tripping him; aiding in his ruin. Thus is it ever when a philosophy is forced to deal with a new problem. He had assumed a restraint on woman that did not really exist; when the antiquated customs he so despised were removed this wholesome restraint seemed also likely to go.

Both by education and by temperament Ruth was blind and deaf to what was passing in her father's mind during this monologue. She was not only ignorant, but impatient, of routes mapped on trained minds. At length she proceeded as the crow flies, straight back to her father's fundamental premises.

"But is it true," she said, "that men and women are alike? I used to think it must be just as you have stated. But now I know. Paul is as different from *me as a human* being can be, from *the top of his head to the* soles of his feet."

Her father raised his hand as if to stop her but she hurried on.

"Oh, yes! I can prove it. I studied Paul's chest and arms when he sculled and the way his legs and hips move when he runs! Why! His muscles work with joy—they seem to shout with happiness when he commands them; mine, poor things, train them as I will, obey with effort or refuse before Paul's are fairly on their way.

"Now, Father dearest, listen to me, and stop looking as if you couldn't wait to contradict me. For a long time I watched Paul take his morning run. He used to go five miles, but lately he has gone farther and faster! Yet, I have seen him come home even more eager than when he started. He finished as he does on Field Day—as if some great wish were his driving master.

"Oh, I've tried it, too, for if he had a great wish that spurred him so, I had a greater. Suddenly one morning I decided to follow him. So I ran until I thought my veins would burst; then I had to lie down and watch him go on. That made me angry, jealous; I wouldn't give in, and every morning for weeks I ran on the Ridge. I thought I needed practice, but that helped oh, so little, so little. I laid the blame everywhere except on my own misconception. I was so sure God meant two mated people to do the same things that I determined more and more to run as far as he.

"Father, sometimes it was awful on that ridge, so still, high and rocky. You couldn't hear or see anything but the pine trees moving and the night shadows twisting under them. Before I got out of bed in the morning the Ridge seemed like the hills where men went to meet their God and conquer Satan. By and by I began to dread it, it was so lonely and so hard. That was in September—*you know* how warm and wet it was—there were

fogs, too. When we were there so early in the morning the clouds drifted down through the trees; the fog drifted up from the valley; it was like racing on a precipice outside the world! But I wasn't afraid of that; even with the real things gone, you, home and Bowman, I wouldn't have minded if I had been with Paul—like Paul.

"Long ago I cared most about our likeness to each other. He was just ahead of me, I thought I would do tomorrow exactly what he is doing today. Besides being my hero he was my idol. I felt just like that, at first, on the Ridge. The test would make us act together and he would see how near I could be to him. Oh! Then I saw the difference creep between us. He was always trying to be alone and I was always trying not to be. Suddenly, one morning, I felt the strangest thrill—I began to be afraid. Yes, dear, I was actually frightened at the little pebbles scuttling off into the leaves and I jumped when the bushes closed behind me. Yet it didn't matter much—I wouldn't let it!—until I lost sight of him. Then I called to him, I couldn't help it. 'Oh, Paul, *wait* for me, I want you, wait!'

"He heard me, but he wouldn't answer and his going away struck me as so awful that I screamed, 'Wait! wait!' until I couldn't hear him any longer. I didn't dare move; so I stayed there until I heard him return. I thought he would meet me in the path, but instead he cut across among the trees. So I called him again, 'I'm all alone! Come! I'm here, Paul. *Please* come!' He struck the path below me. I waited until the fog lifted before I came home. He wasn't a coward like me; he wouldn't have known what scared me so. That is one of the differences. A man goes to the hills and trees to be his greater self, to be alone with his natural self. *It sets him* free, he glories in it *because he has conquered* it, but, papa, it op-

presses a woman to be alone like that. If she is sorrowful she shudders as if she were swallowed by a huge giant.

"Toward the end even my short skirt overheated me. Paul looked so cool in his white running clothes, in the mists, that one queer morning I stripped my sweater and ran with nothing touching me but a few drops of rain that trickled down my breast. They were touching Paul, too; for a time it was glorious; I doubled my speed and would have come up with him, but reaching a rough place, I stumbled. Just as I was winning! I called, 'Oh, Paul, wait, it is I!' He looked back and we saw each other plainly, for the fog parted just then. He stared at me so strangely! He pressed his hands to his eyes and stared again. He turned his head away as if to leave me altogether.

"Oh, that was more than I could bear. It seemed as if my heart would break. I threw myself down, while he, wheeling from the path up the south slope, dashed among piles of loose stones which came rolling down about me. One even struck me on the forehead—see! here's the mark under my hair.

"That completed my defeat. 'No, no,' I said, 'we aren't alike. A woman may not even follow her hero unless he chooses.' "

Ruth paused and smiled self-reproachfully at her father. Her question, she was sure, would fail to meet his expectations of what his daughter ought to feel. He did not answer, neither did he seem offended. She slipped an arm around his neck and whispered against his cheek:

"Ah, it is good to be woman. It is good to be man. I was not sorry that God had put his hand between to hold me back—for in that very moment my love began to exult in the splendor of his body *as never before*. Ah, my heart leaped up that

great ascent with him. At the Trysting Stone, mind! at the Trysting Stone, he did not pause but was over and away so perfectly that my joy and pride followed him—just as my loneliness and anger had done. But he ought to know how much I need him. Some day! Ah, I have found my womanhood in him—he will find his manhood in me. I ran no more, Father, it is useless to seek, in my weakness and in his strength. I shall win through my strength and his weakness."

She walked to the window and the glow of the moon deepened the flushed, exultant uplift of her fervor. She recalled the ecstatic mingling of her spirit with Paul's superb body, and trembled at the door of revelations which only the freed woman of her father's ideal could know.

Would he say to her, "Oh, woman, blessed above all others, you! who do not know fear, nor have been tortured by silence, nor have wept in your sleep lest you become the prey of men—open this door and lead your sisters in!"

For him such a summons to his daughter would have been the conclusion and the triumph of his faith, the justification of all his labor; for her it would have been the trumpeting opportunity of her life's one moment of supreme enfranchisement. If he had seen her face he would have recognized his hour, heavy with greatness.

But he sat with head bent on his palm, troubled with her remoteness. He knew that she had shown him a crystal soul into whose depths he could not see, a garden where he feared to go, an open heart whose inscriptions were in a new tongue. She was a temple of Exaltation that a whisper might rock to its foundations; and he must speak. He walked about the room twice, touching the chair backs and moving the papers. Stopping beside her, he stroked her hair.

"*You know how little* patience I have enter-

tained toward customs, Ruth," he said. "Most of them are in opposition to Nature, especially those that have to do with women. Some, however, as time passes, approximate the natural process and among them are those regulating modern marriage. Men no longer contend with each other for woman, nor does she wait at one side of the arena as a reward for victory. She now has the deciding power, which is more in accordance with the equality we wish to enforce. Men must ask. It follows that women must wait and that——"

"Why?" she asked.

"Because," he answered and paused. He coughed and repeated, "Because it is evident, I mean, a powerful argument, or rather a striking analogy, which is found in the histories of all animal species. Throughout Nature's kingdom this law holds, and it ought to be regarded in human society, not as an unreasonable custom, but as a natural restraint imposed for the good of the race. Nature must care for the tomorrows."

"But there is no tomorrow in love," she cried. "Love is *today*. It is a real thing that cannot wait. It isn't a prospect or a protection for a species. It is a hope for yourself and him! A woman can't wait—she must move in his direction—to his possession."

"But, my darling child," he answered desperately, "possession cannot make a legal bond. If a man love a woman truly and desire her for his own, if she is to remain good, he will not take her except in marriage at the altar of the church. *Remember that!*"

Ruth laughed in her rich alto and leaned against her father's arm. Pageants of struggle and conquest swept past her, joyful cries of heroines to their onrushing heroes came to her ears.

The pageants and the valors were all Paul's, the heroines were all herself, waiting hungrily.

"Love is a better bond than marriage. I shall bind him not by law but by beauty."

Her father groaned aloud, panic-stricken because he could not escape the hollow platitudes to find the word that would arrest. He could not convince either himself or her, for she did not listen, and at the edge of his brief puerilities his faculties refused the whip. Every approach to his daughter was barred by defensive axioms of his own providing. The face against his arm pressed with an alien and a heavier weight; a moment passed in silence and she became a stranger in her bright, confident pose, her bold, callow unmoralities, the swimming nervousness of her dusky unfathomable eyes—in every quality she frightened and bewildered him. Were there only cool shallows there—the unexpected barren shallows of a false code, or were there deeps—warm deeps palpitating with the pregnant life of undiscovered truth?

Hot tears seared his eyeball, which Ruth did not notice until a sob tore from his chest. She cried out inarticulately as a mother over her hurt child, and tried to loosen his clenched fingers. With her arm around him she urged him to his chair and sat beside him until he quieted himself. Then he put his arm around her and said, "I was thinking of your mother, child, and of my stewardship to her. You need her—she would understand where I cannot——" He pressed his lips together to check the rising storm. "She lay dying and said—that she could not take God's hand and follow home unless I waited here to show you the road to womanhood. My Ruth, I have always thought she meant that you should be free and should escape sorrow. So I *named you in my* fanciful pride 'The Girl

without Tears,' and planned that you should indeed be too happy to weep as other women do. Oh, my little girl, your mother died happily only when she deputed me to guard you from the knowledge of evil. How shall we bear it, if through me any harm—if I let you take a careless step—if the flesh of my flesh should some day curse its mother? What shall I say to you then? What shall I say to her? There is much of which I have never spoken to you. I believed you too young, or I hoped you would never need the knowledge." He looked up at the picture on the wall and cried, "Oh, that we could have her modesty. She waited and let me come. Such is God's law. The way He protects the purity of women. . . ."

The girl shook off his arm, sprang angrily to the other side of the table and stood a monument of defiance. "Must I wait because she waited? Must girls do as their mothers did? Are they to take no part in evolution? Have they no other end than to become pictures on the wall?"

She looked up to her mother and cried—"Mother, mother, help me to break my bonds, bonds you perhaps never felt. They hurt, they burn. I am of the world and I want to grow as the trees grow, to distance the flowers in my beauty, to bear more fruit than the grain of the field. I want the best, I want Paul. Help me to get him!"

"Speak not so to your mother," said the Professor in a severe tone he never before had used. "She helps not through work but through creative joy. Oh, Ida! lift us to thy level where smiles make the world as clouds adorn the sky. Lift us from flesh to spirit, from the dross of earth to a celestial purity."

While he stood absorbed in his adoration Ruth *moved behind* the table and retorted with savage

vehemence, "O fie with your philosophy! You think me a man in the making; but I am a woman with all the charms God gave her. You don't believe it, you won't see. But you must see! I am flesh on the road to God, but still I am flesh with the beauty of the lily and the tree. They don't hide their beauty, why should I? I am their rival and like them I am of today. The rose cannot wait for autumn nor the tree for the winter blast. They must show their beauty in the summer or shrivel unseen. I am like them, breathing the summer air, having all health can give. You don't believe it, you are skeptical, so far away in the land of dreams that reality fades. Come back; put your feet on solid earth; and look!"

With one hand she lifted her concealing hair from her neck, with the other she shook her kimona more free from her shoulders and caught it loosely again beneath her breasts. The old man stared a moment and then with a startled cry he sprang to his feet. He comprehended, he was back on earth. What stood before him was not Ida, gentle and meek, but defiant flesh and blood so earthly that it colored her cheek and all her bosom with a consuming flame.

Had he bred a scorpion instead of a girl? Had he held a serpent on his breast which now would sting and bite? Away with her! was his first impulse. Clenching his hand he seemed about to execute his threat. There was a disposition to strike which he had not felt since that Virginia campaign when destruction was his joy. All this had lain dormant since the day of his illumination. He thought it dead. He even argued that it was not a part of human nature.

But it was not dead. Heredity never dies, no matter how *dormant it* rests. He was heredity *even if he were unconscious* of it. Now he was a

soldier again. He put his hand to his side as if he would grasp his sword. When hate comes all else flees. Those who would kill harden their hearts so that brutality seems justice. But his passion was too strong for a man of his years. It made his brain whirl. As the reddened cheek turned pale, he dropped into his chair a helpless wreck.

While he advanced the girl stood defiant, but when he fell, here heredity took a sudden twist. It threw the woman in the foreground, the woman who may be beautiful or ugly but still is heart. Her anger left as suddenly as it came. She was no longer beauty but sympathy, pity, endurance and love. They all swelled up, threw her passionate self-reliance out the window. The inner dominated the outer. Springing to her accustomed place on his lap, she threw her arms about his neck, showered his face with kisses, crying, "You are all I have and all I want. We are not father and daughter, we are one."

The old man, coming to himself, smiled. His philosophy came back but it leaked at one point. He could no longer see that beauty was virtue. He had dropped to the level on which Mrs. Dickson stood.

Men can repent but sin leaves its stain. They can wash it away but may never again be pure. They can look from Nebo's heights but they cannot enter the promised land. He now thought in terms of discipline and not of love. Women should be free but they should not chase men. He drew her to him and made a final appeal. There was no rhetoric in it since it came from his heart. He told her of her mother, of her innocence and purity, of her dying hope that Ruth should lead the good life. This the old man *had* always interpreted to mean freedom and the *absence of* sorrow, but now his wife's words had

a fuller meaning, and he put his new thought to Ruth with force.

When he touched on the disgrace that wrong steps involved, Ruth interrupted him. Tears were in her eyes; a downcast look on her face.

"Father," she cried, "I see what you mean. I shall never disgrace you, never, never. But, oh, papa, don't say any more. It hurts."

At this she sank back in his arms, a helpless bundle. All the life had gone out because hope had disappeared. It meant that Paul must be given up, for Paul would not come if let alone. Heroes have so much to do that girls have no place in their plans. This was Ruth's picture of them; for her to forego the pleasure of following Paul meant for her to lose him. That was abject misery with no source of consolation. Some relief came in a flood of tears but the feeling of despair sank deeper and deeper; each new chord that it struck sent forth a quiver that shook her whole frame. Grasp her as tightly as he could, her father could not keep the convulsive motions from running over her. They ran as if they were alive and knew they were telling a sad tale to each center to which they came.

He drew her closer and tried to console her. "Paul will come," he said, "if you wait. He will in good time want a wife and then he will see you in another light." The old man did really hope this, but his words gave no consolation to Ruth.

"No, father," she cried, "Paul will never come. He will write a book."

Then she slipped down upon her knees before him as she had often done as a child. "Oh, God, bless Paul and help him write his book."

Rising to her feet, she said, "I will give him up, father. Let him work here. I will do no

more than watch him through the crack of the door."

She staggered, for her strength was gone, and would have fallen if her father had not caught her. While submission was the mandate of the will, the yearning soul did not obey. The tears flowed, the convulsions continued and the trembling seemed to increase.

It was not an occasion for words. The father had won but at what a cost to his philosophy and to her feelings. He sat holding her long, ever so long, how long he never knew. When he came to himself he held a sleeping girl. There were tears but they had dried on her cheeks. Kissing the sleeping girl he put her softly on the couch.

But as he did a mysterious voice cried, "Shame, shame, to bring tears to a girl's eyes! Who art *thou* who judgest? 'Tis nature not man that keeps woman pure."

He looked up with surprise. It seemed like Ida's voice. But the picture was silent. Again as he looked at the girl the voice cried, "Shame, shame, shame!" He put his hand on his heart and knew that the voice came from within.

It was conscience. Since his illumination his deeds and his ideals had followed the same path. Then conscience has no place, but the moment men fall it awakes to new vigor, calling even the proudest to account. They say a drowning man sees the scroll of his life pass before him as he sinks. So it was with the Professor as he dropped from heaven to the miry earth on which he had sworn he never would stand. His girl should be without tears and he was the first to make her cry. Woman is God's noblest creation. Wait until the occasion arises and see the beauty of her mechanism. He had refused to wait. Use hammers and sledges, but not a woman for crushing rock. Now he had struck a blow, made scars.

He looked up at Ida but for once found no relief in her smile. He peered down at the girl whose body seemed mangled and torn. Turning to the window he gazed out where the moon danced on the leaves, where stillness reigned and dewdrops glittered. He stood for the first time among the goats on the hillside, fenced out from the fertile fields below. Such was his isolation, such his agony for distrusting God's processes, refusing to let heredity do its work—for thinking restraints were better than instincts. Oh, what a failure is man when he would better nature's processes; how oft in his crudeness he destroys what he had hoped to build.

A transgression like the Professor's seems trivial; yet to those who ascend the heights this fall creates a keener reaction than when sinners break the whole decalogue. Think of Moses shut from the promised land for one misdeed. What remorse he must have had; to what depth of misery he must have descended.

This agony, this depression, this isolation, the Professor felt. His frame shook, his bosom heaved, tears came to his eyes. Oh, if he had had more patience. If he had let nature teach Ruth her lesson instead of trying to hasten natural processes. Why did he not permit the flower to turn into fruit in its own slow way? Sackcloth and ashes, a penitent knocking at the gate, he saw the moon redoubling its energy, make the scattering clouds radiant with its glow. Above, the leaves flashed messages of love; below, the tips of grass rolled waves of light across the lawn.

"Nature is perfect," he cried through his tears; "why should man mar its beauty?"

XV

The Run

After Mr. Dickson left the second time Paul sat on his bed and meditated. A deep fear smote him, a haunting dread of what was come. He knew the crisis was at hand. The situation could no longer be hidden. What should he do? Defend Ruth? tell her father? or go away? He had two positions open to him, either of which would give him the peace of mind Bowman no longer offered. But should he *desert* a difficult post? Should he destroy the Professor's enchanting outlook by telling the facts? The book —the great book—the only book—was it to be left incomplete? And the girl—the puzzling girl —the wild, pursuing one—could he leave her to fall into other hands and meet the ignoble fate which girls of her type face? He could not bear the thought. He clenched his fist as he decided what he would do if some one should take advantage of her inexperience. No, that must never happen. He must earn his title as defender of women by staying at his post. He would say this, strike his jaws to show his determination, throw himself on his pillow and try to sleep. But when he barely closed his eyes a whole series of Ruths came tumbling through the window. He would no sooner fix the clothes of one before a dozen lay on the floor with the same need of attention. If he rebuked they became angry, turned handsprings out the window, made their exposure greater than ever. They left innumerable shoes behind which he had ceaseless difficulty in hiding. If he succeeded, out of each shoe came a Ruth, leaping and dancing as she did the *night of the* argument. They came through the

window, through the transom, sprang from his wardrobe, stared at him from the foot of the bed—all saying, "Come!" holding out their arms and showing their sunlit orbs and round, white bodies.

There were hundreds of them. If all Ruth's ancestors came to her aid in her mystic dance, all Paul's ancestors came before him as he lay in agony. Was it a case of ancestral memory, was it dreams? Some people say they never slept when they were asleep for hours. Others say they slept, and dreamt, when their eyes were open. Can spirits come at midnight to haunt us or does our mental mechanism cast up visions so vivid that they have the appearance of reality? Wise philosophers may be able to answer these questions but most of us cannot. The out that comes in and the in that goes out are too much blended, too much alike for ordinary people to classify. Still less could Paul, without any guiding string but his own impulse. Paul had never dreamt before, he always slept. Nothing happened between the time his head struck the pillow and the sound of the bell which woke. All, therefore, was new to him, all real and vivid. Springing up he would drive a horde of girls out of his presence but as he turned a new group would stare him in the face, taunting him, as before.

Paul had seen but one image—his mother. He saw her at the top of the ladder, in the dash across the football field, in the woods as he ran, and in his lecture room. Now he could not see her. If he called, a dozen Ruths answered. If he sprang forward to embrace mother, he found that he had a Ruth in his arms. Hour after hour went by in this struggle. He became ruder, threw them out the window. But they came back *in hordes. He dropped* on his bed weary and

faint. He could endure no longer. Ruth had driven him from the study. Then she haunted the woods with her naked image. Now she had broken into his room and made sleep impossible.

A sudden impulse seized him. Exercise purifies; it clears the head and lifts the thought. The troubling Ruth he had often escaped by long runs. In his depressed moods he would challenge a friend to a cross-country run and clear the humor from the blood by sweat and toil. Ruth could follow, did follow, but she would tire. On the mountain-top he *would* be free. This he had done twenty times and found the peace for which he sought. He would try again. Never would he yield if a million Ruths thronged his path. His quest was for mother, not half-dressed girls.

Filled with this thought, he leaped from the window, ran across the campus and was soon on the forest-lined ridge road. But he did not escape. Run as he would, she was always at his shoulder, her bare form was always in view. Cries of, "Wait, wait, it is I, Ruth," rang in his ears. If he turned quickly to avoid her, she was equally alert. The phantom Ruth gained in strength and agility more rapidly than he.

As he rushed along matters grew worse. The woods resounded with cries of, "Paul, Paul, wait. It is I. Wait for Ruth." When he heeded not the piteous appeals, duplicating Ruths began to appear in the woods beside and before him. They even lay in his path and blocked his way. Soon a whole troupe seemed to be following him, filling the woods with their cries. But Paul held firmly to his plan. He was stronger than they; they must in the end tire; he cast off his impeding garments; the sweat poured in streams down his face and sides. But he never halted, not even *to drink.* Were they real Ruths he would tire

them; were they phantom, Ruth-disturbing images which came from internal impurity, he would cast them out with his sweat. Paul held to his theories and relied on his stubborn will to carry them into execution.

His body responded nobly to the demands of the will. Each part did its work silently but thoroughly. There were no failures nor any signs of insurrection. His was a great mechanism, the long product of heredity. Millions of antecedent muscles and nerves were reflected in their present representatives; they would have been proud if they were conscious of what their descendants were doing. Heredity could also have been proud of her work; how at last she had formed a perfect physical man. What matters it what Paul wanted to do? The perfection of his parts was still an object of wonder and delight. Do we cease to admire a cathedral because it is useless, a huge dreadnaught because it is destructive, a train of Pullman cars because it carries tourists? No, we admire perfection in any form; the human frame never ceases to be a matter of wonder even if its possessor turns it to some wasting use.

So it was with Paul as he dashed along in his vain endeavor to escape his fancies by overworking his bodily mechanism. He mounted hills, leaped rocks, jumped ravines, forded creeks, ran across meadows, sprang over fences, crossed door yards and swam lakes. Every expedient to rid himself of the phantom Ruths was tried but all in vain; they could not be out-run. Then he turned on them in anger, chased them, threw stones and swung cudgels. They ran back if he approached, taunted him, increased their brazen appearance, even throwing their arms about him. The whole atmosphere seemed full of Ruths. *They came from the* clouds, dropped down out

of the trees, rose up out of the earth, all with the same cry and with the same appeal.

Man is will, woman is love. Between the two there is an eternal conflict. Instinctively the man avoids the woman, and a woman's instincts are equally those of approach. Just as Ruth's ancestry freed from restraint came out of her to aid in her dance, so Paul's ancestral fears pouring out of him were objectified in a thousand Ruths. He saw what his forbears saw, feared what they feared, willed what they willed. He was no longer himself, but his ancestry coursing through his blood and reshaping his vision. Oh, what a power is heredity and what curious ways she has in enforcing her mandates.

Evolution works backward, thwarts the ends she seeks to attain. The easy path she never takes; turning trees upside down, she makes the branches do the work of roots while the root raised in the air must grow leaves. If nature in its lower forms follows crooked paths, even more curious are the ways by which she has promoted the growth of intellect. She gives to man an heredity which is unchangeable and yet forces him to change. When changes come in spite of heredity, the new heredity is an even greater obstacle to progress than the old. The impossible must always be surmounted and when surmounted a new impossibility replaces its predecessor.

This is the implacable contest between will and heredity. Nature gives both; both grow; each new conflict is more severe than its predecessor. Will is always striving to do impossible things. What cannot be done must be done, even if heredity imposes insuperable obstacles. Thus the contest has raged from the time the first amœba strove to encircle its food. It had no legs, arms or teeth, yet it reached out, gathered and fed. *What was* more impossible than that a grub could

fly? Eating leaves and growing fat seemed to be all that heredity permitted. Yet the grub said, "I will fly," and he kept trying for ages and at last became a butterfly soaring in the sunshine in spite of heredity's dictates. The fish looked out on the dry land and said, "I want to walk." Heredity said, "No," but the fish struggled on and at length attained his wish. The horse had five toes, lived in a swamp and could only jump about like a frog. But the horse said, "I want to run, I am tired of wading in the mud." Heredity again said, "No, those who jump and wade must always jump and wade. Do what your ancestors did and be content." But the horse kept on trying to run and at length he shook off four of his toes, lived on the prairie and became the fleetest of animals.

Will is on the road from dust to God; heredity is petrified dust, always repeating but never moving. It knows no road, refusing to go forward or backward. When man appeared, heredity got more obstinate and said, "I shall fix you so that nothing you want can ever be attained. Your acts can have no influence on your structure." This unchangeable germ cell was a happy thought, one that seemed to thwart every wish a man might make. Heredity permitted a mechanism by which wishes could be made—and then deprived man of any means of attaining them. Heredity thus made man a treadmill, always struggling to get on but never forging ahead.

It is this situation which the human will must face. The insuperable must be surmounted; the impossible done. It is easy to be a man if he does what heredity demands. If he accept his chains, he can eat, drink and be happy. He can wish but he cannot reach out to get what he wants. Progress may come but, if so, it will come by some fortuitous circumstance over which acts and *wishes have no control.* Yet biology overlooks

will. It can stain the various layers of the germ cell but since this will cannot be found under the microscope, biology denies its existence. Yet will is as old as the germ cell and wishes are always fulfilled. This is not science, but fact. Will surmounts obstacles and breaks through the meshes by which heredity would thwart the wish for which it strives.

The great struggle between biology and man is that the supreme interest of biology is in reproduction, while man seeks to change himself from dust to soul. He wants to rise above sex and reach the land where all is soul. Men are dragged back into sex relations but each generation strives harder to rise above them. The more impossible it is for will to attain this end, the harder do men try to reach it. All history is colored by this desire. Religion would be nothing but a sham if this supreme wish did not lie back of it. "Women are the root of all evil!" cried the prophet; man tries to shut them out not only of his life but of his Paradise. He fails, of course, but the next generation rises still higher and pushes women a little farther out of their life, perhaps. He can delay surrender even if he cannot avoid it.

So will acts in man. To woman will also sets impossible tasks. If man will not have her, he must have her. She thwarts every effort of man to get away from her by becoming more attractive and charming. The spell of woman is ever growing but as it grows more drastic, man thwarts it by forcing woman to hide her charms. He covers her body, even her face, but despite all, the spell which woman casts on man grows. This is not a defeat of will, but its growth. The woman who will accept any man is will-less. To gain in will she must refuse the man she can get and demand the man she cannot get. She must struggle

for the impossible and man must strive to avoid the inevitable.

This is evolution's plan to thwart heredity. When both sexes want the impossible, they rise above the dust from whence they came. The principle reveals itself in the contest between Ruth and Paul. Both represent the struggle between will and heredity, showing what men and women would do if convention did not tie them to the past of the race. Custom, habit and tradition help heredity and make for most people so unequal a contest that they deem their habits as natural, while regarding will as a myth or at least as false tendency to be thwarted by force. We often hear of breaking a child's will as a necessary process in his development. So it is if the tendency to self-expression is to be curbed. Will seeks the impossible and gets it.

Paul had this will; he was determined to reach his goal. He had never failed. Of the doctrine of moderation he had never heard nor did he realize the slowness of natural processes. The Professor had taught him evolution, much of which he accepted. But Paul was will, not thought; action, not meditation; a dreamer, not a plodder. He saw visions, not facts; ends, not means. What he saw must be done, what he began—must be finished.

So on he went, taxing his muscles to their limit. Across fields, over ditches, through door yards, up and down hill, dodging and turning to escape the soft onrush of the running feet he could always hear in the rear. The chickens scattered as he ran across farm yards, the dogs barked and followed long distances, the cattle in the field circled about their enclosure, people rushed to the door to see the source of the excitement.

At first they viewed it as some new college *prank, but in distant places* where students were

unknown they mistook the dashing athlete for a madman trying to escape his fancies. What Paul *did* seemed strange enough, but rumor and repeated retelling soon added a multitude of new versions as to what happened. He became a giant throwing huge rocks, tearing up trees by the roots and hurling them at imagined foes.

It may have been a dream, it may have been merely an overwrought vision, but in any case what Paul was determined to do was adverse to what nature strove. His personality was as a result divided and in the struggle the sense of reality was lost. His body lagged but his mind went on, on. Day dreams and night dreams follow the same track. Who can tell which track he was on? Both thrill with adventure; both rush to fulfillment. Only a cool bystander could judge and of such there were none. Critics are wise but the scenes come and go before they get their cameras adjusted. We do not know what is within us until some strange event throws the submerged into the saddle. Then ceasing to be self we become ancestry, seeing what they saw, doing what they did, fearing their fears. Dreams are halfway points between ourselves and our past. We curb them and deride them but our suppressed ancestral emotions go far beyond. Madness is tameness compared with the uncanny wildness which our repressed ancestral behests evoke when they become our master.

This happened to Paul. He did all the impossible things our ancesters did or thought was done in their day. Spirit then had no limits. What could be thought was done. Why cannot we repeat their experience, gain soul freedom and become giants doing the impossible? We could if we were will and broke the fetters which servility has fastened on us. Afraid of ourselves, we do *not accept* the evidence of our senses unless our

puny neighbors verify our visions in their crude experience. We could do impossible things if we kept on without asking our neighbor. Truth never needs more than one witness. What two see—or at least when two agree that they saw—is but a miserable fraction of the whole great vision. Nature never appears twice in the same form nor to two sets of eyes. Had we the courage to accept its revelations, we would soon lift ourselves to the plane of the impossible—the impossible to slaves, of easy access to the free.

It was this super-state which Paul reached after he had run for hours and sweated all the dust-elements from his veins. Perhaps he did not do what observers asserted, perhaps he did more, for they saw details while he saw the whole. To them there was no following troupe of phantom Ruths; they saw no plan in his movement; but to him each feat was a well-thought effort to escape his tormentors. When they did not tire through mere fatigue he turned on them and mowed them down as a reaper would the grain. But each part sprang to its feet a complete Ruth. He saw a thunder-cloud in the distance and rushed toward it, calling to the lightning to smite down his foes. It did and hurled bolts in rapid succession upon the hillside. Paul emitted a shout of triumph. For a moment he seemed free, but then far above the cloud appeared innumerable spots each of which as it approached became a train of cars loaded with Ruths. On he ran until he saw a tall tree which seemed to reach to the heavens. This he began to climb but the horde followed him. When the top was reached, they sat on every branch and grinned from every leaf. He jumped in fright but they leaped also and reached the ground before he did. On, on he ran, thinking of a thousand devices to outwit the pursuers. But each when tried

failed. They were as quick to surmount difficulties as he was to invent them.

Just as the sun was casting a glow on the evening clouds he came suddenly upon an impossible ravine. It was a bottomless abyss, on the other side of which stood a huge dormitory where men are above sex temptation. Oh, how many prophets have seen this glorious land in the distance. Paul was the first to be on its border. A single leap and he would be safe. One more bound and his end would be attained. A cry of joy escaped from his lips and his will sent orders to all parts of his body to make the final leap. Rushing to the edge, he sprang with a bound into the air. It was an awful leap, greater than any he had before made; nobly did his muscles respond to his bidding.

As he rose, something snapped. The promised land disappeared and darkness came instead of light. Whose fault was it? What part had failed? None could tell, for they, like the historic one-horse chaise, all fell apart at the same instant. The heart stopped beating, the blood ceased to flow and the over-wrought muscles seemed frozen entities instead of parts of a magnificent whole. Will and unity went with the darkness; Paul was merely a mass of dismembered parts, each lifeless and dead.

Nature was kind to Paul in his failure. It was a grassy bank down which he rolled; at the bottom the wind had gathered a mass of leaves amid the ferns to make him a bed. There he lay stretched out just as he was when he willed the mighty leap. His muscles, though disconnected, showed by their tension that they had died game. The face still bore a look of fierce determination; the veins on his arms and body stood out—filled with blood that no longer moved from point to point. Paul ceased to exist; so had his will. Darkness shut *out not only* the glory he hoped for but the horde

from which he tried to escape. There he lay—helpless, a failure—and yet, if you had seen him amid the leaves and mosses, you would have said, "How magnificent an animal!" Nature had done all for him that could be done and yet he could not surmount the impossible.

He failed where wishes always do, just at the point of fulfillment.

XVI

The Shock

Fred sat at his window, Bowman-fashion, watching the flow of humanity crossing the campus. As Paul swung along he whistled and called.

"Come in, haven't seen you for a month. What's up?"

Paul entered and flung himself on the couch, saying as he did, "Oh, dear."

"'Oh, dear,' repeated Fred. "That's a funny thing for you to say. Never heard it from you before. What's wrong?"

"I'm tired," said Paul, "dead tired."

"Of what?"

"Of girls. I can't get them classified. Other parts of the book work out like a clock but girls won't fit in anywhere. When you are sure you have them—they slip by."

Paul was now thinking of Ruth but he would not admit it even to himself. So he hunted through his books to find a class into which he might fit her. Then he could disguise his thought behind the group he had made.

He was not so elemental in his attitude toward life that he could discuss its problems nakedly and unashamed. To him the primal struggle was as lonely a matter as dying; it must be fought, with *Right uncompromising* on the one hand, and

Wrong in no uncertain colors on the other. There was no choice; a long grim fight with a drawn sword. This poor crude fellow, so well liked for his ready smile, his genial kindness, his unfaltering blue eyes, who won friends by his eager silence, had difficulty in finding place for Ruth in the narrow frontier of his nature. Was she the first-fruits of an experimental process or was she a reversion to some distant epoch? He shrank from the term "bad" since he had seen her wistful wet face looking past him, up to God. No, on the whole, he was better satisfied when he retreated to a more scientific attitude. But were many other girls like that? Did they impress other fellows as Ruth impressed him? He examined with deliberation the many photographs dotting Gannett's walls; the faded and battered air of some, and the outdated fashions of others indicated continuous epochs of research experience within his comrade's career.

"It's taken you five years to get around to look at them, old man," he said indulgently "and now you're wasting time on the has-beens. If you want to see a Jim-dandy, just cast your eye at the girl behind the pin-cushion on my bureau."

He was disappointed that Paul did not look at her; they were carrying on an interesting epistolary quarrel, and he hoped Paul might be interested in the account and perhaps in a selected reading or two from the letters themselves.

"How, has-beens?" asked Paul.

"Well, that one over your head there, with the fuzzy bangs and the Jersey, is married; some of the others are engaged, and I don't care what you say, an engaged girl has no more interest for me than my grandmother's great-aunt. That's Sally Stevens you are looking at now. I was all gone there once, but it died out."

"*How do* you account for that?"

"How do I account for that?" repeated Gannett with a sarcastic drawl. "Great Scott! What a question! She wasn't the kind, that's all. She was just born an old maid," he finished conclusively.

"That manner of hers," said the Doctor of Philosophy, "may have been a fear inherited from some ancestor who was cruelly treated by men. Men should not cramp the development of woman and then turn her out to grass."

"That interests me," said Gannett. "The subject came up the other day—which pleases, the lively, joshy kind who goes into a flirtation for all she's worth and doesn't give a rap who knows it? or the kind who wants your scalp without seeming to hustle for it?"

"And the decision?"

"It depends on the girl pretty largely," said Fred, with a remote, judicial air. "If she's nice just in fun and can look out for herself—I never met the girl who couldn't. Nine out of ten fellows will give as good as she sends—he'll spoon with her."

"Cad, cad!" said Paul, bringing his fist upon the chair-arm.

"Not at all, not for a minute!" retorted Fred with exceeding warmth, "not with the kind of girl I'm thinking of. He runs all the chances—she doesn't. It's notorious that the fellow is liable to fall in love while the girl is cool as a cucumber, just feels like cutting up—for the fun of it and because every other girl does. What's the harm?"

Paul was now striding about the room, but brought up at the foot of the bed, his blue eyes eagerly fixed upon his friend. "Such a woman," he said, in a voice that lowered and deepened tenderly, "is all feeling and emotion, with intellect *in abeyance. She is* helpless and undefended,

and the ward of every decent man. But, poor thing, she defeats herself. Men want women for whom they're not sorry or for whom they have to apologize. Girls should be *either, or*—but they are neither. When you expect them to be firm they repent. When they should come, they go. How can I write a chapter on such material? You can't call them sinful, they are too nice for that; nor intellectual when their thought is so perverse. Some girls rush at men, you say, and some hold back. Which come first? Which is the advanced type? That's what bothers me."

"Why should it bother you?" put in Fred. "Take the girl you like and let the other go. Or try them both and see which fits the better."

"That settles nothing," replied Paul. "A book must be consistent. Everything else works in all right. But girls won't fit. Each one seems to be in a class by herself and the more I read the more confused I become."

"But why read? Why not make a study from life? Begin at home. You don't need even to cross the street."

"You mean Ruth?"

"Yes. Stop tearing about; relax a little."

"Oh! Fred, she's the trial of my life. When I want to write I see her over my shoulder. When I tramp the woods, she's ahead, behind, everywhere. I shut her out but it is no good. She comes right back."

"So she should; she is yours."

"Mine? She'd smash every plan I have."

"Let 'em smash."

"I'd write no book."

"There are better things in the world than books."

"No woman shall drag me from my path."

"Paul, you are a fool, a stupid fool. If friends *have not told* you so, it is time they did. Girls

are not angels. They mix clay and metal just as we men do. Look at Susie—on the left. I was dead gone there once. She's nothing but a cry-baby bursting into tears on all occasions. Who could live with a garden sprinkler? Just above is Mary Elizabeth. She was all right until she led the school. Since then she has lived in the clouds, poking male inferiority at you on all occasions. But great heavens, man, such women don't make the world. Now there's my latest, the one you would not look at. Gosh, it is just as well to let her alone if you don't want sore knuckles. She is on my level and stays there."

Fred handed the picture to Paul, hoping to get in a word about Ruth. They had always been on a level. Her opinions weighed with him even on topics with which girls were not assumed to be familiar.

"Fred," said Paul looking at the picture, "why can't women dress? How can you like a girl who exposes her form so boldly?"

"Do you suppose," replied Fred with a quiet sneer, "that women have none?"

"But they don't need to show it."

"Should they be ashamed of what God has given?"

This turn increased Paul's confusion. On the one hand it seemed like Professor Stuart. Perhaps Fred had picked it up at some lecture. On the other, it led to an unexplored region into which he had resolutely refused to go. His mother blocked the way when he approached the entrance.

At last he said reprovingly, "You have gone a long way from what we were taught as boys."

"No farther than you, Paul. We were not born in the same village but they're all alike. Our corn rows were straight. Our cooks deserved their reputation. Griddle cakes, apple dumplings, *pies had the* right flavor. Kitchen floors

and pantry shelves were clean, but ah, Paul, virtue does not grow by concealment. Only by testing reality does goodness get a chance to show itself. Let them dress as they will; make love if they want to; give them the laugh if they go wrong, but why object if they use less calico than their mothers? Mothers are all right. A necessary evil, father says. Their pies and cakes are good but a live girl is better than all their fodder."

Fred's unexpected attitude shocked Paul but heresies have causes as well as virtues. Both had the same heredity: church and school were the same, yet Paul was the good boy of one town; Fred was the black sheep of the other. The first day at school he pulled Susie's hair; before the week ended he knocked Julie over; fought his way to the front by thrashing every boy in his class, then he became the terror of the town. Blamed for everything that happened he made good his reputation by breaking even the sanctity of the Sunday School. Every institution received him with regret and graduated him with pleasure.

His mother could not imagine how so black a sheep had got into her family. For ten known generations and probably as many more, the McClearys had lived their mechanical lives, getting up with the sun, toiling till darkness interfered. Their wives cooked, scrubbed, washed their children's feet and were to be found as regularly at the washtub on Monday as at church the preceding day. Their theology was as pure as their garments; their ideas as fixed as the equinox. Their barns were full; their fields clean; their hogs brought an extra price—but the rigid regime of daily life was never broken. Such was Janet, who inherited the best pew in the Church and along with it the best farm in the county. How could this woman have such an indescribable offspring as Fred? That bothered Janet. It both-

ered the whole town. Where do black sheep come from? Every visitor had this flung at him but no satisfactory answer came.

So Janet laid the blame on the father. She even accused Joe of sympathizing with the boy. Perhaps both accusations had a grain of truth, but if so, Janet was to blame. It had never occurred to her that children were half father or that fathers could not be transformed into McClearys by taking them into the family. Why she picked Joe, when any of the dozen best boys would gladly have shared her pew, was to the town an unsolved mystery. Perhaps his war record helped him. Perhaps she hoped to make a reformation. It is barely possible Joe's prize colt was a factor. Girls like to ride behind the best horse even if it is a bit immoral to race. Nor are they fond of buggies that rattle. Anyhow, Joe won the girl as he did the race and so became the father of the boy who disgraced the McCleary ancestry. Such was Fred's upbringing. His mother was always lecturing him on McCleary virtues and Gannett delinquencies. Joe had a happy way of avoiding punishment by extolling McCleary excellence; nor did he fail to find worse things in his ancestry than Janet imagined, nor McCleary virtues, especially female virtues, nobler than Janet assumed. So there could be no quarrel. But the boy perversely refused to accept the parents' verdict. His father and the stable rose higher the more his mother proved how bad they were.

When it was decided Fred was to go to college the town heaved a sigh of relief. The mother, however, spent her time lecturing Fred on expenditures. She carefully figured every item and gave him an account book in which every expense was to go. In the front she wrote the rules of conduct he *was to follow*, beginning with an in-

junction not to whistle on Sunday, ending with how to tie the wash bag.

No one at Bowman ever deemed Fred quarrelsome. He was a leader from the start; a victor at the finish. He returned home not a convict nor with the Wild West air the town expected, but dressed in flaming tie and turned-up trousers. His mother remarked she was glad they kept the boys clean but she did not see why cloth should be wasted on trouser legs. When Fred became captain she, with Joe, saw a game. Then for the first time she discovered a surprising resemblance between Fred and his maternal grandparent.

Such was Janet and such also, to the eye, was Amy Brown. If Colonel Saunders had lived in Plainfield the virtue he ascribed to Amy fitted as well in a description of Janet. All he said of house, food and cleanliness applied as well to one as to the other. Both stood on the pinnacle of public estimation. Both served as models by which neglectful mothers were judged. Yet while externals were the same, within a greater gulf yawned than between Fred and Paul. Janet was the last of a long line of ancestresses ground to fit a particular station. Her deeds and her thoughts harmonized. Both expressed the mechanical nature of long-established creed. If acquired characters can be inherited here was a case. Her soul and viron beat in harmony.

Amy did what Janet did but her conduct was an impressment not heredity. Her dreams of something she might have been, Janet never had. Within the calm, placid exterior burned a fire banked but not extinguished. Nobody knew of it; nobody thought of her as a Methodist. Her Calvinist transformation seemed complete. There was no complex isolating her from husband nor *from old Tim.* She blended with them; they with *her. A new* level might have been brought but

war, degrading love to sacrifice, buried promise beneath a load of duties. She could only sit on the porch dreaming of wishes not being realized. Her fire Paul had but it was likewise suppressed by the peculiar twist of school and church.

Such were the antecedents of which Fred and Paul were consequents. Both had the same ancestry and viron, yet neither was made by them but by personal contacts on which character-building depends. Paul would shake his fist at the wall but the woman he saw, the disgrace he felt, could not be reflected from wall to Fred. So Fred sat helpless, waiting for the speechless friend to put his thought into words. This Paul could not do. All his life he had sought words but words never fitted his distorted emotions. His picture of woman had a puzzling confusion of the good and bad which no word can describe nor canvas express. When he ran—the woman he saw became mother; when he stopped—Ruth slipped into her place. But why should women arouse a mental flame when their place was in a book, arranged like other thoughts in an orderly sequence? This was his mystery. This is what he hoped Fred could tell.

But across the gulf no answer came. Fred remained silent knowing well that in the end an outburst would come. He was afraid he had gone too far or too rapidly. Paul was slow of thought, too slow to see that it was not his book that troubled him, but an image of a girl. If he could make her a book image fitting some of his diagrams all would be well. But he found no category in which to place her. Nor could he shut her out. Fred could see that a big resolution was forming. The rigid muscles told that. Finally Paul sprang to his feet and exclaimed,

"Fred, *you don't* understand. I can't change. *I won't change.* I came here with a clearly de-

fined purpose. Shall I lose everything for a girl? I would be a defender of women. A defender, I say, not the slave of one. Only mother counts. All the rest are classes, groups, types. I honor them all. I work for them all. The chains of all I would break. Shall one woman seduce me from this task? Make me forget my mother and my duty? No, I am rock itself. What I have willed I have done. What I have opposed I have crushed. I am going on. I will be a master of self. No obstacle shall drive me from my path. There is but one ladder. It I must climb. Is the road hard? I will strain yet harder. To look back or to think of what is below is defeat. I will be pure, be thought itself. My flesh shall become muscle as I struggle on, on to the realm where women are helpers, not temptations. On my muscle, on my will, I rely. God gives the victory to those who never falter as they climb. Mother, mother, thy purity shall be mine. In thy glory will I share."

There was a fierce look on his face as he said this. So fierce that it made Fred tremble. Then he turned, slammed the door and rushed off for another ten-mile run. His strength was his confidence. No other salvation would he accept.

Fred stood at the window and saw the giant swing out of sight. He could not but admire the vigor with which he mounted the Ridge. Day by day he saw the same scene reacted. Paul would leap from his window, stamp his feet, clench his fist and then was off for a run in the woods. No one but Fred noticed the tremor of the lips or the vacant stare. Paul was above criticism. What he did was accepted without criticism. Did he do some strange thing, it was Paul. The whole town was worked up to his pitch and vibrated to *his nod.* What is there to do but to follow when *a leader* cries, "On! On!" Who can judge of

another's sanity when the moods and aspirations are his?

Fred was as warm an admirer of Paul as any friend, but he was also a trainer and an athlete. He knew the difference between vigor and excitement, between nervous strain and muscular action. The old Paul was always relaxed except when the call to action came. Now his muscles were drawn tense as in a football game. Then he smiled, now the downward curves of his face became more pronounced each day.

Although not a psychologist, Fred sensed the cause. Paul often turned back when he started for the Professor's study. Instead of jumping the fence he peered through to see if the way were clear. He seemed irritated when Ruth was near and gave some excuse for hurried exit. Often Fred wished to talk to Paul, to enter into a closer intimacy. But Paul, friendly to all, was intimate with none. He was with his world but not of it. Even Fred dared not voice his conviction unless Paul opened the way. He was like a tall mountain shrouded in its own vapor.

So Fred could only wait and hope. And vainly, for the malady must run its course and claim its victim. When it was whispered, "Paul is sick," everybody was surprised but Fred. But when the cry rang over the campus, "Paul is mad," Fred like the others jumped out his window and joined the throng.

Crises always take unexpected turns; for this Fred was as little prepared as the others. Excited groups gathered each with some new tale to tell. Strange reports were coming in from the country about of a giant, a man doing impossible feats, beating back invisible foes, lashing the clouds with his anger and striking terror into the hearts of man and *animal.*

The start at break of day many had seen, the

wild gestures and the sudden leaps. Over the hills he went with a recklessness which matched the tales which recounted his later flight. No one doubted it was Paul. No one else could do such deeds. When their eyes were opened they saw afresh what they had overlooked in the recent events. The cause—the cause—there was but one reply. Ruth. The two were associated in everyone's mind and the thought of the one led straight to the other. What had Ruth done? How had she cast a spell on Paul? The student, the comrade, the friend, hesitated in his answer. He shook his head and remained silent.

But to the women of the town there came a quick, instinctive reply. Long had they waited for some expression of God's wrath; it had come. What had come surprised them as much as it did others, but that something dreadful would occur they knew, yes, they had even prayed for. It shocked them to think that their idol was the victim of divine wrath, but that only increased their antagonism to the law-breaker to whom the affliction was due. All the old feeling against the Professor and his doctrine flashed up anew. If he had been punished they would have been satisfied, but he and his had escaped.

What could this mean? A charm, a spell, the exercise of some occult magic. What was to be expected but the return of pagan glamor when a champion of ancient idolatry taught his doctrine undisturbed within the sacred precincts of the college. And Ruth—they all knew she would turn out bad. But to become a sorcerer, that exceeded what they had expected. When their eyes were once opened their keen vision helped them see what before was obscure. Did not Ruth spend her time among her father's books, books which *depicted* the ways of a bewitched world? Did she *not love to* repeat old nursery rhymes and imitate

the deeds which heathen books picture? What was her dancing but witchcraft, her incantations but a call for help from the lower world? Then they remembered how she told fortunes in a dark corner and awed the girls by her weird costumes. Surely none would do this but those who practised in the night the arts they love to imitate by day. More than this, she had been seen at early dawn returning from the woods tired and worn by the revelries in which she had participated.

"I saw her," said one, "out in the fog at break of day, kneeling on the grass, calling for help from invisible spirits."

So the gossip ran and it grew as it passed from mouth to mouth. At first the men doubted but as the day wore on they caught the mob spirit and cursed the girl who had caused their idol to fall. All rushed aimlessly about, a dozen plans were suggested. Many parties tried to trace the wanderer, but all was vain. The reports became wilder, the terror grew but no solution came. To curse the girl was easier than find the man.

XVII

The Recoil

Ruth was a good sleeper dreaming sweet dreams; a smile lit her face which her father saw with joy. It meant fairies, heroes, bold horsemen whose arts would shock the timid but who in the end did noble deeds which redeemed the anguish of earlier moments. Girls were often carried off by their hair, torn from a family and friends, but *their pain* was borne with a sweet *smile which soon reconciled* them to their fate.

The hideous turned into the beautiful; the demon proved to be a valiant rescuer disguised.

Such are the dreams of the innocent. Those who give joy by day get it back at night. Dark clouds stay to terrify only those who hear the cry of a rebuking conscience which Ruth had not. Past deeds never returned to hit her in the face. Looking back she saw only roses in fuller bloom than the buds of the day before. No sorrow had crossed her track. She laughed by day; she smiled by night. Which pleased him most her father could never decide. He called himself lucky, put tender kisses on her brow and let it go. He could look from the picture on the wall to the girl on the couch and say—the reward of the blessed is mine.

Tonight she tossed on her pillow, uttering faint cries; shudders passed over her frame. The dreams did not run smoothly. The clouds did not break. The hero did not come nor did the demon change to a defender. They took her farther and farther into the deep woods. She heard the growl of the wolf and the roaring of fierce animals. Worse and worse grew the terrors, fiercer and fiercer grew her companion. She was helpless and dumb amid it all, a victim of some catastrophe she knew not what. The demon seized her with a fiendish yell. Raising a knife to plunge into her heart, he started to execute his threat, but as he did he changed. He seemed no longer an external fiend trying to harm but an internal evil transforming her into its likeness.

The without became good, the within became bad. She saw that she was the bad in a good world, that the knife was in her hand; that a fierce zeal for destruction was in her heart. The world pointed a finger of scorn at her and cried, "*Shame, shame, fiend, witch, destroyer. Why do you persecute?* Why drag down others to your

level?" Then the world turned into persons, became father and Paul. Both had deep wounds which she seemed to have made. Was not her knife bloody? Had she not struck the fatal blow? A cold terror shook her frame, her eyes were heavy with a fixed stare. A haunting dread of consequence stood before; behind yawned a gulf of unmeasurable depth. The ground yielded under her feet and she sank down, down, but she did not reach the bottom. A gasp, a cry, a struggle. . . . She awoke and knew it was only a dream.

She was back in the world—but so different a world. The sky was dark, the fields had a chill look; the flowers had no color, the birds sang harsh notes. Nothing smiled a welcome. All stood apart in glum silence. And what of father and Paul? Were they a part of herself as before? No, they seemed strange beings. Cold glances replaced the smile of sympathy their presence always brought.

She lay on her bed and pondered. The scenes of yesternight and its antecedent events passed before her with a taunting vividness. Her yearning for Paul, her grim determination to gain a cherished end; her defiance of father; his cry of despair. All this made her wonder if the wrong were not in her; if her dream had not shown an internal blemish of which she had not been aware. Could she meet her father? Could she face Paul? Could she live in the Bowman from which she felt estranged? No; they and she had broken forever. In some other world she could do penance but not here. Then a happy thought came: Miss Addams' invitation to visit the Hull House. There she might escape the taunt which all Bowman cast into her face. There she might learn her place in the world.

Thought and action quickly followed each other. *The morning train* should bear her westward.

Putting the needed belongings in a bag she really started for the depot. But as she would have slid out the back way an angry crowd in the street blocked her way. She shrank behind the shading trees where unobserved she listened to the excited throng which stood before the gate.

The topic was Paul, the content was plain. Paul was mad, mad, mad! everyone repeated each with greater emphasis. There was but one opinion. Damn the girl. She is the cause of the whole trouble. Away with her, burn the witch. We want Paul, Paul, nothing but Paul.

At first the confused talk did not arouse Ruth. That men should denounce created no response. Then on a sudden a new vision came. The mob disappeared and Paul stood before her as the speakers described him. She could see him leap, run and turn. The wild look on his face haunted her, the dropping sweat seemed to burn holes as it fell. She began to realize what it was to be demented and, worse, what it was to be its cause. Paul was mad because of her persecution.

Her bag dropped from her hand, her knees seemed to give way, her feet to glide from under. All thought of Hull House went the moment the picture of Paul loomed. She had made a monster of a man. She must cure the ill she had wrought. What could she do? What was the balm to restore what she destroyed? She clasped her hands, finally smiling through her tears as she became conscious of a way out. She would care for Paul. She would be his nurse. Mad men tore, raged, swore. They smashed things; did ill to their friends. What mattered it? Let him strike her, beat her, pull out her hair by the roots. She would smile at his blows; bear her scars without murmur of complaint. Where was he? she would begin her task at once.

She ran to the house and would enter. But

the door slammed itself in her face. Through the window gleamed a hideous face of Paul, disfigured worse than she had imagined. From his shoulder croaked a raven, "You; you; you; see your work."

When she looked down a dozen spirits leaped from the grass and pointed a finger of shame at her. With a cry she fled along the path which led to the garden. Behind was heard the tread of some fierce pursuer. Was it Paul? Yes, none other had so firm a tread. Her courage came back. She would begin her appointed work. Let him tear her to bits if he would. Still she would tend him, be his guide and saviour.

She turned, but nothing was there. All was still and bright. She laughed to herself and said, "Nonsense," but as she turned her terror came back. On she ran, leaping the fence which lined the athletic field. There she saw a game, a specter game. Mere shadows and faces glided about the field, charging and counter-charging. One figure towered above them all. It was Paul, not the Paul of old, but a demon Paul who bit, tore and felled his comrades without compunction. When he saw her he rushed at her with a terrific whoop. Despite her resolution she turned and fled. Nor did she stop until she reached the friendly shelter of the corner elm.

Now all was still as before. Again she laughed; once more became bold with duty. But as she advanced the skies darkened and a haze came before her eyes. Peals of thunder rent the air; cries worse than those of maniacs came out of the darkness. Then arose a long, long line of faces, gloomy, stern faces, each with a chain and a lock to bind her fast. They were the prophets—"Repent, repent!" they cried. "To us has God given the task of subduing women. Hear their cry as they go down to torture." They pointed on beyond to *a growing gulf whence* rose a lurid flame lapping

its victims beneath a blazing surface. This she could not face. She fled toward a distant light but as she drew near it burst, turning the sky to a lurid red.

From the clouds dropped a dew which as it glistened from the leaves turned into blood and trickled down in pools at her feet. She looked at her hands. They were red, red like the blood of the sky and bush. She washed and washed to make them white but even the soap turned red and made the stain deeper. She ran from the scarlet sky into the gloom. The black seemed better than the red but wherever she fled gnomes leaped up in her path; dark, nasty figures that seemed to reach out for the hair with which she thought she was willing to part but was not. They were all Pauls in new disguise. She turned from the one only to run into the other. Their cries seemed like rolls of thunder while their looks grew fiercer as the clouds got darker. Round and round the garden she fled; paler and paler she grew. They closed in on her and stood, a solid phalanx, in her way. She became dizzy, staggered and fell. But as she fell something grasped her. Was it Paul? Was it a demon? No, when the mists cleared she was held tightly in the arms of Mrs. Andrew.

Mrs. Andrew had been with the crowd on the street. She had felt its grief, joined in its condemnation, and mourned with the rest for the absent Paul. But when the mob, turning to Ruth, roared out its spleen, she said, "Now is the time to be of help."

So she crossed the street, entered the yard and here she stood with Ruth in her arms. The contact was so sudden she had no plan of action. It was an instinct and not a scheme which brought her here; now instinct must be her guide. The girl was a frail; she a robust woman of muscle,

nerve and decision. No greater contrast was possible between the shivering girl and the icy composure of her companion, yet both were women. They were nature's extremes brought into contact by an impulse older than the hills. When woman loves and laughs she turns toward a man but in suffering no one knows its depth but another woman. The older drew the younger to her, pushed back her tangled hair and eased the turbulent tremor that passed over her face.

The younger gasped, put her hand on the face above her to be sure it was human, then cried, "Where am I? Where have I been?"

"Never mind," said a soothing voice. "You are here and that is enough."

Ruth looked about in a wild way. The clouds had partly broken but still the gnome faces stared at her from the sky. Suddenly she gave a shriek and would have fled if she had not been held tightly by her elder.

"What is it?"

"Look," cried Ruth, "at least a dozen."

"Where?"

"In the grass behind the lilac bush. They jump like toads but their teeth are as sharp as a wolf's."

"Oh, I know them," sair the woman. "They are Nixies."

"*Nixies*—what are they?"

"Things which are what they are not. Frauds every one. Nothing real. I never saw a toad that did not wish to show off as an alligator. They'll turn if you look at 'em. See!" At this Mrs. Andrew put on a stern look and dashed toward the bush, which she shook rudely.

"They're gone," cried Ruth. "The mean things, to seem real when they are not. Why does God let such things live?"

"*He doesn't. They* slip around behind the

clouds and get along without Him. God rules the living and the dead. They're neither—mere lies. Snap your fingers and they are done for."

Scarcely had she said this when a new terror seized Ruth. She jumped behind her companion and held to her skirt.

"What now?"

"Look, there in a bush, they came again. This time they had wings, tails, long flaring tongues."

"Oh, they're merely night-walkers. Everything has two lives, one in the air, one on the ground. On the ground they dream of being in the air and take hideous forms such as they imagine they would like to be. Who doesn't dream of being huge and powerful, of having wings and flying on through space? We do; so do they. Some time they will fly. Every creature does. But now it is only at night that they shake off their grub-like forms. This dream-self we see. From it our visions come. But I found them out and fixed them at last. Take this thread and lay it across their backs."

Ruth advanced cautiously in her tears and smiles. She stretched out her thread, suddenly turned, said joyfully, "They are gone. They sank into the ground as quick as a flash."

"No," said Mrs. Andrews, "they merely changed their form in the dark. They might easily be mistaken for a wolf. But they bother most when they fly. Then they come in at the window and light on the bed."

"How did you stop them?"

"Their wings are mere shams. If they get caught in a *spider's web* they can't get loose. There they hang till the spider wants a meal. So they hate the thread, the smaller the worse. It looks like spider webs, you know. They are even afraid of an empty spool. I used to tie threads *over my bed* and hang the spool at the window. A

thread seems to them as big as a rope. They never bothered *me* when I learned how to fix them."

Mrs. Andrew led the way to the porch, the girl sometimes running ahead, and sometimes shrinking back as if their way were obstructed.

"Here is a fine place to rest," said she, as she fixed the pillows of the hammock. Ruth obeyed and let her face be massaged until the smiles conquered her tears. Suddenly she sprang up and said,

"Did girls love when you were a girl?"

"Certainly, girls were made to love. Boys and girls flock together in the woods, in the town; yesterday, today and tomorrow; it's all the same. Love knows no time, no place, no race."

"Were there heroes then, men like Paul who made things go?"

"Heroes came with the first girl. Not singly but in groups. Every girl in every age has a score of heroes to adore."

"Do they run after the heroes or do the heroes come to them?"

"Sometimes it's one way and sometimes the other. Girls who rush ahead don't seem to win so often as those who hold back. You see, if she runs after him *he* runs; while if she turns—he is on her track in a minute."

"A real hero running after a girl! Why, that is absurd. He's on the job. All his time is taken by the great things ahead."

"Well, it may be absurd but it happens. The greater the hero, the quicker he stops when he sees the right girl."

"Paul would never turn back. It's always on, on, ever on. He'd smash the line; he'd write a book."

"Yes, but the book will have a girl in it. A book *without a girl* would be a frosty affair.

Probably it wouldn't sell. If a book does not start with a girl, it is sure to end with one. Girl-less books become books-with-girls. Men are all alike. They fight, they conquer, they sing songs and write books. And no reward satisfies but a woman's smile. They are sure to turn back and look for it."

"But Paul is not like them, he's a greater hero, the stuff of which gods are made."

"The greater the hero, the greater his love."

"But the cards don't say so. Something always comes between, a journey, a book, a lecture. Here's the Queen of Spades—that's I. Paul is the Jack of Hearts. But mix the cards as you will, they never come together. A book is six; a journey is five; and a talk is two. Six, five and two are thirteen. It's always unlucky, no matter how often I try."

"Why not turn the six, and then it is nine. That makes sixteen, a lucky square. Whoever goes around a square always comes back. Then he runs straight into the girl and the Queen of Spades wins."

"My, I never thought of that. You must be a great mathematician."

"I used to be when I studied the old Adams arithmetic. I was good at figuring, but those puzzles at the end made me groan. If twelve men can dig a ditch in eight days, working nine hours a day, how many men can finish it in three days working ten hours a day if five men take Saturday off?"

"That must have been a stunner."

"No, that was an easy starter. The real puzzles were those one must think out. There Ed West beat me. Boys always beat girls when it comes to thinking. They see right smash through, and win out."

"*Yes,*" said Ruth, slowly, "that's like Paul."

Then she brightened up and exclaimed, "He breaks the line every time—on, ever on."

Then the frightened look came again. She clinched Mrs. Andrew's hand convulsively and cried, "But why did he go mad? Could I help loving him? Oh, I wished he would come, carry me off. Who would care for the pain if only a lover tore you away? But now he comes not to love, not to seize, but to tear limb from limb. His look is wrath, his eye is blood; in his grasp are brands of fire. If I look up he is there, if I look down, the shadow is his; to the right, to the left, round and round like a dizzy whirl, his image floats. Ah, tell me, tell me if these phantoms are mere Nixies, where is the real Paul? Do they reflect his anger? Do the thunders echo and enlarge his cries of vengeance? Oh, where is Paul, *my Paul?* Let him slay me if he will but to him I must go. Help me find him. Let's make it our holy grail to find the hero and to give our lives in ransom for his."

"No, Ruth, sacrifice won't work. It's lost its charm. Too many lives of women have already been given as a ransom. What meets it? The more we sacrifice the higher Satan puts his price. It is love that wins. Only love can bring the hero back. He may be in a far country, years elapse, but love is the only force that draws. On it we must rely."

"You mean wait, wait! No, I cannot wait. It's now. Love is always now, it has no tomorrow."

"True, true, we are now and not tomorrow. Today we must live while it is light and love is warm. Let's turn him back today. This sun shall see him here."

"How?"

"Absent treatment."

"Absent treatment, what is that?"

"A *new cure. Can* nature move cold thought

from mind to mind and have no way by which warm hearts can beat as one? No, the ether through which thought moves so freely can take love's message as well. No sea, no storm, no peal of thunder can hinder its flight. Let's not go tramping to a holy grail. Bring it to us. Now and here. The test of woman's power is to bring, not to go."

"But how would you stop him when he goes on, on, up, up? Always to something higher and better. The stones under his feet roll back but he never returns. What is love to him?"

"Everything. It is that he seeks. He thinks it is ahead and so it was, yet now it is behind. The more he strives, the farther he gets from his goal. We must stop him. Make him turn back. There he goes, up the hill. A fierce look is on his face but not the look of hate. Think hard, together. It is not our feet but our love which can reach him. Once more, do you see him?"

"Yes, but he has not stopped, he only smiled."

"That shows that love can reach him. It goes quickly and its arrows pierce even the most callous heart. Now let's try again. Think hard—think long, and let our love go out with our breath. Where is he now?"

"He stopped but then went on faster than ever. He waved his hand and raised his voice as if something were right ahead."

"Good. There *is* something right ahead. Love's signals point in so many ways; they are often misunderstood. Love says to a man, 'Go ahead,' but it also says, 'Come back.' The first signal he has caught—we must give him the second. Let's try again. Put your hand on your heart; a pulse of love can reach anywhere; turn stone to smiles."

"He stops," cried Ruth, "he turns, he is *coming back*! Paul, Paul. It is Ruth, your Ruth."

"That will do," said Mrs. Andrew in her matter-of-fact way. "When a lover turns he comes. Today he will be here, before the setting of the sun. Now rest, get ready for the coming joy."

With this she laid Ruth's head on the pillow and stroked her cheeks. There came a calm but it was broken by many starts. The girl would rise up, throw out her arms as if in terror, but her tranquil nurse pressed her hands gently until the calm returned. Again and again the tremor returned and was relieved; the within ever came to the open and could be read by the flush of the cheek, the trembling of limb and the thumping of the heart. But the nurse moved not a muscle nor broke the calm of her rigid countenance.

Mrs. Andrew was a Gordon, a race that never smiled. Duty got up with them in the morning, stood with them all day and slept at their bedside at night. They had set, impassive faces. The within never dared to break the crust which through many ages moral resolve had formed. What they did do or did not do had become so fixed that no emotion could swerve them from their stern path. And yet their neighbors liked them. They always helped, were good in trouble, even if they looked the same at a wedding as at a funeral. People made allowances; forgave their set faces because of their deeds. To the children Mrs. Gordon was a godsend. She never smiled but she never scolded. Her cookies and doughnuts came out without an invitation. She never said stop when six were eaten but kept at her work in the somber fashion of her family. They ate and ate but they never got to the bottom of that magic crock. Who wants a smile if it makes you stop when you have eaten six?

Mr. Gordon was a deacon. He sat at the end of the *pew; went to* sleep at "secondly"; and

never woke until the collection plate rattled. He put in a ten for foreign missions, a five for home and a dollar for the deacon's fund. The children were given ten cents each; he threw a bill into his wife's lap. Such was the Gordon recreation, repeated every Sunday with a formula as exact as the calendar. Then he drew up his horses, counted his children and went home to repeat the tasks of the preceding week.

Mrs. Andrew's face was frozen like the rest. Not a change came over her as she cared for Ruth. It would have been impossible from looks to decide whether she was thinking of the prophet Daniel or of the bread in her oven. She acted on instinct and followed its directions. Now in the same unconcerned way she stroked the cheek of the sleeping girl when a tremor shook her frame. The spells lessened in violence and the intervals were prolonged.

Yes, she was cold, frozen, unmoved on the outside; but within was strange flame, a pulse which she had no means to express. She felt a lump in her throat which her muscles suppressed before it could rise to the surface. She held the girl's hand a little tighter and gazed more tenderly on the upturned face. Thus came a feeling of kinship that never before was hers. Love binds together and makes hearts beat in unison even if exteriors differ in color, shape or warmth. She sat and dreamed but it was a dream without a voice. The outer chill turned her thought to snow before it could radiate its message. At last a slight tremor passed over her lips as she raised her eyes and said,

"Oh, God, when will women help each other out of this?"

XVIII

The Return

Paul woke with a start. It was dark, merely a rim of light lay on the horizon. Elsewhere a dense fog hiding the world from view prevented him from knowing where he was. The elevation and broad expanse told him he was near the top of a mountain. While pondering on his location, the tinkle of a bell was heard; soon a lost cow came up with a distended udder, her gentle look seeming to imply that she sought him for relief. Paul drew the milk directly into his mouth. His blood now flowed with renewed vigor, each subordinate part seemed to call itself together and send up to the head for orders. The stings of yesterday's defeat made them more anxious for renewed action. Were they to blame? "If so, Paul, give us a new chance," they cried. The head alone was indecisive. Thoughts in abundance rolled along but none of them aroused the will.

Paul sat on a log and pondered. The failure of yesterday forced him to call in question the ultimates of his action. For the first time Paul was in danger—in danger because a question of God's goodness stole upon him. He had always *believed,* and in his simple way had taught that evil comes from the corruption of a full stomach—from the making of blood for which there is no use. Throw off this burden through work, empty every vessel, open every gland, and evil thoughts go as alcohol disappears from an open jar. What goes out through the skin cannot, sinking to the heart, corrupt it. For every kind of badness God has given a physical outlet. Keep it open and no harm can come. Paul felt that he could say, "All this *have I done from* my youth up;" and yet he

was cursed with the very thoughts that his mother had warned him to avoid.

"Beware of idle women. They are a snare through whose beauty men are enticed within the gates of hell before they are aware of the deception. The strength of Sampson is of no avail against a woman's wiles."

Yet how could he do more than he had done? Was God to disappear from without as his mother had been displaced from within, thus leaving both nature and mind without a guide? On this ugly question Paul pondered in spite of the calls for renewed action on the part of the many organs wanting another test of their powers. Could it be that life and adjustment after all were an accident?

As Paul was thinking a blood-red sun arose above the mist that hung over the landscape. There was in the sky not a trace of color. Fighting its way, the sun drove the mist back as it advanced. The sky above where a victory had been won was of a silver gray, darkening into a purple tinge where anything was reflected from below. But the valleys and the hills even to their tops were still densely covered with the fog. Oh, it is so different to see the struggle of light with darkness from above, where the sun and its allies are at work, than from below where men sit in the mist and wonder if light will come. Paul rose to his feet in interest to see the conflict. Slowly, but often with fierce energy, the sun drove the mists from the open ground and then followed them into the narrower valleys. On each more distant range the battle was fought anew. When the mists and the rays collided the mists withdrew. As often did they collect again in hidden nooks and rush forth in hope of keeping the open ground. But their alert foe was too *quickly on* their track for any concealed action—

soon all was clear except a few distant nooks from which at length they disappeared, as if to husband strength for another struggle under more favorable conditions. When all this was done the silver in the sky became more bright and each tiny particle of the dispelled mist seemed willing to add to the victory of the light by reflecting back some of its glory.

This contest and this result brought back to Paul his old confidence. If God had arranged the relations of light and darkness so that every step in the victory of the light is provided for—that what makes darkness and doubt is turned into an element which adds to the glory of the light; surely, thought Paul, the same forethought fixes the relations between spirit and flesh. The flesh is not bad; it is merely displaced goodness for which there is some remedy. "There is an outlet for badness," said Paul, with energy. "One must only keep on and the seemingly bad will become an agent of the good."

But this decision left Paul no better off than before. He had done all he could and still the bad thoughts remained. Where could the solution be? His body called loudly for action, yet Paul did not move. His will seemed gone, burned out in the struggle of yesterday. His will thus far had dominated his muscles, his thought and even his senses. It stood as a stern censor of all that presented itself—nothing entered that did not conform to the rigid canons he had marked for himself. His room was plastered with a thousand and one rules of action—things to do, things to avoid; each of these his indomitable will made the basis of deeds or of suppressions. Had Paul been color blind the world of beauty could not have been more completely shut out. Emotions never swelled up. They were suppressed in the *bud. The outer* world did not make his

nerves tingle. It was a place to act not to observe. When, on their walks, the Professor stopped to pick a flower or to admire a scene, Paul became languid; life came back only when conversation resumed.

Many generations of Brown's reacting against the world had conquered its obstacles, but they had never seen it. They sent out currents of action, they leveled forests and cleared fields, but no return loads ever came back. Their joy was in forceful action not in passive admiration. Hills and valleys were alike so long as the crops were good. Trees were lumber; flowers were weeds. Paul came by his inheritance rightfully enough; until this morning he was true to his ancestry. But now he was will-less; impressions stole in through gates which had ever been blocked. The struggle of the sun with the mists was the first thing in nature he had ever seen. He had often been in mists; he could explain their action, but of the interaction between them and the sun he had never thought, much less stopped to observe. Miles and miles he had run through forests, by lakes and over mountains, but his only joy was in the obstacles they made. His pleasure was in the flow of his blood; his visions were self-made. Nature was nothing to him but a field in which to operate.

Today he looked at leaves, he saw the outlines of trees and heard the birds sing. The suppressed eye nerves were for the first time permitted to feast on their natural food. Cry as his muscles would for action, the will gave no response. It was dead, a new ruler had come. He had failed to conquer the world; the world was to conquer him. As he rose from his reverie he looked for some trail to guide his homeward steps, but saw no outlet. It was all forest. Trees big and little, *bushes* and shrubs, surrounded him on all sides.

It was early autumn and the frost had just begun its work. From top to bottom the hillsides were a glow of color. Pennsylvania trees like to grow; in autumn their leaves die hard; in their struggle they assume all sorts of form and shades of color. A hundred varieties vie all summer with each other for life and each adds its peculiarities to the beauty of autumn. Such is autumn ever but this day was peculiar. It was one of those combinations of air, light and shade such as one must be up early to find. Many see sunsets but few see it rise. The freshness of the morning is never reflected by the setting sun. Evening is a parched desert in comparison with the fresh glory of the early day. This morning surpassed its rivals. The fog had moistened the leaves and left a million tiny drops to reflect the sun's first rays. Each tree was a rainbow and each leaf mingled its own beauty with that of the prisms which lay on their surface. The little moment before the sun drinks the dew from the leaves is the time when morning radiance is at its height.

That moment Paul caught, or better said, it caught him. He had no will to seek the beauties of nature. They rolled in on him as he sat watching the changing moods of the world about. His nerves tingled with pleasure but not from the joy of action. It came from the passive mood of reflection.

An old thought which he had often rejected stole in. Could beauty be useful? Were they the same or opposing categories? The answer of yesterday he doubted today. He thought how his depression had been removed by the conquest of the sun over the mist. This struggle had a meaning apart from the moisture and heat which made growth possible. Then came a vision which tore deep holes in his rigid philosophy. If beauty and utility *were different,* if God added one to the

other, each must be useful in its own way. "Beauty is the useful in the bud," he cried as his new thought began to place itself in relation to the old. "Let the beautiful alone and it will of itself turn into the useful." It flashed on him that this was what the Professor had often said. He felt disgusted with his stupidity and narrowness. How could he have lived so long and learned so little? How grievously he had sinned by refusing to read the message God had written on the leaves. Trees were useful; trees were beautiful. It is not the gnarly, deformed trunk, but the mighty oak that joins usefulness and beauty. Could what nature combines so genially be bad when we find them in men? Is the strong man bad and his weak neighbor equally good? Do men need codes to cramp them into exotic forms any more than nature does?

And women? Paul quailed when he applied this philosophy to them. Strong admiration of his mother shut out any application of this thought. She was useful; she was pale, stooping and wrinkled. God would have made her different if he wanted women to reflect the beauty of the trees. Still he was uneasy. He felt there was a gap in his thought he could not fill. But his mother's face blocked the only path which led to a possible solution.

Finally Paul rose, more because his body was calling for action than because his problem was in a better shape. He walked slowly; not as of old getting a joy from testing his strength against physical obstacles. "Oh, dear," cried the muscle of his right leg, looking at his pedometer, "not three miles an hour and down-hill at that." And even that speed was not kept up, soon orders ceased and muscles stopped action. "What is the matter now?" cried an astonished muscle. "It is *curious to* have this stop so early in the morning."

"A picture," cried the eye from his conning tower. "What is a picture?" asked the muscle of the loin. "This stupid muscle is only used to do great deeds and hence knows little of ordinary events. "A picture," said the eye, "is something for women to dawdle over when they cannot think of anything else to do; then the men must stand by and pretend to be interested."

The facts were that Paul had struck a trail leading to a house. Through the unfastened door he entered. It was an artist's den, or at least some one lazy enough to put pictures on the wall had occupied it. There was something in them that attracted Paul, in his present mood. Ordinarily he would have followed the impulse of his body and run along the hills for the mere pleasure of doing, but now he was thinking about women—useless women—and that made art seem attractive. His eye fell on a battered Madonna that hung by one corner on the wall. He trembled as he looked, for the face brought up the image of the specter Ruth from which he had tried so hard to escape. Was it, thought he, a new form of his old enemy? A useless woman in a new garb? But Paul was determined to examine more closely so as to test the truth of the resemblance. He tore it from the wall and seating himself looked at it carefully. He was attracted, not repulsed as he had expected to be. Yes, the figure was Ruth's but was it so because of an actual resemblance or because Ruth was a woman—a natural attitude in which the budding girl clothes herself? The face was so pleasing that he began to doubt if she were really bad. If bad, was it her fault? This thought gave him courage for further reflection. He seemed to feel that he was on the track of another of woman's wrongs. Suppose the artist had protected instead of degrading her, would she not have been *even* more pleasing? The longer

he thought the freer he felt the women to be from blame. Oh, that women could be protected; then their natural qualities would have a place.

His thought, however, came back on his mother as an ever-recurring center; then the old associations, aroused with renewed vigor, blurred the sweetness of the model's face. Seeing her bare hips and shoulders, he cried, "She does not dress!" "But was she ever taught?" came up in his mind as an excuse and once more he thought of Ruth. Would she, he wondered, dress as he asked her? Had he ever done it? Surely girls are not to blame if friends do not try to keep them in the right path. He sprang up at the thought and started on briskly. Yes, he would ask her; if she would, then he could stay at Bowman. But if not? He stopped again. Would he then accept Professor Miller's offer and get relief by his absence? But the book would have to go; his justification of his mother would never reach the world. Could he leave Ruth to the mercy of her situation, defenceless and helpless without him?

Had he as formerly felt her depraved, he could have done this; but that now he believed her to be a reversion—a girl appearing a thousand years behind her time with all the innocence of the primitive woman—this was not a possible solution. No, he must return and face the situation. At least, the real Ruth was not so bad as the specter Ruth. With this consoling thought, he started homeward and now went fast enough to satisfy his muscles' cry for exercise.

He looked across the campus, toward the house where he had spent so many happy hours. To him it meant work, duty and pleasure. The outer world had been his also. The ridge with its many paths; long avenues where the trees are straight; the grass so clear; the shrubs grow with such luxuriance that they seem not the work of nature

but of some master who in a conscious way shapes the woods to meet his needs. Paul felt himself the owner of all these stretches for he alone enjoyed them to the full. The morning light was made for him, for no one else came to see it except the birds. There is nothing so exhilarating as a fresh run in the open woods nor anything so quickening to thought. So Paul was happy in his work, happy in the wood. Then came Ruth to mar the work; then the specter to spoil the wood.

Of one thing he was certain. Between the two he preferred Ruth to the specter. He wanted no revival of yesterday. To the woods he could not go, to the house he must. The thought came back —perhaps she would dress if he asked her to. But the asking he well knew would have a price. He was aware that it would be a kiss or more. Could he be true to mother and kiss a useless girl? "But was she useless," came a pleading thought? It made Paul start, for it sounded like a voice. Some new recess within or without was breaking its bonds. It was like the close of a long-fought battle when at some angle a foe rushes in. The voice said, "Love her. Put feeling in the kiss and all will go well." Then came another; the plain contrast made him shudder. His mother's hand was hard and firm. Her dress was plain. On her face were lines that told of sorrow but when lit up with love became an inspiration. Humble as she was you would not wonder at her power if you had seen her as husband and son saw her. Back of the seeming hardness of face, there was a something that made her impressive. No wonder the son stood entranced and cried, "My wife must be like her."

Over against her stood a girl with soft white hands, a darkish face with rosy lips. There was not a line or trace of sorrow on her. Her hands did *no work; her life* knew no pain. From her

eyes there had never fallen a tear. Life had been one long joyous round. Protected by the loving care of a father, she never knew the pains other girls suffer nor the discipline that numbs, degrades and hardens. What was this girl to Paul? He tried to think. The old feeling of opposition was gone; he was convinced that she was a reversion to the simple maid of ten thousand years ago. When he ceased to think her depraved she became an object needing protection. Now she was an object of interest, but like any old curiosity it was an idle interest that could not arouse so great a nature as Paul's.

The picture of the Madonna had carried him on a step. If he were an artist, he would picture his mother smiling at the setting sun after she had loaded the wagon with hay twenty times that day. "Oh, the smile of a working woman," he said, "is worth a hundred Madonnas." Paul was partly right, crude as were his notions of art. He stood with a cleft in his thought for the useless, contented with the useful; between them there seemed no compromise. Paul hated to bribe a girl with what he felt was not true coin. Yet some bribe was needed to keep the peace. In what coin then should it be paid? As he paced the room in the vain endeavor to solve the riddle his eye fell on an unopened letter. More for relief than aught else he opened it and found it was from Professor Miller.

"The President of Milford University has consulted me about a candidate for their chair in economics. I told him of several young men of promise of whom you were one. He chose you immediately. 'I want a man,' he said, 'who combines world force with intellectual alertness. Brown may have done less than some of the others but I am delighted to know of a man with such *high ideals* and the power to carry them through!'

"Now, Paul," continued Professor Miller, "I want you to view this in a different light from our previous offers. I admire your loyalty to Bowman, but it is after all a small place with only a local influence. Milford is a university that sets the pace for the whole country; in it the world's moral tone is determined. I appreciate your intellectual promise as much as anyone; but your athletic ability, combined with the well-known spirit of fairness you put into all your activities, gives you a wealth of qualities that few possess. I appeal to you—does not your duty demand that you give these powers the greatest scope for their exercise? The tomorrow of our universities depends on the today of their athletes."

Paul could not but be touched by this tribute to his powers. A thought struck him that seemed to offer a solution of his difficulties. He would not want to go, but neither would Ruth. Bowman's athletics had been her joy. His staying would be the price he would offer for peace. If she would dress, if she would stay demurely in her place, his work could go on, the book be written and Bowman flourish. If not—he was too quickly in motion toward the house to finish the sentence.

XIX

The Hall of Waiting

Not finding Ruth in the house he sought her in the garden, where she was seated in her bower talking to imaginary friends.

"Oh, Paul, I am so glad you have come. We have so long waited for you. Let me show you our retreat." She took him by the hand and led him about.

"This is the Hall of Waiting: only those come

here who have heroes doing great deeds. Heroes go, they never come—so we must sit and wait. Each tells the others of her hero. For us he is one and each newcomer has some fresh tale to tell of what he is doing. There is Mary. She once saw a game won by a hero who dashed along until the coveted goal was his. Each step in all this drama Mary saw and loves to relate. It does us good, Paul, to know that there was a hero who won for Bowman. This is Tillie. She saw the great runner speeding across the open country. Many kept on for awhile and once another was in the lead but in the end they all lagged back and the hero rushed across the goal alone. Grace saw him wrestle. Each in his turn was thrown until the hero stood unquestioned. So with the others—Lilly, Eva, Minnie and the rest. Each has seen some great deed done and loves to tell us of it as we wait.

"While we wait we fix up places to receive the hero. This is the seat for those that never come. Here is the Arch of Triumph for him that always goes. He is so big we could scarcely reach up to decorate it. It just fits you, Paul. Come and see how nice you look going through. This is the flag of Bowman. It is for the greatest hero she has sent forth. He's gone—he's going—he's on the way to greater deeds; when they are done we'll wave the flag anew to signal him to come home. Will he come, Paul? That is what we all want to know. Oh, it is so hard to wait and wait and not to know when the deeds are done that will bring the valiant home. Still we wait; what else can we do to keep us busy while the tomorrows we yearn turn themselves into yesterdays that bring us nothing?"

She looked up pleadingly in his face as if to get an answer. But Paul, slow and tongue-tied, *could* not clearly see what all this meant. Her

gay attire, the wreaths and emblems, all seemed to indicate some festive occasion for which many were expected. Yet she was here alone. He thought of his errand and was pleased to think that today at least her attire was satisfactory.

"How nicely you are dressed," he finally said.

"So you like dresses, too?" she asked. "Oh, that's nice. We who wait vie with each other to see who will win the hero's glance. How shall we dress? Shall we? Do you like color or form? Shall the dress be high or low? I rather like a train, do you, Paul?"

So she ran on doing all the talking, yet appealing to him at every turn. With her quick perception she read his wish, helped him make his choice without his slow tongue being once moved to full expression. He thought, however, he had told her all he meant and that she had acquiesced in his view. If this were the real Ruth willing to stay in the Hall of Waiting—why should he go to Milford?

The girl wanted to know why he came; when she saw a troubled look pass over his face she knew the explanation was due. She waited but the wait was so long that at last she asked,

"Why have you come, Paul? I see that something troubles you. Is there some fact you do not like to tell? Oh, tell it quickly, Paul," she said beseechingly. "Waiting is worst of all. One can stand it when the hero is far away but when he is here moments are agony, if it keeps his wish in suspense."

"Have you ever been in Milford?" he asked.

"Oh, yes," she replied. "Papa took me there once to a convention. He heard the talks and I saw the buildings. I thought it would be so nice to live there with those great halls, libraries and museums; but best of all were the fine houses for the boys. I thought of Bowman with its poor

dorms and my heart sank within me at the comparison. But when I came home I said, 'I like Milford, but I love Bowman,' and so I am contented to stay here.

"Do you like Milford, Paul? You used to be there often playing ball and once since as umpire, were you not?"

"I may go again and stay," said Paul. "Read this."

Ruth read. A burst of joy ran through her as she read. Paul deserved all that was written and more too, thought the girl. But there was a tinge of displeasure when she read of Professor Miller's opinion of Bowman's smallness.

"He does not know us, Paul," she said. "If he would come and see for himself he might admit we were in the race for greatness, too." She stood a monument absorbed in thought; then her face beamed, a queer light shone in her eyes as she seized the red and blue banner in one hand and the national emblem in the other. Springing on the bench she waved them aloft. Had she been conversant with Sunday School tableaux she might have been supposed to be doing the conventional stunt. But of posing she was free. She had never mingled with picnic crowds. To her it was a natural outburst of joy, a consequence of long-felt inner yearning coming to the surface. She was passing from the stage of passive appreciation of a world behind, to an active participation in a world ahead. She had a vision of work, a call to reap in God's harvest. She was not sex but action. Ahead were noble deeds. Her eyes shone as the stars and her dark cheek turned pale. The uplifted arm made her seem like a goddess bearing aloft the torch of progress.

"Oh, Paul, let's make an Oxford of Bowman. Let's redeem Pennsylvania. New England is a *frozen* place. God's light glitters not there, but

on us. Pennsylvania, Pennsylvania," she cried waving aloft the red and the blue, "once you led the world! Do it again."

"Bowman, Pennsylvania, the world—what a trio to chain to our chariot wheels! What trophies, what laurel wreaths, what world records to deposit in the hall of fame!"

"Come, Paul, on to the fight. The cohorts must be faced. I see them—dragons, scorpions, serpents, night-walkers, black, black ravens. Ugh! they look fierce, but they will turn at our approach. What Bowman did to Penn we can do to them. Oh, Paul, Paul, that is better than 6 to 4."

She approached Paul; put her arm in his. Interesting sight, he in the land of doubt, she on the hill of expectation. Ahead of him was nought but mist and confusion: she looked down the slope, across the river to Huddleton's glum factories, longing to attack this citadel of Pennsylvania woe. The cloud of smoke visualized to her the thousands of dull, pained lives it hid. Each flare meant somebody's pain, somebody's danger. Often had she looked and longed but no visible mode of attack appeared. Now a thought came. They could rush down the slope, wipe a stain from Pennsylvania honor. Paul was irresistible; he always won. No, no, they would not run off through the forest on a magnificent charger. They would cross the river, attack McCabe in his stronghold. *McCabe,* the treasurer and fund-gatherer for the Republican party; he who corrupted the legislatures and blocked reform.

Bowman was above the clouds. There dwelt her people—pure, serene and happy yet without vision. Barton when he sought money to build a new chapel said, "Bowman is safe; her professors walk the streets of Athens in the morning and spend the afternoon at Oxford." Huddleton never saw *the sun. Filth* and tin cans were its orna-

ments, rum its joy: noise deadened its groans: smoke hid the sights from which the town got its name. Men riding home from a 24-hour shift; little girls torn from bed to drag weary hours in the silk mill. Why seek distant grails when the dragon throve on neighbors' blood? McCabe first; then mount the charger for their mystical adventure.

So thought the girl, pressing forward as if she would go that instant. Her companion was as ever, an immovable rock. He could boom a town, fight a duel, buck the line, go over the top, or seek Captain Kidd's treasure, yet he could not realize that girls were unwilling to sit demurely on the elaborate pedestal he had reared for them. If Ruth were in a dragon's den he could break through its walls, but when rescued he could not let her trudge by his side to share in victories yet to be won. He did not want his mother to bake pies—he scorned Colonel Saunders for this praise—yet he had never asked himself what mother was to do. His eye turned backward, not ahead. Oh, for mighty leaps, great stunts, undo-able feats. The hoarse voice of God would have aroused response; but not pleading. A mighty mobile is he whose starter does not work. He had all the virtues of the decalogue doubly compounded. He had kept the commandments from his youth up and Christ's as well. Generous, sympathetic, unselfish, yet a queer turn in his idealism thwarted it all. He could work for woman but not with her. Team work was not in his vocabulary. So he turned his companion from an inspiration into a tempter. Her sex unconsciousness was merely a bait to increase his. As she stretched out her arm toward the town to beckon him on, her sex charm was made more evident by the fact she was unaware of it. Curious, is it not? Woman is near*est sex* when she is farthest from it. If she would

only dress, hide herself beneath folds of cloth, then he could say, "Stay and work." Yes, but for whom? Not to fight McCabe but to review ancient, long-forgotten woes. He felt the pressure on his arm but did not yield. She was above the sex level to which he was pinned. Who said woman was sex? No, it is man.

So they stood, a blaze of enthusiasm and a monument of resistance. He wanted to talk but could not. She yearned to act, was ready to face danger, the world; nothing but a conquered world was her quest. A beautiful vision which Paul was just the man to fill.

There was a look of confidence as she looked up into his face and cried,

"Yes, yes, Paul, we can redeem Pennsylvania. We can make the world."

It should be noticed she said "we," not "you." Her vision was not of a waiting for the hero's return nor of being a picture on the wall, but of work, struggle and conquest. The *we* should face the world together, one in thought, one in action. She could toil in the hayfield or face sacrifices as great as those of Paul's mother—if she could do it hand in hand with a mate. Together nothing is a task; apart, nothing is gain.

It would make a happy ending if it could be recorded that the two arm and arm at once faced the future together in her spirit and his strength. The story then could end right here in a blaze of glory. Yes, this is the place for the horn to blow and the rocket to mount the sky. But, however pretty the picture, it would be a lie. Men are not ready for such a solution. Kisses and candy—yes, they are good providers. A picture on the wall, a statue in the park; some, not all, are ready for these, but from real comradeship and mutual participation men shrink. In fact, neither Paul nor the Professor *stood* in as good a relation to

womankind as did Rev. Samuel Dickson. Mrs. Dickson's acts were often misguided, but she was a force that all must respect even if they did not admire. Mr. Dickson always said "we" and meant it. Paul and the Professor always thought in terms of "I" or if they said "we" they meant "we males." In spite of the book on which they toiled, in spite of the zeal for woman's wrongs, in spite of their affection for "Mother" and "Ida," they were still without the walls of the golden city, like Moses they looked at the promised land from afar.

Had Paul been an artist seeing the glow, the zeal, the eagerness, he would have been inspired. But Paul was a dreamer, yes, more, a dreamer of male dreams. The reality he missed; so went astray when a momentous decision was open to him. He saw classes and groups while she saw persons. Both had imagination but his vision presented what the race had done—hers what it yet had to do.

Every woman is a combination of Joan of Arc and a madonna. To her she is a Joan, and would dash ahead to some world conquest. To him the woman is the madonna, never the Joan. He sees sex where she sees action. To go means to the bridal chamber, not to victory. All art, all literature, all life is nothing to him but a repetition of the same sex theme. Whether it be frontal picture of a magazine, the thrill of a story or the voice of siren song, his interest fades unless the madonna looms in the background. Hence he drags Joan from her pedestal, turns her campaign of action into a brutal love feast. So it was, is and always will be. Paul was a man, a good man, yet with all the traits and blemishes of other men. A million years of evolution cannot be remade in a generation. Therefore, he failed as the Professor failed on the night of Ruth's confession.

He could not throw off his maleness and be human. He swung forward under the pressure of some internal repulse and yet did not move. The struggle was deep enough to make him confused, but not ardent enough to free his soul. Like the Professor on the similar occasion he tried to justify a course of action which had instinct, not reason, behind it. The renunciation he wanted and his reasons for it would not pair.

Paul talked, and as in all his talks he blundered. Then in confusion he rambled. He could not make his sentences go anywhere but she, like any quick-witted girl, could catch the meaning from a broken flow of words. Before Paul had really started to set his stern conditions she was clear through them and far beyond. She stopped him.

"Paul, which means more to you—the book you write or teaching? Would you write or talk?"

"Oh, Ruth, the book means most to me. I had rather make men think well of women than to make them myself. It is the power of mothers that we need. My small stock of morality would not go far at Milford if the boys did not quicken at the thought of their mothers."

"Then stay, Paul, and let me help. Girls are useless toys and toys are sometimes out of place. But in the Hall of Waiting we can amuse each other while those who do are doing."

The puzzled look was still on Paul's face. He wanted to speak and make things clear. What he had thought seemed now out of place and new thoughts did not come. At last he blurted out,

"I could work better if I were left alone. Sometimes men need help, and sometimes not. A book is a struggle with what's within. The confusion is in one's head and not outside. For it there is no help except the slow clambering toward the light *that each must* do for himself. Even my

mother now has left me. Let me alone: when I reach the light I will bring back a message that will cheer. I want to help women; raise them all to Mother's level. My work is for women but it is through men I must work; they hold the key to woman's life; I must teach them to make the change I want. While I work I must be a man and see the world as *men* do. Woman's day is yet to come. Ours was yesterday; theirs is tomorrow."

Throughout this talk Ruth had listened in great expectation; she had hoped that Paul would find a place for her. But near its close, when the point was clear, the tears were glistening in her eyes. She did not weep, however, nor even let her disappointment be shown in the quiver of her lip. She turned quickly and cried,

"Paul, I have one more thing to show. Those who have to wait have one more device to pass the time. Come, see the Hall of Trophies."

She led him to a quiet nook where over all—on every bush and shrub—were flags, trophies, balls and other emblems of athletic sports.

"To this place the waiting come to live over the pleasures that once were but now are gone. In those days there were heroes with us and we were with heroes. What they did leaves a pleasing impress but the thought is more enduring if some token in remembrance of the deeds is kept and cherished. The woman sees and waits. The hero does and goes. To her the great was *yesterday*—a thing that was; to him, it is *tomorrow*—a deed to do, a blow to strike, a word to write. So she has a view of what has been; he a promise of what is to be. Each has a pleasure; while they smile they pass, for she looks back and he goes on. They cannot face each other again until he has made his mark, and coming home unites the is of *today* with the was of yesterday. Look back,

Paul, and see what has been, as seen by one who saw but did not act. Oh, that is wrong. Once I went myself, I could not wait. 'Twas yesterday. Can you forgive me, Paul—for yesterday?"

She looked up pleadingly while Paul gave a start that she could not interpret. Paul's yesterday was a vivid run from Ruth. How could she know of it, he thought? Even if she did, why should she ask forgiveness? She could not wait for Paul to see the point. It was so nice to have him here looking at her. Oh, that for which she wished had come. Paul had come and looked. His eyes never for a moment were off her. This was a taste of heaven she could not lose. She must keep him and enjoy the look. What is the bitterness of tomorrow in comparison to a moment's bliss today?

"Look, here is a handkerchief with a stain. It is my blood, Paul. Once I jumped from path to path while the boys were in chapel on the opening day. As I jumped I fell and cut my face. At first I was faint and motionless; then I felt the presence of some one bending over me. Looking, I saw a boy, the biggest boy I ever saw, yet he *was* a boy, Paul, although bigger than a man. He took me in his arms and tied my face with his handkerchief. Then he sat me on the grass and said, 'You jump so fine I'll see if I can do as well myself.' Then he jumped, and, oh, you should have seen how his muscles acted. Each did its part that very first day as well as now. I laughed with pleasure to see so fine a leap. He jumped and jumped again to make me laugh, the merrier my laugh the farther he jumped. Then the boys came gathering to see him jump still farther. Who could this fair-haired lad be? I must tell the boys of a new hero. I thought of the handkerchief, tore it from my head and looked. There was written *on it in a mother's* hand, 'Paul.' I jumped

to my feet and cried—'This is Paul, boys. He'll break a record yet for Bowman.'

"Do you see this stone, Paul? By it I remember the first day you ran in the freshman-sophomore contest. They jeered the lubber as he first came up and mocked him as he ran. Twice around the sophomore gained; louder came the cries of scorn; some rang a cowbell in derision. 'Why put an ox in a sport?' they cried and jeered the louder. The third round went an even race, but as they passed the sophomore had a heated face and gasped for breath. But the tread of the ox was firm, his breath was free. They turned the last quarter neck-and-neck, but now the freshman took a spurt and came on in a double pace; his great feet tore the gravel from its place and one stone came rolling into my lap. This is it. Where was the sophomore? Oh, he lay beside the track. They dropped the cowbell to help him up while Paul crossed the line in victory. This was the beginning and soon came better things.

"This flag I waved the day the Cornell team came to run a cross-country. The start was even; we waited long to see the return. At last we saw some one dimly through the trees. Was it the giant or the kid? At the first we could not say, but when I saw great stones come rolling down the slope and tree-tops wave in unison with a mighty tread I did not wait to see the face. I jumped and cried, 'It is Paul. Paul and Victory!' There are other banners—a score or more—and each brings up a pleasing picture of a victory. But this alone I'll wave again. I carried this the day we won from Pennsylvania. Look at it, Paul, 6 to 4—why was it 6 and why not more than 4? It was 'Paul! Paul! Paul!' We all shouted until we could not speak and then we rose and waved our flags. It was all for Paul and victory.

"*Now* Paul thinks of leaving Bowman. A

larger duty calls him hence. But can there be a greater duty than the one he owes to Bowman? Bowman is Paul and Paul is Bowman. Their greatness is one and inseparable. Come, Paul, let's shout for Bowman once more and make the woods resound as of old. Here is the flower that stands for Bowman. Let me put it on your breast. Do not fear—I'll not react this time as once I did, Paul. Can you forgive me that? Some pressure from within, I don't know what, raised my lips—and then the impulse carried me on. It was so, Paul. But do not fear me now."

But again she raised her lips and again looked longingly in his face. Paul started, hesitated and wore that pained expression which always came when thought and action were not clear.

"Promise, Paul, you will not leave, at least not until the book is done and mother's honor vindicated." Paul took her hands and looked her full in the face. "I promise that," he said, "to you and Bowman."

"I will make a promise, too. You shall not be the only one who makes a sacrifice for Bowman. There is the hall, the study and the book. They are yours. The way is clear. Go, Paul, work in leisure. You need your time and strength with no one to bother. Keep the rose. Let it remind you of duty and Bowman. And I'll wait here and cheer those who must abide in the Hall of Waiting until the hero's return. Go, the path is clear."

She led him part of the way; then stopped and watched him move on. She felt a great stirring from within and very faint, but she must not show it. A mighty resolve held her until he turned a corner. Then her cheek paled; the garlands she wore dropped as in sympathy. As she sank she looked up imploringly and sobbed,

"Oh, God, what a crime to be a woman."

XX

His Vision Clears

Paul went slowly down the path. Too agitated to think of writing, he left Ruth not because he willed to do so but at her command. Half a dozen times as he walked along he felt like turning back. Once he stopped but could think of no good excuse for his return. There was a charm about Ruth he never before had felt; her words that at first confused him now began to have a meaning. He kicked the stones from the path for a time; then the old thoughts of duty and mother, rising afresh, brought new decision. "It is for the best," he said, "now I can work; when my work is done I'll find what all this means." He went on, not to his work but to his room. Taking out his notes, he tried to get them in shape for the next conference. The chapter was on "Narrowing Woman's Activities."

This was a lecture Paul had given with great pleasure. Now he hoped to incorporate it into the book. But as he viewed the notes the thought stole over him that he was not living up to his own standard. Yet how he failed he could hardly fathom. He must be free, untrammelled. The work was for all women. Should not a single woman be willing to help? He only asked what was the good of both. So he argued; yet the reasoning did not quite suit him.

The picture of the girl, her smiles and tears, kept coming to disturb him. He rose and paced the room. The more he paced the less the unison of his thought and the deeper did the picture work into his being. That sweet uplifted face kept coming back. It was a face he had often *shut out* but now as it came with renewed force

Paul had no will to resist. Before it had meant passion, now it meant resignation and tears. Could she be bad and yet so sweet? Could one love Bowman, for Bowman yield, and yet be what he had so often thought her? What had he thought her? On this Paul was not quite clear. He could recollect reaching a fine decision but the run of his thought was now gone; he feared he had wronged Ruth. Could he have misjudged her? He trembled at the thought for it seemed a dreadful thing.

What had he said? Was he stern, cold, or worse? Did he cause the tears and did her lip tremble because his words were harsh? He went to his desk and read anew the speech he intended to make. When Paul wrote this he thought it embodied the spirit of sacrifice; now it seemed the essence of selfishness. What right had he to make her sit in the Hall of Waiting while he worked? If the world were to be divided, was it not selfish to take it all for himself, saving a small nook in the garden?

He tried to think that the good of all stood over against the good of one, but now this thought seemed trite. He stamped his foot, walked the floor; as he walked it seemed that all he had ever thought of Ruth had been said to her in the garden. He could not get it straight. Had he called her bad? Had he said she was a reversion? Had he implied that she was not fit for the free world? Had he said that she dragged him down?

"I must have said it all," thought he, "or worse. It was on my mind and had I not said it, why the tears?" The trembling form seemed now to prove that he was harsh; the beseeching look seemed to ask for justice. Paul trembled. A feeling stole over him he never before had known. The little girl stood before him plead-

ing for her rights, while a selfish tyrant gloated in his power to crush.

Out of the confusion one clear thought arose. It made Paul shake in anguish. He went to the window and with his open fist gave a tremendous blow; then he struck his head with equal force.

"I have done a mean, degrading thing," he cried. "There is a blot on my soul I can never efface. That I should stoop so low—to take advantage of a woman. . . . . ."

Up to this time Paul's muscles and nerves had worked in unison. Orders from above were carried along quickly, each muscle did its part and then waited in silence for a new command. Now all this discipline disappeared. Movements seemed to start at any point and when once started they rolled along from one extreme to the other in entire disregard of the ordinary routes. Muscles strove against each other; he seemed broken up into a hundred units, each acting for itself. Paul threw himself about the room and stamped his feet.

At last decision came.

"She shall not stay in the garden," he cried. "The Hall of Waiting is no place for her. She has been free—let her be free again. The house is hers. The study is hers. Let her come and go as she will. Let her sit and see us work as she has done in former days.

"Yes, yes, she shall have her liberty. I shall not narrow the life of the one woman I know even to make the rest go free. Go to the garden when you will, but be equally free to join us in the work. I shall go and tell her so. I'll take back all these conditions and be no longer the cause of tears. I've been a fool, a damned fool." He bit his lip as if to recall an impious expression, yet he felt relieved, as no other phrase *suited his* mood.

He left the room and started across the campus. But as he went he walked more slowly. Finally he stopped. The old difficulties were rising up in a new form, finding shelter again behind his mother. Her last talk before he went to college came up fresh but now somehow he caught a resemblance between his mother and Ruth. What could it be? The stopping was to think of this. The shape of his mother, rising, blocked his way.

Up to this time Paul had always thrown the emphasis of the talk on the first part; he had always seen his mother's look as she had said, "Beware of useless women. They are a snare from which even strong men have no protection." In this he could see no resemblance to Ruth. But now another look revived. It came with her closing words when he had said he would marry a woman just like his mother.

"No, Paul, not like me—like what I might have been."

It was this look, sad but expressive, that now reminded him of Ruth. What was it his mother might have been that she was not? Paul had often said that there was nothing to be added to the glory of her life; he felt this now as fully as ever. But what had his mother meant? Why did her look remind him of Ruth? Was there something in a woman he did not understand? Were there longings that a life like his mother's did not fulfill? To this thought Paul could give no answer; the more he thought of it the less satisfying was the trip to Ruth. He must solve this new difficulty. So he turned back to think it out.

To Paul his mother meant work and duty. Even his earliest recollections gave her the character by which she was afterwards known. For home and family Mrs. Brown toiled; no one ever heard a word of complaint nor did her pleasing smile ever depart. *She* was cheerful; the hardest day's

work seemed only to give her increased freshness. Her pains, if she had any, she kept to herself. Her family never heard of them. So what was it? Paul queried what she would have been that she was not. He had heard the oft-repeated tradition that his parents were the handsomest couple that ever entered the old church; but to Paul handsome in a woman meant vigor, work and duty. "No wonder," thought he, "that father was proud to walk beside such a woman." So, too, would he. Paul called to mind the many occasions when, after dressing his father's wounds and helping him rise, he had kissed her hand, called it soft and white; often he had named her his flaxen-haired darling. "You are just as lovely, just as lovely, as you were when a bride." When the tears came to his mother's eyes, the honest Paul thought his father was joking. He kicked his father's knee and sturdily sought to defend her. "She is not soft and white, Father, nor is her hair flaxen. Her hand and arm are as hard as yours, or mine, and she works much more. Why do you call her names?"

"Paul," said his father, kissing his mother's hand again, "you do not see straight. Your mother is as she was, a fair-haired girl. Others change, but she is the rose she was yesterday. Some day, Paul, you will see your mother as she is." But this the slow-thinking, realistic Paul could not see. His mother was not a beauty. She was a worker, good and true. He resented the words that made his mother cry.

Now these scenes touched Paul in another way. Could it be that his mother in any way resembled Ruth? Had his mother ever been a free, happy girl with no thought other than to pass the day? That it could be so at first displeased him. It seemed to detract from the beauty of the character he so dearly loved. But he must know what

all this meant. How could he find what his mother had been, and what it was she might have been for which she cherished so strong a wish?

Mother was gone. Father was gone. Oh, how he wished he could ask his father. But it was too late. He thought of the old soldiers still remaining who would know of his mother's youth. He felt impelled to make inquiries. But a better thought came. At his mother's death he had acquired his father's letters, written during the war. Paul held these so sacred that he had never opened them. Now he felt a longing to read them and to see what they told of his mother.

Paul took them down, read letter after letter. They told of war, of deeds, but they told also of love. "Think of your wives as you fight," was that tradition recorded as Captain Brown's maxim. His letters showed that he was ever conscious of his. He again and again referred to the beauty of her in such terms that Paul could not doubt.

Then came the last letter. "We had a fight last week. I was so badly wounded that I could not write before. I fell in the charge and lay for hours between the lines, helpless, with shot and shell pouring over me. It was a wonder I was not killed as many others were. But as I lay my relief was to take out that old picture of you—the first you ever let me have. It is a fragment now, having been broken three times by shots that have struck me. The face is still left with just enough of the rest to be a reminder of you. The front view you cannot see but there is an angle hard to find which brings out the face as fresh as ever. So I lay under fire, holding up the picture once in a while, getting the slant that brought my angel to me. Oh, what a blessing it is to have a wife so beautiful that the sight of her

stills the pain of wound and thirst. God has indeed been good."

This letter gave to Paul a new conception of the mother. In such a place his father could not have wished to plague his mother. He must at least have felt what he wrote. "Oh, could I see my mother as father saw her." As he said it he felt a sharp something in the bottom of the package which proved to be what was left of that picture at which his father gazed. It was broken in a dozen places, its edges testifying to its rough usage. Which was top, which was bottom, which the sides, could no longer be told by an inspection. It was merely an irregular piece of glass. Paul seized and held it up with a happy laugh. Now he might find the truth. But move it as he would, no picture came in sight. There were rough blotches on it. Paul turned to wash them off, but then the thought stole over him that it was his father's blood dried on the picture. Could he wash off his father's blood to view it? He shuddered, but finally he cried,

"I must see mother. Father, forgive the sacrilege. I must see her as you have seen her."

Soon the plate was clear. Paul again searched for the angle which would bring out the vision he sought. But in vain. Turn it as he might the angle could not be found. At last he rushed to the window and held it far outside. And then—was it accident, was it some fresh ray of light or was it an inspiration? There stood out as if alive the sweet, fresh face of a growing girl.

"Mother," cried Paul, "mother, it's *mother.*"

So it was. The face was at once different and yet just the same as the face he knew. When the two were brought together, the woman's face seemed to be changed and absorbed into the girl's. Paul could not now—try as he would—bring back *the dark,* sober face of his mother. She became

to him the girl she always was to the father. Thus Paul recognized what his mother had been and what was in her mind when she said, "Not like me, but like what I might have been." He jumped to his feet at the thought. "My mother was a beauty," he cried, "just like Ruth. It was the war and its burdens that made her hard features. She wished to have had another life and might have had it but for the duties which that war imposed. Once she was free, happy and innocent. She took a burden which was not her own; the disfigurements it created were taken by me to be her real form. Oh, mother, can you forgive me so base a thing? I have wronged you. I thought you ugly when all that's ugly was in me."

Then Paul's thoughts ran back over the many misconceptions of women that he had entertained. "Yes, I have wronged you and all the women I have known. Girls are not made for work. Their duties are fixed by nature; let nature set the time. If they have feeling, interest and love should they be despised? No, let them be what nature wills.

"Yes, I have wronged my mother, I have wronged Ruth. Ruth has said that I would break a world's record; I have done so. Who else has so misconceived the interest that women have had in him? Mother is gone, but Ruth is here. To her I will show repentance that will right myself with women. Yes, to her I'll go and seek forgiveness."

With action suited to his words Paul rushed across the campus, toward her house. He did not stop at the gate but jumped the fence with a bound. Every muscle was now alert; mind and body were once more in unison. Each part, reminded of yesterday, was now keyed so high that with the jump each strove to do more than its part. "That was a fine jump," cried the eye *from above.* "We cleared the fence by at least

eight inches." Paul thought not of this but rushed to the house, through the study, into the garden, then back again. Ruth he did not find.

While this was going on Ruth had returned to the house. He had asked her to dress. What should she wear? How could she make herself resemble his mother? A happy thought. In a chest were her mother's belongings, together with many heirlooms of preceding generations. She tried them on, one after the other, fixing her hair to match the pictures of their owners. Which would Paul like? Which would remind him of mother? She tried this, she tried that. None seemed exactly to satisfy.

Suddenly a heavy step was heard in the hall, a familiar step, the one she wanted to hear, but for which she was not yet prepared.

The step distanced, going down the path to the garden. Now it was coming back. "Where is she?" she heard him call.

She knew he was coming. She seized and cast aside many garments but could not decide which to wear. All was confusion, a helpless confusion; neither mind nor hand was fitted for the task they should perform. The step crossed the study again. She trembled as it approached her door but could not stir either to dress or call.

Paul entered without a knock. He thought in terms of spirit not of body; was not in reality but in a world of dream. He had always gone straight to his goal. She was his; he was hers. Why should the lack of dress bar his way? The spectre Ruth had made clothes unimportant.

There was a spell on both of them. He could not talk; she could not dress. He was spirit; she naked flesh save for the garment with which a woman never parts. The color left her face, she trembled as he approached; then with a scream she fled to a corner of the room, seizing

a dress to partly hide her bareness. Often had she planned such a scene. Now when it came she shrank from its consequences. Her father's talk had done its work. She had learned her lesson; Paul had his yet before him.

"What do you want?" she cried. "Why are you here?"

"I want you," he blurted out.

"Never," she cried. Straightening herself, she seemed inches taller in her dignity and earnestness. Paul was too much absorbed in his own thought to think what he was doing, as others would see it. Nor was he in a mood to quail before opposition. He seized her and drew her to him. The eager muscles overdid their task. Yet the pressure did not hurt Ruth. She seemed to come under a charm that made her mind and muscles fail. As the charm increased somehow the feeling crept over her that Paul meant her no harm. He drew her to himself and kissed her many times and then, holding her in his hands he raised her far above his head, and looked at her.

Recoiling, Ruth tried to break loose. She had thought she would like to be captured but facing capture she rebelled; nor did she know she was modest until her modesty was tested.

"You are mine, mine only. My lost mother you must replace."

Ruth shook her head.

"The book, the book, you should write the book. In it there is no place for me."

"So I thought an hour ago. Then mother and you stood opposed—now you blend. The book and you are one. 'From girl to womanhood,' that will make a new chapter in which you shall be the inspiration and the model."

"Oh, the joy to have heard that an hour ago. Then I loved, wanted to be yours. Now I want free*dom, self-expression*, a test to show my mettle.

Men seek the unknown—strive for the impossible —why should not I?"

"Why test the impossible when a completed realm is at hand? Think of mother, her glory and praise. Not only I but the whole town saw her nobility and bowed in adoration. Beauty and virtue—what more can a woman ask than to be respected in her own right!"

"Paul, were you like your father a victim of a cruel war, helpless and dependent, I could care for you as your mother did for him. You are not that, but a giant dragging his victims behind his chariot. I know how it is. I cheered with the rest to see deeds done in which I had no part. But another epoch has dawned! The joy of life is not in being captured but in offering self in love. Yesterday's hope is the terror of today. You are a brute. Let go."

The eager driving look, the look that meant conquest and brought admiration, faded from his face, yet his hands were too palsied to obey her command.

Ruth peered at the beckoning glow without and then at Paul. Freedom and love stood opposed. At length the zeal for self-expression conquered.

"Yesterday, 'he is mad, she did it' echoed down the street. The reaction made me like your mother. When I put on my mother's clothes I felt like her, but when I took them off I felt relieved. To be happy I must be myself. I cannot be like my mother—a picture on the wall, nor like yours—a burden-bearer of woes she did not make."

"Oh! Ruth, do not say that. My mother was a burden-bearer and yours a picture. But they were more! Think of my father, your father and me. What could we be without you? When broken men came home in defeat harsh tasks fell on women. Now tasks fall on men. Be to me what your *mother* was. She made your father—make me."

"No, Paul. The wall is no place for me, nor am I a hospital to relieve distress. But were I to choose between your mother's tasks and my mother's smiles I would be your mother and not mine. I can't run races nor buck the line. But I have muscles and mind. They are designed for use. What it is I must find by testing myself against the world. Yesterday I would not have dared to do it. The sound of a creaking limb made me shriek. But today—oh! Mrs. Andrew, how I thank you for the lesson—I know a woman's terrors are within—not without. In this new mood I must see the world. I must be a partner; feel that I give as much as I get. It is work that should inspire. When all have tasks and common goals—then we can love. For that men are not ready: some want slaves, some wall pictures but none wish to give woman a place under the sun. Yes, a place under the sun—I like that phrase. It expresses a need; for it I must seek. Good-bye; my new yearnings will lead me I know not where, but I follow them—I must."

She advanced and offered her hand; as she looked into Paul's troubled face she came under his spell and was tongue-tied as he.

There they stood inches apart in body and miles apart in thought. Each felt the stress of new-found power and the glow of a new ideal yet neither could transfer this thought to the other and thus span the breach that yawned between them.

So they stood with a wall in front which kept them apart and a wall behind which prevented retreat. Each seemed guilty of fault. Their external and internal matched as little as did their thought. Finally Ruth broke the charm. She turned; the setting sun throwing fagots in her eyes lured her on.

"*The world, the* world, the great throbbing

world. From it I came, to it I go. Weary feet are better than a throne of thorn."

A tramp, a rustle and Paul stood alone. His face flushed and paled by turn. Thought strove with wish. Then muscle won. Springing after he laid his hand on her shoulder and cried,

"If you go I go; where is McCabe?"

XXI

McCabe

It would not be fair to McCabe to judge him through Ruth's eyes. At least the *Huddleton News* should be heard in his defense. The two are one. McCabe owns the steel mill, the paper and everything in Huddleton except the silk mills which Tupper, Strauss & Co. control. When reformers were placed on the Bowman lecture course the *News* entered a protest insinuating that a discredited agitator was the source of the movement. This was a drive at Professor Stuart. No names were used. The Professor had too many friends to be openly attacked even by the omnipotent McCabe.

Still, the statistics quoted by the *News* are worthy of consideration. A spot, so it said, which had been the rendezvous of loafers and horse thieves had been transferred by McCabe into an enterprising town of 75,000 inhabitants. There were 103 churches, 27 schools and acres of three-deck houses. All these were owned by McCabe, who standing on his wide porch went into ecstasies over the improvement. "That!" he exclaimed, as he viewed from afar the glowing mills and the acres of crowded tenements. "That is about as near heaven as the multitude can get."

Yes, plenty of bread and potatoes. No danger

of starvation and a chance for the maimed to be supported by their children in the silk mill. McCabe said it was better to have children trained by Strauss than to support orphan asylums. He had never been in the region from which the people came, but if his description were even in a measure correct, Pennsylvania is a Paradise and he a world benefactor. The profits of the mill had increased 17 per cent., wages 19 per cent., showing nicely that the workers had gained more than he from his masterly enterprise. A glance at the figures also showed that house rent had increased 240 per cent., the McCabe acres having a book value of $820,000 instead of the original $12,000. They also revealed that food values had increased 90 per cent., giving convincing proof of the tariff. Just who paid these bills is obscure but it could not be those whose dinner pails looked full, but smelt of cabbage and rotten beef. Nor was it made clear how 103 churches draped in somber hues could offset 372 saloons of rainbow attraction.

So much for statistics. A view showed that churches were barns projected into the street, with no ornament except the placards announcing a coming doom. As their chief support came from McCabe, the pastors reflected views of their benefactor as expressed from time to time in the *News*.

This worthy sheet was not without spasms of reform in one of which it intimated that the silk mills might improve. The next day the Strauss limousine stopped before the office, its occupant entering behind a 40-cent cigar. The interview was short and to the point. "What did the *News* mean by attacking business?" If there is anything a Pennsylvania editor dislikes it is the charge of interfering with business. The next

morning the McCabe statistics were again quoted followed by an article on the tariff.

McCabe was the only one who could make Quay stand around. So said his friends and so said the *News*. "Pennsylvania morality is safe so long as he is at Harrisburg." Nor was he without lofty ideals. Driving his family thereto, he became thus the terror of the five imported daughters-in-law who had to live as he prescribed. The McCabe fortune had its attractions but it was a sad illusion so long as the purse-strings were tightly grasped. Josephine, the third in birth rank, expressed the unanimous view when she said that the only thing good in Pennsylvania was the train to New York. More Pullman seats were sold in Huddleton than any other town except Pittsburgh. Huddleton would not be endurable without New York nor for that matter could New York exist without Huddleton and Pittsburgh, whose magnates cramp and starve their neighbors all the year that they may pass a few wild nights on Broadway.

The glow of Fifth Avenue is but the reflection of a distant hell into which unwilling victims are cast. Some resource is misused, some town degraded, to create the flow of funds on which our magnates thrive. From Pennsylvania, rich in resource, trains go loaded and come back empty. For the better half no return is made except in literary tomes designed to convince the recipients that exploitation is not robbery. McCabe is justified. But nature revolts! Never does rising sun see children yanked from bed to increase the great Strauss dividends, nor the veteran cripples of the steel mill tramping in their beggar garb, but that it shrivels, reddens and would strike but for the sight of happier regions beyond. Pennsylvania slumbers but humanity rankles at the sight.

PART II

MUD HOLLOW

Its Life Interpreted

We are not what nature makes us, but what we make ourselves. Not deeds but character is the measure of an age.

1.

The Apology

When a man who has spent his life in one field enters another he offers an apology for the intrusion. Stories and theories have been isolated by rigid law. Why face the criticism their blending involves? Too often professors get their theories from books, yet occasionally, like the much-praised work of Darwin, theories are not antecedent to facts but a consequence of them.

My world is as different from that in which I was reared as the England of Darwin was from the tropics. The group in which I was born was the most rigid religious body Scotland has produced. For centuries its members maintained their isolation, never intermarrying with neighbors. I was also reared in a Western village where every one thought the same thoughts, ate the same pie and used the same tools. A mere accident gave me a German education; a second brought me to Philadelphia; a residence in Scotland gave contact with my family origins. This is not a trip to South Seas but its effect is fully as marked.

Some new basis for opinion must be found even if it opens the charge of theorizing. The World War is in part the cause of this. Who has not seen idols fall and who has not found that noble schemes rested on soft banks of clay? But while war cleared the decks, causes lie deeper. The wreckage would have happened even though delayed or brought about by other events. Mankind for ages has accepted certain principles which when put to the test have failed. Were these failures the result of inexperience they might be excused—but the war was handled by experts in

each of its several lines. *Financiers* controlled war expenditures and yet they were worse managed than in previous wars. *Diplomats* who controlled war policies were those trained to their job yet lamentable were the results. Our political principles were tried only to show how they fell short of meeting the situation. A group of stockyard butchers might have had less regard for human life than the *generals* but would have made no more mistakes. Have poets, orators, editors come out any better? There are few instances in which their record rises above world diplomats, financiers and generals.

After such a display the first thought is that of world degeneration and to it many resort for an explanation. But when one looks about he sees no evidence of this. Men live longer, are more active, have better blood, and stronger muscles than their forbears. The decay is not physical; it is mental, spiritual, logical. It is those who think or at least should think who have failed. There is something wrong in the basis of our thought: our premises, our historical interpretations, our long-standing traditions need revision.

It is this of which many are becoming conscious and to which the jar of the War has made important contribution. Before, we all thought the world was nearing the end of a splendid epoch. A few finishing touches and the edifice would be complete. Reformers had definite plans for reaching Paradise and a rigid logic to support their claims. All these have been smashed by the frost of reality. Everywhere men are retracing their steps, searching for deeper foundations on which to build. This change affects bold thinkers even more than the conservative. Socialism, anarchy, revolution have gone to pieces along with the rest. Their rocks have proved sand-banks, from which *have* risen a crude search for new beginnings that

lands the searcher in strange fields. A friend who rotted in jail because of convictiens is now engaged in revising the Golden Rule. A second, the hero of ten jail exploits, astonished his friends by asking for a Bible. A third jailbird of glorious plumage is now the occupant of an orthodox pulpit. It amuses at first to see a friend who preached revolution in times past now wanting listeners to love poems. It is not that the poetry is good or bad—but the going back to first principles and getting an outlet for emotion in new channels which deserves attention! We are all doing this and when we do, crossing conventional lines, we astonish our friends by showing interests of which they were unaware.

My thought movement has not been different from others; but my disillusions are different because the rocks in which I had confidence were not in the same strata. What was thought to be nature has proved to be mere complexes made general by the peculiarities of past civilization. Human nature is vaguer, more emotional, with fewer of the rock attributes than was thought.

Good men carry a load of goodness which bars their advance. Give a boy this load and see him struggle to free himself. Free a girl from ancestral clamps, let her mount the ladder which leads to freedom; then picture her disillusion as, facing the world, she finds her heroes have toes of clay. This is a plot to express which forces me into a new field. If all have gone back to a firmer basis, each new start will break some convention, shock observers and reveal the iconoclast in a light astonishing both to himself and friends. We must all sink or learn to swim in new world currents.

Both novelists and educators make use of Rousseau's slogans. "Back to nature," they cry, but the return of the novelist is a return to the primi-

tive way of viewing nature. He describes the cloud, the storm, the sunset, the mountain, the hill and the valley, and assumes that human action responds to these wonders.

By "nature," however, disciples of Rousseau mean the contacts with external objects which evoke our instinctive responses. It is what we touch, the obstacles we encounter. There is thus a *thing* world and a *wonder* world. The thing world is the source of our mechanical reactions; the wonder world revives our primitive emotions. They create the problem Rousseau sought to solve. Isolating them creates the novel, and modern educational theory. The wonder scheme of the novelist is false as an interpretation of life. Equally so is the mechanical control through material contacts.

While in scope I agree with Rousseau, his first sentence illustrates our difference. "Everything in nature is good; everything degenerates in the hands of man." It would be a useless task to follow Rousseau's proof. The problem is there today as in the past, but the advance of science permits a statement more exact. The theologians taught that man was depraved. Rousseau asserted that man was perfect. While Rousseau and the theologian differ as to the source of depravity, both accept the fact. "Depravity," says Rousseau, "is the result of man's interference with nature." This gives a new source of depravity but does not alter its nature, no more the means of preventing it. Rousseau's morality is as Hebrew as that of the theologians. He, like them, emphasizes sacrifice, humility, duty and other conventional virtues. There is as much repression in submitting to the dictates of nature as in accepting those of the Hebrew prophets.

It is at this point that the thought of today *clashes* with both these views. The issue is not

how men became depraved, but whether or no they are degenerate. Depravity is the lack of character; degeneration is its loss. The issue again is not whether depravity is visible in each age, but whether the depravity of an age has an influence on succeeding ages. Can men inherit depravity as they do brain and muscle? or is it merely a temporary effect which heredity fails to pass along? Do the sins of the parents fall on the children of the third and fourth generation, or is the sin as dead as the sinner?

My answer questions these intellectual dogmas. Men are safeguarded from sin not by imposed personal restraints, nor by artificially created virtues—but by the removal of the antecedents of sin. Depravity is not man-made nor God-made, but the measure of defective adjustment. Every improvement altering the relation of men to their viron frees succeeding generations of some ancestral depravity.

In stating this doctrine there is a shift of view and evidence of which the reader should become aware. In the past, evidence for and against evolution was biologic. The problem today, however, is not of slow or fast evolution, but whether or no, during the historic epoch, there has been an actual race degeneration. In this new controversy the orthodox biologists are almost to a man on the side of degeneration. It should be noticed, however, that the evidence educed is not biologic, but physical, of which, to say the least, biologists are no better judges than are their opponents. If the second law of thermo dynamics proves that the sun is losing heat, life must degenerate, but this ultimate fact does not prove that the loss of sun heat is the source of the assumed decline of historic civilization. The evidence for this must bring the controversy into a field *foreign to biologic* thought.

The decline of civilization so often repeated in human history has been due to a shift in dominance from a sensory to a motor type. The sensory minded fail and their civilization has broken in every age and region when for survival thinking becomes more important than seeing. The interim is that in which advanced nations suffer, and on which the evidence for degeneration depends.

Two points I shall try to make clear. What, in physical terms, is the measure of the change from sensory to motor activity; secondly, what is the change in thought and morality which separates the new groups from their forebears. The opinion of biologists and historians on these points might be compared to the opinion of the last sabre-toothed tiger as he saw a monkey chattering in a tree. Could he be expected to believe that life was advancing? It is only when the survivors look at the bones of their ancestors that the reality of evolution becomes plain. The men controlling national affairs during and since the World War are as well fitted for their task as the tiger was to throw a stone. Not they but their successors will glimpse the world to be and bring mankind into it.

2

The Surviving Element

Survival today is not different in its essence from what it was when the five-toed horse roamed the prairie. Elimination is still at work. The crop of unfortunates grows. Where are the forces which eliminate?

Our ancestors were comrades of the monkey, who in their evolution represent a turning-point *in evolution*. The dominant response up to this

time was that of anger. The insect stung, the ram bunted, the dog bit; the monkey ran. There is thus a change from an anger response to that of fear, to explain which is to get the key to human evolution.

Another way to measure the contrast is to show that the reactions of older organisms were individual. Each animal carried in himself the mechanisms on which survival depended. There were no other means of transmitting traits except by heritable, nervous mechanisms. The insect and the mammal were thus a bundle of complex nervous adjustments which gave the proper response to given conditions, but which became hindrances under altered circumstance.

These animals represent the acme of the development of inherited traits. The monkey, dominated by fear, imitated, remembered, associated, gained the concept of antecedent and consequent, and was thus able to profit by experience. Each of these shows the nature of the alteration. Acquired traits were substituted for those which are transmitted. If an animal imitates it does what it sees done, not what its inherited responses demand. If pain is anticipated by fear, some acquired pattern displaces inherited responses.

In the monkey as in man there is a conflict between acquired and natural responses. Natural traits, becoming hindrances, have degenerated; even if men respond to objective stimuli the response is less effective than formerly. The first problem therefore in human heredity is not, how can natural traits be acquired? but what are the forms in which the decay of natural traits manifest themselves?

The struggle of the normal middle class with the subnormal below and the supernormal above represents the two kinds of survival already outlined. *Between the* normal and the subnormal the

contest is of two kinds of heredity. Between the normal and supernormal the struggle is between two types of culture. Natural traits determine survival in one case; acquired traits dominate in the other. In the one struggle there is a loss of animal responses; in the other there is a resistance to the modification of acquired judgments. The normal middle class thus promote physical degeneration and oppose changes which increase adjustment. They crush those whose natural instincts are strong; they crucify the innovator who offers new forms of action.

The obstacles to progress and to degeneration are thus more severe than is usually assumed. The surviving middle class alter their acquired traits but slowly. On the other hand physical degeneration is equally difficult. Each new age starts with the same physical heredity as its forebears and will be normal to their situation except as it is degraded by some new form of dissipation. The germ cells of the delinquent are not affected by his errors. Social degeneration merely affects persons or classes. While always present, it is a class eliminator, not a race degenerator. The middle class, ruled by its codes, rigid in its traditions, goes its beaten path uninfluenced by the degeneration of its social superiors. Despite the moans of moralists and the predictions of scientists there is little evidence of any modification in normal life except those slow alterations to which our heredity is subject.

What we do gets its value not in terms of well being but in the way our children act. The wise and the simple get jumbled together, neither being better nor worse except as measured in the children who take their place. Here is a woman who refuses to bear children; there is a family who cramp their offspring by false standards; yonder is a man who refused to marry; on the next street

is one who denies no selfish wish. All these people go to their graves without influence on the morrow of the race.

Heredity is a heterogeneous mass of conflicting tendencies, some of which are recessive. A change in the viron does not create new characters; it merely alters the dominance of those already in existence. Vironal pressure can eliminate no type, but it can reduce numbers until the type has little influence on the community. Any type, however small, could rapidly repopulate the world if not distanced in the struggle of existence. A new viron can, therefore, readily find types which harmonize with its demands and bring them to the front.

There is clear evidence as to the characteristics of this type. The distinction hinges on the difference between sensory and motor traits. Some people are capable of making acute sensory contrasts. Such men, dominant in primitive times, are favored in survival so long as the viron is local. Color, sound, taste and smell are important when the seen conditions welfare. A man with dull senses and slow perception could hardly have survived in the primitive world. Elimination in its many sensory forms would exterminate him. But when the conditions of survival are beyond the hills, in China or South America instead of being in the neighborhood, the traditions of the race must be revised. Movement is more important than sense. Only he who thinks not of traditional dangers and whose values are neither ancestral nor personal is on the road to adjustment.

When a district is settled the rush brings dissimilar elements with diverse tastes and mental traits. At this time the region is full of "characters," odd sticks, cranks, failures and people *who have* been up against everything

everywhere. When land rises to fifty dollars an acre a weeding process begins. The weaklings move to cheap land. Men working in the same way, living the same sort of lives, acquire a similar mode of thought. Each succeeding rise in the price of land, sharpening this process, drives out all above and below the standard set by prevailing conditions. Pressure thus creates three classes: the unsuccessful, the successful, and the supersuccessful. Both the first and the third class move cityward. Every village has its youth who have made a mark. It is only the successful that demand consideration, for they alone determine home conditions.

Before the introduction of harvesters the farm work fell within four months. The rest was really spare time in which the population could enjoy themselves. Machinery cut down the need of surplus population in the summer months, and extended the period of work to six, eight and finally to twelve months. The new agriculture has increased the product fourfold, while the workers needed for each specific task are reduced to a quarter of their former number.

Most people cannot stand twelve hours of work for the whole year even if they could work sixteen hours a day for four months. Women are especial sufferers. It is one thing to live with a man who takes a couple days off a week, and is free all winter for sleigh rides, spelling bees, and rural sports; and quite another to cook, make beds, and wash clothes all the year around for tired men whose thought is as rigid and mechanical as is their daily occupation.

The corresponding town character is the hustler. He is thick-built, square-jawed, with a quick electric step. His forehead is sloping and its crown flat. He shakes hands with a grasp which *makes* one scream. He can eat anything, endure

anything, and has a contempt for those who can't stand a sixteen-hour day grind all the year. It would really be a virtue if he lied when he said he had not had a vacation for twenty years; he would sympathize with those who need it. As it is, he converts his subordinates to draft cattle, who drag themselves wearily home and are thankful for Sunday to rest. The hustler thus destroys the joy of the town. The movies can thrive, baseball stir local interest, but to the sensory minded the place becomes a dreary waste from which the only escape is absence. The mind of this hustler is essentially commonplace. Everything new irritates him. Strictly orthodox, he votes the straight ticket and denounces the reformers who interfere with business. He belongs to a half-dozen lodges, likes their feeds and any rough amusement that has some "go" in it. His opinions are dogmatic and his logic incontrovertible. There is only one thing that can change him—a full-page advertisement. This indicates to him a going concern, and whatever goes he goes with.

With these conditions in the background the life of the town can be readily pictured. There is an upward movement that cuts out all below the static level and works a repression on all above. The standardized succeed; the unstandardized leave town or drop into unmarked graves. From year to year no change is perceptible, but each generation—first, second or third, moving on a bit beyond its predecessor—becomes more rigid in its standards.

In the prosperous sections of the land a rigid sameness prevails—not a low standard nor a high standard, but a medium standard which represses both the high and the low. People are neither better nor worse than their neighbors. What one does the others do. What one thinks the others think. *They eat the* same pie, drink the same

coffee, and enjoy the same ice cream. They wear clothes cut from the same bolt and ride in the same sort of automobile. The girls look like twins, wearing the same hats, puffing their hair in the same way, having the same high school gait, and chewing the same brand of gum, at least until the Ladies' Journal told them not to.

All our social life is being reorganized to meet these conditions. Communities are no longer Democrats and Republicans, Protestant and Catholic, or even moral and immoral. They are merely conformists or non-conformists. Morality, art, taste or culture creates no bar against ostracism if deviation is made from the straight path of conformity. Do as your neighbors do creates safety; no virtue will ward off the angry onslaught which nonconformity provokes.

In a frontier town the first external repression comes from the normal school. Girls going thence return rigidly typed by the grind to which they submit. They are fierce on spelling, pronunciation and all the foibles which a year's schooling can impress. Assuming an air of superiority, they start a conflict with local traditions which ends only when the schools establish a rigid censorship over manners and speech. Then comes the influence of the returning college students drilled in classic thought. A far-off, dead world is imposed on the partly living present. The old Methodist minister, who saved the West by his heroic activity, was a six-footer who on arriving carried his furniture on his back from depot to house. He had seen life, knew the world, even if his accents were wrong. His successor is a conventionalized easy-body whose ideas were obtained from standard courses in dimly lighted halls. He knows just what everybody knows, *which* means he knows nothing but what can be *found in* an encyclopedia. His old-fashioned pre-

decessor had been converted. He knew what it was to sin, by sad experience. The successor is merely drilled, labeled and beaten into shape by forces against which he had not sufficient energy to rebel. He is therefore a censor not a leader, and distances even the school teacher in his opposition to any break in the local code. What happens here happens also to the lawyer and the doctor. They have imported codes and prejudices to enforce. One lawyer's opinions are exactly like the others' and together they impose a mode of thought on the community which bars intellectual growth.

Such men are slow of thought, stubborn in decision; hard to convince by logical processes; mechanical in action yet at the same time vividly imaginative, strongly emotional. They are effective in industry while stubbornly reactionary in their social relations. The term "stand-patter" is an apt description of their attitude. The old church, the same pew, the rigid dogma, the inherited political party with its antiquated platforms, the patriarchal form of family and a patronizing attitude in all their dealings with subordinates—these and many other similar traits show themselves only too plainly. The crudely effective displaces the artistic, the old morality represses native impulses; the industrially antiquated is not replaced by co-operative methods nor are women transformed from physical playthings into business partners and social comrades. Rational methods are ignored, statistics are smiled at, freedom is repressed and originality crushed—not from any inherent opposition but because they interfere with habit, custom and comfortable tradition.

These facts are not stated to emphasize them but to prepare a way for the study of the forces *which oppose.* Over against the suppressions

from without must be put the emotional outbursts from within. Men dream instead of think, they make their own mental world instead of passively accepting what the senses offer. Just as man conquers nature, just as square fields and straight rows of corn reflect his superiority, just as harvests become plentiful and the granaries are full, just as the *material* seems to have all in its grasp, just then our inner impulse breaks its bounds, sends a thrill through every nerve, colors every blood cell and changes the current of thought from the seen and felt to the vast, dimly lighted regions where fancy knows no law. The goal is self-expression, self-determination and self-mastery, not unattainable piety nor the glitter of another world; but a transformed world makes the vivid appeal. Such men are no longer Hebrew or Puritan; through their aspiration they create the urges on which the Americanization of America depends.

Many forms of vague, insistent idealism are making their force felt. The recent war has shown how docile is the American public but it is also showing that a new type of idealism is coming into vogue. Which of the two tendencies will dominate in the immediate future it is too early to say; but that habit, tradition and convention have met a new antagonist is not open to doubt. The real force of the social lies not in trade unions, industrial co-operation and distributive processes, but in a vague feeling of comradeship which binds not like with like, but which brings the *dissimilar* into organic unity. The motor is blind to the differences which keep races, classes and sexes apart. We lost our sense of color and discrimination with the decay of sense vividness but with them go our hates, our antagonisms and also our logical stubbornness. It is these that keep us unsocial, and not anything in heredity. Motor men *are* passive agents. They will do nothing

to break the crust which binds us to the past. Psychic and vironal changes are working in the right direction. We thwart them by our ignorance and thus keep active the very forces our good intentions would repress.

3

Sense Dullness

The differences of the sensory and motor types are measured in three ways, their bodies, their faces and their mental power. Men of the motor type are of medium height, have broad shoulders, sound hearts, are deep-voiced, with a slow-time reaction and a low blood pressure. Their faces are round, their chins square and their foreheads sloping. Put a dozen in a row, compare them with those of the sensory type, and their superiority is evident. "What magnificent animals," the observer is likely to say. But this praise needs a qualification when their mental power is compared with the opposing type. They have little sense discrimination; their individual judgment is poor. They are impulsive, fickle and imitative. These traits give to the sensory minded their claim of superiority and create the basis of the charge that the dominance of the motor type is a mark of degeneration. There is little danger of the motor-minded disappearing. Their physical superiority is evident. Their falls into dissipation are frequent but of a character that has little effect on subsequent generations. Of seven children in a family, it is not the four who die, but the three that leave offspring who count. Dissipation is not a source of race decline; the effect is race progress through the elimination of the *unfit. The charge* of degeneration is more fitting

when not the physical traits but the type of civilization is under consideration. Much of what we cherish as high is sensory, and depends not on physical powers which are heritable but on acquired complexes which fade or glow with sense acuteness.

The evidence on this point is indirect yet positive enough to have weight. Physical growth is mainly muscular with which is correllated the growth of bone. The motor type has therefore prominent bones; as bones are post-natal in development, every irregularity in growth is reflected in some irregularity of bone development. If the growth of bone is retarded the face and body are covered with soft and well-proportioned flesh. In this case we talk of Greek forms and Madonna faces. Were the loss of beauty the only effect motor growth might be condoned, but its irregularities distort the features. The eyes are seldom on a level; one socket is larger than the other; one side of the face grows faster than the other; the hands have different powers. Motor growth is asymmetrical. Every organ is somewhat distorted and often displaced.

These tendencies create force but they interfere with exactness. The muscles of the eye are attached to neighboring bones. If these are not regular, eye-strains result, creating astigmatism and other evils of eye adjustment. The growth of bone, broadening the face, pulls the eyes apart. This increases the powers of vision to apprehend distant scenes but reduces the vividness of close vision. Big differences are thus readily observed, but the finer differences of color and form are rendered indistinct.

Lincoln is an excellent example of face distortion due to the irregularity of muscle and bone. No two of his organs which should be symmetrical *had the* same growth. His body as well as his face

showed marked irregularities, each of which must have had effects on his physical behavior. No one would think of him as a Greek model; still less could any one call him a degenerate. He had decision and this sufficed to give him a place in history. In a recent prize-fight, all the features of the one were in right proportion. Every one admired and shouted for his success. His opponent was described as a plug-ugly, which perhaps sets off the difference as well as any term. Yet the Greek fell under his blows. Crudely formed bones and unbalanced parts indicate a vigor Greek athletes do not have.

The sense of smell is almost eradicated; taste also is badly deteriorated. The fine discrimination of the epicure is lacking in the common herd. They call for ham and eggs not from a lack of income but because the finer grades of food taste about the same. Drinks are enjoyed not from their flavor but because they are hot or cold. The typical woman has no taste except for sweets, while the man has his sensitiveness degraded by the use of tobacco. Jaws are made inactive by the use of soft foods, which in turn reduces the flow of fluids on which taste discrimination depends. A club formerly offering a dozen breakfasts now finds its members satisfied with oatmeal, bacon and coffee. The dinners are similarly restricted to a shiftless monotony.

It is interesting to measure your companions by the way they handle the menu card. "Ham and eggs," says one without looking. He is healthy; no dark rings his eyes nor do nerves twitch his hand. Ham and eggs are always reliable while the chef's concoctions are open to suspicion. A neighbor looks up and down the menu, asks a dozen questions, wonders what is the odor of each dish and finally takes one with a French name, *hoping blindly that* the unknown will create less

misery than did yesterday's meal. Count the minutes he waits and the number of his stomach troubles stands revealed. For each new dish tried, a new complaint voices its discontent. Such are the differences in type measured in terms of stomach. It is a problem of supremacy in which the nerves and the muscles stand opposed. The sensory type is alert to external facts, drawing both joys and fears from world contacts. Today nature smiles: joy reigns; tomorrow is dull: depression follows.

The eye yields similar evidence. Glaring light pleases more than variety and shades of color. The flashlights on the streets show they are needed to attract the dull-sensed. The stage is illuminated by a brilliancy that obscures all delicate forms. In the movies the light is so intense that the eyes of the heroine are her only visible feature. It is impossible to represent other traits under such a flood of light. From candle to lamp, from lamp to electricity, is a road not of progress but of sense degradation.

Most people are partly deaf by thirty. The voice goes up and down in a mechanical way with no musical trills. The throat muscles stiffen, which makes the voice hoarse or produces squeaky effects. Words are pronounced indistinctly; the rhythms of speech largely lost. People do not use half the sounds and variations good speech demands. When they read they see about half of each word or sentence with no muscular reaction —which is the basis of literary taste. The world is becoming ham, eggs and sugar, neither very good nor bad, yet creating enough energy to meet the exigencies of an eight-hour day. To bed or to a ball game for the rest, with an occasional movie or sandwich picnic thrown in for variety.

This may be an exaggeration, yet a potent *reality*. All these sense defects are not to be

found in every individual, yet few are free from some of them. American teeth have been examined; not one in a million is sound. The army tests its recruits only to find that three in four fall below the good level of manhood. Were all our senses tested with similar care the same lamentable degeneration would manifest itself. Our growth is social, intellectual, moral—but not in the domain of sense.

Sense discrimination is more muscular than nervous: the voice depends on throat muscles, the ear has its muscular mechanism which is liable to many disorders; the taste depends on jaw movements which are reduced by the muscular degeneration of the lower face. The change in food, so important in other regards, may be the main cause, through the degeneration of muscles which defective food promotes. Children dieted on porridge, milk and sugar look finely in their early years but soon show a lack of muscular power. They become senile and fail to go through the final stages of human evolution. Of porridge suckers and milk-fed papooses there are plenty. Doctors gloat over the number of infants they carry through the first three years but the same tested at twenty have not yet reached their tenth mental year. There is something wrong in food, muscles and nerves; which are the worst sinners experts must in the end decide, but we can measure their joint effect on human types and on civilization even if the initial steps are not clear. The dull sensory types are gaining a dominance which threatens cherished institutions.

To hear the gong of an auto is more important than the notes of a bird or the cry of an enemy. We guard ourselves against bad food not by taste but by chemical inspection. Differences in color, sound and taste thus lose their importance. Words go the same *road;* adjectives are of little use, as

delicate shades of meaning have lost their significance. Nouns and verbs become the only parts of speech and with the change goes the need of their declension. Only what we can strike or do has importance.

The sensory man, in contrast to this, loves the world as it is with all its variety of color and sound, its mountains and lakes, its rocks and rills. Such ideals need no muscles; there is little for them to do. Gaze and contemplate. Sleep in the shade; observe the moon and sunset. For him there is a good historical background. The primitive races were not producers. Their reactions counted but for little. The external was vastly more important as each leaf, color or sound might mean death if wrongly interpreted. The enemy and subtle danger were always at hand. Only a delicate perception and quick action could insure safety. No wonder the nerves became sensitive and thought reflected their condition. Perhaps the best picture of these sense-evoking conditions is to be derived from the trench-fighting of the last war. Every instant demanded alertness. Shocks were everywhere; noise never ceased. The weak of nerves become subject to shell-shock. War is nerve, nothing but nerve. So was the primitive world. Shock, shock, nothing but shock. How could the dull of perception survive? All this is altered except in the stress of war or in the life of the slums. There are no tigers or snakes, no hostile tribes, no hidden foes. Millions live day by day, year by year and never face a danger which the sense sluggard could not avoid. The stress of modern life is on the muscle. We succeed by doing not by seeing. The duller our senses, the stronger our will, the more we dominate. The sense-active man, forced from the road, eats others' crumbs and lives in a garret.

Do you like a flower, a sunset or a man-made

product? Would you go to an art gallery, or to see a battleship enter the harbor? Would you attend a symphony concert or seek an automobile show? Do you like motion or color? A movie or an art gallery? The answer to all these is plain if the action of the multitude is observed. Color, sound and words have but slight survival value. The machine that does something has more emotional force than what is merely looked at or heard. An example of this is the automobile, with the joy of control its manipulation gives. It is ourselves extended. Nature's coloring is nothing when we go sixty miles an hour. The horse also gave this power of self-extension. Who does not forget the sensory when he mounts a prancing steed? What these succeed in doing any machine may do. Muscle and nerve have had their struggle: muscle won.

4

The American Blend

History is made not by what happens but by what people wish had happened. No sooner do events take place than myths appear transforming the real into the wished. From this myth-making tendency American thought is not free. Despite a general knowledge of facts fancy rules in every statement of them. It is assumed that our ancestors were Puritans who for religion, liberty and lofty ideals sought the wilderness and thus shaped the land in which we dwell. There was a band of Puritans. The Mayflower did actually come to our shores. A few-score of liberty seekers followed in its trail. But they are not numerically our ancestors. Families of this sort have died out or were exiled during the Revolutionary War. None can show that more than a

sixteenth part of himself was due to anybody who came to this country for religion or liberty. The mass of the emigrants were English clay of a very common sort: redemptioners, bankrupts, faded women, who preferred New England to old English almshouses and jails. They wanted food, rum and license. Being rapid breeders this plebeian element, becoming American, was able by revolution to dispossess their masters. Where are the descendants of Puritans? In Bermuda, Canada, Nova Scotia—not in Boston. The "best society" dined, danced and wined Britishers while Washington wintered at Valley Forge.

The control of America by Puritan thought is equally a myth. Since the Revolution New England has been on the losing side of public issues. New England protests never won popular support. Hamilton, Jefferson, Jackson and their followers controlled up to the Civil War. This subordination of New England is readily seen in the reactions of the successive members of the Adams family. Each generation found itself more out of harmony with the popular trend until its final representative, Henry Adams, almost committed suicide in despair. The New England attitude is a minority attitude, a resistant attitude. For good or bad—dominance is Western! As it goes, so goes the nation.

The West has been an open field. A dozen varieties of heredity and tradition have contended. The stronger have won. The result however has not been the dominance of any one heredity or tradition but a blend of many contending factions. No one can tell a Methodist from a Calvinist by anything he says or does. In general terms it may be said that the West is Scotch in thought, Irish in action, Methodist in emotion. Put a Westerner by himself, he argues like a Scotchman; bring a

hundred together, they become an Irish mob; when tested emotionally, they are Methodists.

What then is the essence of Scotch thought and Methodist emotion? All the groups which have come to America were dissenters representing a depressed minority in some foreign land. Scotland, however, was the only land where minority depression was long and intense enough to affect thought. Of English oppression we have heard more, but it never was severe nor long continued. The nation never became Puritan in thought or action. Our Puritans were mere half-breeds, making much of little; converts rather than beings to their conviction born. Not having the persistent force of Scotch Calvinists, they remained a helpless minority or slid over into popular view.

Western thought like Scotch thought is clannish. The world is rigidly divided into the good and the bad. We are the good; our opponents are the bad. God is on the side of the good; the devil take the bad.

There is, however, a difference in the application of this reasoning. It is a majority not a minority clan. A minority clan sets up articles to protect themselves against the majority. They talk of and believe in moral judgments, liberty, conscience, self-determination and other slogans of defense. These mean nothing to a majority bent on eradicating heresy and suppressing difference. The similarity and mechanical nature of occupations in the West have created this majority tone. Where everyone lives the same life and succeeds by similar means majority thought, becoming omnipotent, suppresses opposition. Temperance agitation is a typical majority pressure. Here is not a minority protecting themselves against aggression but a majority who set no bounds to their coercion.

Such thought, Scotch in form, is Irish in action.

It is feeling, not individual judgment. A solid majority never has a conscience nor does it respect personal rights. The weak cannot as in Scotland cross a mountain or hide behind a hill. Dissenters are outcasts, driven into cities, subjected to vile conditions and gradually eliminated. Dominance is thus transformed into a condition of survival creating a type which modifies heredity in its favor.

The evolution producing these results can be traced more readily in religion than in politics. At the time of the Revolution the mass of the American people formed an underworld over which Calvinist restraint had but slight control. They ate, sang, drank, rioted; land was cheap, liquor plenty. Local influences which checked vice in Europe were largely lost. Against this vicious flow Wesley, Whitefield and their disciples erected emotional barriers which lifted thousands of families from the rut of depravity.

The spirit of the West came from these converts, yet its logic was derived from the Scotch who likewise moved over the mountains in search of homes. Among them, however, there was a cleavage between the Scotch and the Scotch-Irish. The Scotch, clannish, aristocratic, had the narrow defensive logic which goes with dissent. Back of every opinion was an inferior complex, the bane of protestantism. The North Irelander is nominally a dissenter but his position is that of superiority. He rules, never obeys. Even English authority has failed to control him. He is thus not a protestant in the English sense. Though a minority, his code is one of dominance. He is thus the worst possible citizen at home; the best of citizens in other countries where he migrates. There he is a patriot; always standing for mass opinion. To him our national Constitution is due. He it was who saved the country from dis-

solution in the epoch when Jackson was hero. There is no consciousness of dissent in such an attitude nor does the logic of dissent weigh.

The West today is a blend of these elements. Its emotion is Methodist. Its logic, Scotch, but in action its Irish dominate. The farther West one goes the more complete is the blend in thought, action and heredity. The Methodists have become Calvinists in thought; the Calvinists are Methodists in emotion. All are Irish in action. They shout with camp-meeting vigor; they grip vice like a Scotch elder. Alone they will argue, but a dozen never meet without forming a mob.

Methodism is thoughtless emotion; Calvinism emotionless thought. While Methodists believe in falling from grace they also believe in a conversion which, purifying the heart, creates a state of perfection. They get by their purification into a condition which the Calvinist thinks he attains through heredity. Both are sons of God, one by birth, the other by adoption. So much of the Methodist as a convert. But in time the church becomes an orderly community with converts who are not bold sinners, but children under fifteen. Conversion to them is not a consciousness of sin, nor even a call to repentance, but merely the heart-thumping which music and eloquence arouse. Children thus get into the second stage of Methodism—perfection—without its first stage—the consciousness of sin. Converted Methodist children are no different in their attitude from those of Calvinist families. They merely attain perfection by another route.

I shall not try to decide what purity means to the convert cleansed of his impurity, but what it means to a child whose notions of purity are a sublimation of personal cleanliness. His starting point is a bath-tub, not the Cross. He idealizes *soap, not blood.* His mother washes his mouth

to purify his words, after which his teacher inoculates him with the thought of clean literature and clean records. At puberty he associates purity with sex continence; learns to hate girls, and thus attains a lofty perfection attitude which does not differ from what Calvinist restraint evokes. When this happens Methodism and Calvinism, differing only in words, can readily blend in one system.

Scotch Calvinism is a clan whose ruler is God but whose voice is the prophet. This view is plausible so long as natural processes seem to reward the good and punish the bad. But when the sun shines and the rain falls on the good and bad alike the warning of the prophet is discredited. Calvinism is now transformed from a clan to a world concept. Who is the saint in this enlarged world and who is the leader on whom world salvation depends? The reply is the hero. World-might is put in the place of God-might. The clan is now this world remnant battling with popular tendencies. European thought has been controlled by these vivid contrasts of world depravity and the chosen few, whether depicted as war heroes or as literary genii. Such is Calvinism in its modern form. A personal vision, a belief in self-divinity, a world in which a million are bad to the one capable of self-determination. It has a driving force which, deceiving the few as to their importance, creates a feeling of divinity among leaders—only to show through their failures what chumps they are.

In sharp contrast to this is another type of divine call, of which Lincoln is an example. Myth-makers reshaping him on a Greek model have created a contradiction between their myths and the oral tradition handed on by those who knew *him.* I never saw Lincoln, but my father was one *of the* seven Representatives who defeated him for

Senator in 1854. The attitude of such a man is explained only by visualizing the local situation. Lincoln was a Whig. Lincoln was an aristocrat! He was trying to undermine the national Constitution. The reader will say that this was not so. The histories tell a different tale but I am repeating what Democrats thought of Whigs and what the well-meaning though misguided residents of Northern Illinois thought of Lincoln. Northern Illinois was Democratic, filled as it was by recent immigrants from Eastern states who carried their local hatreds with them. In my home county there were only two Whig votes in 1852. Then came the free soil campaign of 1854. The only pledge my father gave was that he would not be bewitched by politicians into voting for a Whig as Senator. Imagine then his chagrin to find that he was not only expected to vote for a Whig but for the worst specimen of humanity he had ever seen. Lincoln was the most clumsily constructed man who ever walked the Illinois prairies. His face was developed on one side. His eyes had different levels. His long central face was coupled with a wide mouth and a monkey chin. So awkward was he that girls would not be seen on the streets with him. Nothing is so galling to a man as to know that women will not greet him except for money or position.

Against these barriers Lincoln strove, with many defeats. He had long periods of depression, at times meditating suicide. Then came the campaign of 1858 with its famous debate. He had as an opponent the most admired man of the state. The debaters had to go into regions where every one was a Democrat and all were prejudiced. Surely this would make the reception of Douglas enthusiastic and his victory easy. People were asked to fall in line behind their party leader. *They preferred a strange man with a new call.*

So much for the facts. What was the effect on Lincoln? Forgetting his physical defects and the bitter humiliation of antecedent years, he acted like a transformed man. From a scoffer he changed into a believer. Why? He tasted a new kind of inspiration in his ability to pass over his emotion to people opposed in tradition and prejudice. He was moved by a mass inspiration instead of the personal inspiration Calvinism evokes. From that time he never asked what his fellow Whigs thought but turned to Democrats for a measure of the effects of his plans. He went as fast as they did and in their direction. This is called "keeping one's ear to the ground," but which is inspiration if the listener awaits the tread of the mass and yearns its approval.

This illustration taken from a familiar episode shows the change which came over the West in the blending of Calvinistic thought and Methodist emotion. The Calvinist had emotion but it was of the closet variety. God came to him in solitude, in a dream, in prayer. He became a prophet, the voice of God, a thorn to the wrong-doer. Where two or three are gathered there are Calvinists, but in an assembly the moving spirit is Methodist. Vague, shapeless, intangible, but despite its shortcomings a higher impulse than the scold of a prophet emerging from his trance. Prophets bring codes; mass inspiration creates will.

5

The Scotch Contribution

The mental differences between the various groups inhabiting the British Isles have received *much* attention and often created bitter controversy. The Scotch, the Irish and the English

seem like different races and on this basis most of the explanations rest. Buckle has given so good a description of Scotch-English thought peculiarities that it need not be repeated. The causes, however, need emphasis because of the tendency to refer them to inheritable race differences. It is assumed that each section has a distinct race antecedent, when in fact the composition of the population is but slightly different. The contrasted thought traits are of too recent an origin to be ascribed to race. Heredity is too slow an agent to bring radical changes in a few centuries. Sudden alterations are due either to emotion or situation. There is no need to go further to account for all the peculiarities seen in Britain.

To explain the source of thought alterations, and to bring out the small part heredity has played in them, a couple of new words are needed, which I shall venture to coin. All descriptive terms have a race connotation and thus emphasize inheritance. To use them is to give opponents an unearned advantage, as words turn thought into accustomed grooves. The difference to be made emphatic is that between dwelling in a rough mountainous district and in pleasant valleys. I shall call the dwellers of these rough upland districts *hillics* to contrast them with *vallics*, who live in the sunny vales below; and then endeavor to show the importance of this contrast in explaining so-called race differences.

The valleys are the center of tribal conflicts. They are the desirable locations and hence the reward of the victor. The defeated are driven into undesirable districts and hold their own among the mountains and hills. We thus start with the difference between the victor and the victim, and on this basis seek to account for thought differences. The conquered hating the conqueror acquire *inferior complexes* which narrow their

views. There is also a loss of the weak and shiftless who are attracted to the valleys by the lure of pleasure and luxury. To guard against this a rigid morality develops among the hillics which teaches sacrifice and purity as means of offsetting the luxury and indulgence seen in the town. These tendencies favor an austere religious tone which leads to Calvinism. Start the economic difference described, couple it with race hatred and a narrow range of economic choices, and the seeds of all sorts of dogmatism find a fertile soil.

The beliefs of Scotland are not new. They are brewed wherever similar conditions prevail. The conquered have always fled to the hills, and hated the valley dwellers who have driven them out. They have moralized about town luxury which they were unable to have. Scotland in this respect is merely a belated specimen of long-standing tendency, of which an early example was the Hebrew race. The Jews were of the hills; they could never hold their own against the lowland races. Every great conflict saw them on the defeated side. Thought peculiarities were a natural consequence, as was their revival in Scotland under similar conditions.

In the valleys where conquerors dwell opposing tendencies prevail. The better food conditions promote luxury and trade; new wants arise and demand gratification. Wealth is concentrated, on the basis of which an aristocracy arises. A social division is thus formed with a lower class made up of drifters, captives and slaves. A vallic group thus tends to form classes and to become hybrid in its race composition. Conquerors soon become aristocratic, luxurious, and rotten. Work falls to the under class, in whom degenerate tendencies dominate. Rome and Greece are as good examples of vallic urges and their consequences as Palestine and Scotland are of the forces to which hillic tribes

succumb. The thought isolation of Scotland and England is thus not new, but merely a continuation of old tendencies under modern guises. It is not difficult to trace the origin of either mode of thought. They have arisen and thrived in a multitude of ways since history began.

The real problem is to determine whether they are emotional and hence subject to rapid change, or are the result of the permanent alterations which heredity achieves. The similarity of the economic conditions under which they arise points to a vironal explanation. Heredity cannot act quickly. If it were the cause, the different places where these two types of society appear should have some connection in physical heredity. Instead of this, the many experiments in aristocratic societies are isolated in blood. Only the acquired elements of civilization are carried over from one race to another. If to these facts we added the emotional effect of inferior complexes, the growth of hillic concepts is readily explained. The various vallic societies are likewise explained by the thwarted emotions which the creation of classes evokes. Couple economics with emotion, and an explanation of history results which does not depend on the alteration of heritable traits.

My interest as a student of history was excited by the suddenness with which these thought changes occurred both in England and Scotland. In Shakespeare's time English thought ran in different lines from its Eighteenth Century development. The upper class has grafted on its original stock ideas which only Greece, Rome and Italy can explain. This is apparently due not to a change in race but one in economic prosperity. In Scotland likewise Calvinism is a late graft. Early Scotland was tribal, with fierce contests not far above the level of Indian wars. Knox and *his group were im*porters of thought; only by be-

coming Calvinistic was the unity of Scotland secured. Scotch economic life due to the lack of resources was meagre and rigid and thus served as a contrast to English luxury. Scottish exhorters talked of Babylon and Rome but their real hatred was of English domination and English extravagance. The many Eighteenth Century rebellions show its force. Only after Scotch stomachs were well filled did they acquiesce to English rule.

What seems heredity is merely pent-up emotion for which the present viron affords no outlet. Block human nature at given points and inferior complexes result which seem heritable, but which after all readily disappear when new emotional outlets permit life to run in normal channels. Breeds are made only by rigid elimination, in which the halter and the stake have played notable parts.

Tradition represents an easy-going acceptance of majority opinion. Minority resistance is against this mass opinion. Seeking a basis to oppose the majority, individual preference is set up as a guide to action. This leads to an emphasis of principle and the putting of deduced conclusions in the place of traditional fact. Deductive reasoning always assumes a single form. The good is either A or B. B is bad; therefore A is good. What is the B which is bad? In every case it is the popular view as represented by majority action. Experience, however, depends on the possibility of testing alternate action. A is tried and then B. The better, measured in units, is chosen. But primitive society does not offer opportunity to test alternate action. A real choice is seldom possible. Hence the clash of the rational minority and the traditional majority.

This contrast is accentuated by clan emotion. *All* within the clan is good; all outside is bad.

Clan morality and the outside world morality clash. Clan reasoning is thus a defense against world tendencies. Clan tendencies are upheld not by pragmatic proof, but by showing the badness of the outside world in which opposing customs prevail. Scotland is not the place where these tendencies originated. Minorities everywhere have resorted to similar defenses, but in Scotland these tendencies have been sharpened. It has thus earned the place in the modern world held by the Jews in the ancient. From it has spread the rational thought which Calvinism reflects in religion. No other race ever withstood a two-century persecution nor held out against such unremitting opposition. There is scarcely a Scotchman but has a dozen martyrs among his ancestors. It is almost a joke to compare this ordeal to that of the Puritans, a group of half-breeds who never had a martyr nor even a severe persecution.

Calvinism is a clannish reaction against world influences. So long as these were the only alternatives Scotch dissent became more rational and deductive. The third and the ultimately victorious attitude was industrial pragmatism as represented by the English. With its success Scotland, losing its identity, became an English province.

The part Scotch ancestors played in this movement was to resist commercial pragmatic tendencies, to accentuate deductive reasoning, and to maintain clan isolation. Judged by modern standards they were on the losing side of every issue, and thus brought on themselves the majority persecution from which all minorities suffer. Not much can be said of their opinions, but much can be said of the spirit in which they held their opinions and endured their self-imposed misfortunes. *In character* they were progressive to the

degree that they were retrogressive in opinion.

Character building is a process of elimination. Majorities degenerate because through their success the standard of elimination is lowered. The weak thus tend to survive and to dominate. A persecuted minority, losing their weak members, gain in character. It was thus with the Scotch. Their vigorous opposition to progress is the key to their manliness. Good heredity and bad opinions have the same causes. The only escape from this dilemma is immigration. The impossible citizen at home becomes the best citizen if transplanted to some new region.

This salvation came to the Scotch, more by luck than design. Of all bad movements in which our stubborn ancestors indulged the cause of Prince Charley was the worst. This led to the battle of Colloden where the Scotch obtained much renown, but also an utter defeat. The glory was for the Highlander but the spoils went to the English. Our forbears thus lost their estates and suffered a persecution which only the English know how to inflict, but finally were permitted to migrate as the best means of ridding Scotland of them. Peace came to Scotland and America gained a superior but pig-headed group which has both made and resisted uplifting influences in America.

Scotch humor is under-dog sympathy. The weak in some way outwits the strong. The onlookers are aroused by the conflict and the surprise of the under-dog victory sending the pent-up energy along unusual routes creates those muscular reactions called a laugh. The situation is one which only those who expect defeat can enjoy. Most American humor is of this sort, expressing a joy at the shrewdness of the weak and lowly. It points a moral for their betterment. *English* humor is the reverse of this. When in a *severe* conflict the weak opponent suddenly col-

lapses, the energy directed against him is blocked and turned into unexpected channels. The victor laughs, lauds himself, despises the vanquished foe.

A dog is chasing a fox. Most people will sympathize with the dog, deeming the fox a destructive rascal. A child will, however, sympathize with the fox and hope for its escape. When the crisis comes one group will laugh if the dog succeeds; the other if he fails. There is a blocking of energy in both cases; its transference to new, unexpected channels creates a laugh because the surprise is the same although its cause is different.

The same tendencies lie back of popular logic. The American has an under-dog attitude. Something is always wrong. Somebody is depriving him of his rights. He is after a rascal or deep in sorrow because of some impending doom. One seldom hears of an American's attempting anything constructive. His interest is in the avoidance of evil, not in attainment of the good. The groups which settled America were persecuted in the lands from which they came. They readily fell into the Scotch way of reasoning, spending their energy building defenses instead of working for future ends. World-depravity is thus a popular theme, so popular that even the Methodists have succumbed. The Scotch have become Methodist in emotion, the Methodist, Scotch in thought. This is the American blend in contrast to which is the typical New Englander who applauds conscience, character, local institutions and the parts of the national Constitution which uphold individual rights. The fewer those who side with him the firmer his belief, while being alone makes his cause worthy of martyrdom. A Scotchman will start with as firm personal opinions as the conscientious objector but if his neighbors hold firmly to their adverse opinion he will fall in line before

election. He may fight the world, but never his clan. What it wants he in the end accepts. His reasoning has so many conditioning clauses that some of them give way if too severely pressed. A mass judgment results against which opposition is futile.

Minorities of all sorts are losing in numbers and standing. Each new epoch puts the triumphant majority in a stronger position. Few can resist a pressure which seems to be nature itself.

6

Pioneer Values

Calvinism held that everything is predestined because a part of God's plan, devised before the foundation of the earth. It is thus the symbol of divine control. Against such rigid views there is an emotional antagonism which Methodism keenly voices. A compromise between human freedom and divine guidance has been effected by an isolation of heavenly and earthly affairs. God rules in heaven but no longer on earth. The existence of God and God's control are distinct problems. All recent theology is devoted to the proof of God's existence. He is assumed to rule heaven but the planets run themselves. Methodist and Calvinist alike accept heaven as a fact and believe that St. Peter has its keys, but no one any longer prays for rain or expects God to harvest his crops. Heaven is controlled by God yet nature runs the earth. This ruins the predestination scheme by which the good are saved no matter how bad, and the bad damned despite their virtues. The successful succeed, not those whose names *are* written in the Lamb's Book of Life.

The events by which this theological compro-

mise was forced came from the exigencies of pioneer life. The old world was a world of miracle and prayer. Man supplicated. God gave protection through direct intervention in human affairs. Jewish history, from which these views are derived, illustrates the frailty of man and the presence of miraculous salvation. The Jews were helpless against their powerful neighbors. They had long seasons of drought, making rain seem the gift of God instead of the work of nature; they were subject to contagious diseases which came intermittently and over which they had no control. Prayer always succeeded; human effort always failed. God could be readily enthroned in such a region and made the determiner of events. He punished the bad; he rewarded the good. He revealed the codes by which salvation was obtained.

Primitive Europe was a half-way land, not quite like Judea yet not different enough to create a revolt against the then established theology. There was plenty of rain but disease was as rampant as of old. The arbitrary action of rulers made the subject as helpless as if his home had been on the fringe of an Asiatic desert.

In the pioneer life of America these views were put to test for the first time, thus creating a theologic crisis. America had plenty of rain; a freedom from disease; no despotic ruler; no tax gatherer; plenty of land to be had for the asking; a rich soil giving an abundant return. This made success depend on effort, with which went a deification of *success*. God still had the keys to heaven but was no longer consulted in mundane affairs.

The essence of this alteration in pioneer values is easily presented even if its details are still subject to dispute. The first element in social life is security. Jehovah gave security; hence Jehovah is God. "Not so," says the pioneer, "property *gives security and* hence property is God." This

attitude is reflected everywhere; the farther West one goes the stronger it is. When the courts make property supreme they merely reflect the attitude of dominant opinion. No one in America feels secure, nor is he, without property. Its emphasis is thus a natural attitude due to pioneer values.

A second problem is the source of support. In a primitive society support is not a product but the result of a miracle. People pray; food comes; they pray again and their various wishes are gratified from some unforeseen, unexpected source. Human effort is at a discount. Humility, patience, sacrifice, fasting, prayer, thus become the lauded traits. The Bible teaches again and again the futility of trying to help oneself. The worst sinners are the bold innovators who blaze their own track.

In the place of these doctrines has arisen on the frontier a labor philosophy which encourages effort, lauds initiative and thus views every product as the legitimate reward of labor. Nothing comes from God. Morality has no claim. Neither nature nor society are recognized as legitimate sharers in product. If a worker settles on a tract of land, plows and hoes it, what he does creates the crop. The land he has made. All is his.

Labor is thus the second element in the Godhead. The third is money. In saying this I do not mean wealth, but the possession of ready cash. This gives to the frontier man his sense of liberty. Put a handful of change in one pocket, a roll of bills in the other, and a Westerner thinks he owns the world because he feels everything comes with money. To be free from debt and to have money in the bank means liberty and goods control. The cogency of paper money fallacies comes from this feeling. Whosoever has money is free; whosoever makes money has others at command. Give

a man money and he whistles; without it he falls the slave of Wall Street or of some similar octopus. His forefather would not have thought thus; he would have said that liberty depended on Constitutional restraint. He wanted to keep free from external oppression and deemed the national Constitution as a necessary safeguard. All this has passed. No American thinks of law or Constitution except as an obstacle to get around. All the early Constitutional amendments were enacted to protect the individual. The new ones, like the income tax and prohibition, are designed to give mass judgment a greater control over minorities. Majorities not only have no respect for minorities but they go out of their way to throw stones. This is One Hundred Per Cent. Americanism, a feeling that money in the pocket, not Constitutional restraint, is the basis of liberty. It gives to *might* a control of the mightless, and to *force* a supremacy over law.

This frontier philosophy alters social values. Privilege, race and saintliness lose their ascendency; sacrifice and poverty are no longer ideals; beauty is measured in terms of corn rows. In their place comes a worship of energy; dash overrules caution, strategy rates higher than open conduct; above all is a love of adventure which lures to bold undertakings. On the surface the old is restrained but beneath is a reverse current which undermines what the past has wrought. On weekdays men are in the new world, on Sundays they go back thousands of years and sleep in the graveyards of their ancestors.

For this change no fitting word has been coined. Men fail to see the absurdity of their position because the words they use are symbols capable of multiple interpretation. The essence, however, is easily stated. It is the difference between the *under dog, and top* dog sympathy. Morality has

developed as a defense of the weak against the strong. The lower class surviving, their morality has become that of the race. Men therefore feel that the weak are better than the strong and that yielding is better than domination. "The meek shall inherit the earth." Yes, so long as the strong kill themselves off by war and dissipation. But when these evils cease the pinch is on the meek. Against the warrior and the aristocrat the meek may survive, but he who works, figures and exploits forces to the wall those who live on God's providence. The top dog survives and to him public sympathy turns. Blessed are they who succeed.

What cannot be described in words can be pictured by another anecdote of my father, whose philosophy was "frontier," of the purest sort. He settled in the middle of an Illinois swamp which he had plowed, drained and tilled until it was a garden. Every acre meant to him toil and sacrifice. He knew just when and how it had been turned from waste to productive soil. So in his later years he had a block of land a mile and a half long as good as any in the state. It was a show place, the pride of the town. All went well until the village was transformed into a town by the building of a factory. With this came a Socialist who, seeing the farm with its fine cattle, horses, barns and crops, stood on the street corner and expressed the wish that Patten would have boils until he returned his land to the town. This broke my father all up. It is fair to say that judged by frontier standards he was a good citizen, generous, public-spirited and a model of industry. That his well-meaning conduct, that provision for children and old age was disreputable, was a view he could not understand. He was not prepared to be cast out among the publicans and sinners; nor were his neighbors.

It is not my purpose to justify either position. I merely wish to put the contrast sharply. My father had views which came legitimately out of his situation. He thought in terms of labor, regarded property as the basis of security and felt free when land was without mortgage and he had money in pocket. He got these views from the hard knocks of frontier life while his opponent obtained his from books or from midnight conferences behind closed doors. It was thus an old philosophy against a new—Europe against America. A reaction to re-establish what was, instead of a desire to push into the future.

If, however, my father had stopped a moment to think impartially he would have discovered a strange likeness between what the Socialist said and what was preached to him all his life on Sunday. What Christ said and what the Socialist declared had more in common than he would admit; he plainly was the innovator, not the Socialist.

It is Methodist to worship Christ: to Him emotion goes out, yet most churches leave him disconsolate on the doorstep. Either they are wrong and frontier philosophy a misdirected adventure, or Christ's doctrines need the pruning He gave the words of the prophets. As an example of sacrifice his figure is heroic as ever but new epochs need new morals as much as they do new politics and economics. The law of Moses reflected primitive needs; the sayings of Christ are applicable to the period of Roman dominance but today we need a third Testament, which will meet our needs as aptly as each of the earlier moralities fitted the situations out of which they arose. Nothing but the extension of frontier philosophy to these fields can create a morality in which deed and thought harmonize. "Back to Christ" is a bad *slogan. Only* new adventures can solve our *perplexities.*

7

The Passing of Dissent

Thought is the outcome of a struggle between inherited vigor and acquired tradition. It is the means by which the culture and ideas of the defeated are fastened on their vigorous, brutal successors. Thought is thus the defense of an unsuccessful minority against a triumphant majority. Minorities think; majorities act. Thought therefore becomes the accumulated protest of minorities against the aggression of the mass. Every thought movement has the same general cast and the same aim. Coming when a superior class is losing its physical control, it is the means by which a part of their old superiority is retained. In any fresh combination the heredity is of the new; the thought is of the old. It thus represents an upper class view impressed on a lower class heredity.

In the upper class view the lower class are not only low but bad. Whatever succeeds is therefore bad. The right is always defeated; the defeated always right. Thought processes thus become destructive and negative. The right, says the classic thinker, is either A or B. It cannot be B since B is bad. Hence it is A. Strip this form of its abstract character and it affirms that the lower class is bad; therefore the upper class is right and good. The proof consists in showing the badness of the low, not the goodness of the high.

In modern times this formula has become the basis of dissent. The defeated resort to thought processes to show that they are right. They prove mass depravity and use it as a justification of themselves. Liberty, duty, conscience, autonomy, *have* become slogans to justify dissent and are

thus interwoven with advanced thought. For ages democracy has been the striving of a minority against an aggressive majority. Hence the thought and principles of democracy are those of dissent.

These facts can be seen in the constitutional development of England or America. There are plenty of rules to check majorities, none to permit effective action by a triumphant group. Every progressive stage is thus a conflict between rules designed to protect minorities and the majority desire to create fresh adjustment. Likewise our religious struggles have been minorities who dissent and majorities who oppress. In the end the minorities win—with the result that their thought defenses are impressed on succeeding generations.

I shall not follow this reasoning to its limit, but merely mention the similarity of thought processes in all fields, scientific, religious, political and cultural, so as to describe the present situation. For the first time in history a persisting majority is forming. In America this majority has thousands of years of undisputed supremacy ahead. A philosophy of dissent will not fit such a condition. It must in the end break and be replaced by modes of reasoning in harmony with effective action.

When it is realized that the principles of dissent cannot furnish the basis on which majority thought can build, it is not difficult, taking another step, to see in how many ways the old thought is being undermined. Deductive morality is linked with a series of rational judgments all of which stand or fall together. They are parts of the philosophy of dissent and lose their validity with its passing. Among them are individuality, egoism, superman-nishness with their consequences in sacrifice, duty and veneration. In each case the support *is negative.* The badness of the opposite

is shown, not the inherent good of the defended. Without the doctrine of world depravity all these defenses fail. The dissipated of each age fail to propagate themselves. Those who chose wisely, surviving, start the next generation on their level. Discipline, sacrifice and personal integrity have an influence in determining who of each generation shall survive; but not on the surviving type. If Rome and France have declined in vigor something other than the degeneration of character is the cause.

The issue here presented has been often seen but met in a wrong way. William James would preserve discipline and sacrifice, but would put some useful sacrifice in the place of traditional motives. He, however, overlooked that discipline must have some driving force external to the persons on whom it is imposed. If the young like dancing and gaming better than praying, doing good or digging ditches, what force is there to alter their preference? Only an ugly picture of the consequences would create the motive for suppressing dancing and this would be a return to the depravity doctrine. Herbert Spencer in turn, seeing the break in the old morality, was so wrought that he departed from the plan of his philosophy to create a new basis for ethics. His scheme failed as other deductive schemes fail, because they assume old motives can be so transformed as to produce new effects. No new driving force is thus obtained. In the end the old persists and with it comes a return to the old morality.

The true approach must come from another quarter. Morality is not in danger of a decline so long as physical heredity remains unchanged. The problem is not of checking a decline but of observing the way in which mass judgments are formed. This has not been done because of the *belief* that mass judgments are wrong. If the

movies attract huge audiences no one asks why they do, but how they can be prevented from degrading public taste. The moral plea is thus for censorship, restraint and suppression.

The normal should do as their inherent tendencies urge; the abnormal should be placed not under moral but under physical restraint. The measure of social advance is thus not the moral restraint imposed on the public, but the degree in which the subnormal is excluded from its privileges. We discuss in terms of deductive morals, but when a national decision is to be made we do the do-able, which always coincides with the demands of action. People nod with approval at deductive principles, while discussing, but throw them over when called upon to act. The surviving element is giving more freedom to itself, but at the same time increases the severity of its action against those who differ from it. America is thus becoming a clan whose action is racially upbuilding not through the rectitude of the normal but through the elimination of abnormal tendencies.

This modification of thought is in essence a change from reasoned judgments to action judgments. Reasoned judgments are top class decisions based on the past experience of this class. It is thus a restraint on the lower class, not an incentive to change. An action judgment is a probable judgment which has in it the risk of failure. In action the test is in the superiority of heredity. Those who break with tradition win. The opposing faction shelter themselves behind towering walls only in the end to become victims of their own over-caution.

If, instead of a general denunciation of mass tendencies, their good features are studied, the firmness of social progress becomes manifest. We have before us not a general smash with a possible recovery *on some* ideal basis, but a shift already

partially made from one standard to another. The position of democratic doctrine affords an admirable example. No one today would say democracy is all bad or all good. Its badness is vilely bad and its goodness equally manifest. But when a world student like Mr. Bryce makes a study, its superiority—not over some ideal, but over any past form of government—is evident. Such also would be the decision if mass judgment were given a fair hearing. It is hard on minorities, intolerant of dissent, scornful of genius, leadership and ideals; yet it is gradually but crudely beating its way to better adjustment.

Three changes in thought flow from this attitude. There is a loss of conscience, a loss of deductive reasoning and of feelings dependent on aristocratic exclusiveness. Each of these are minority defenses. They are the mainstays of weak minorities who are fighting majority opinion. The conscientious person sets his judgment above that of the community and places an internal subjective feeling above the evidence of the senses. The aristocrat feeds his feeling of superiority by emphasizing acts or expressions which isolate him from his assumed inferiors. The deductive reasoner uses his powers to uphold premises for which direct evidence is lacking. These and their similar go with the acceptance of the logic of success instead of dissent. In their place come animal traits which are truly natural characters. The love of display, imitation, reasoning from analogy, mass judgment, the dislike of the strange and the symbolizing of motives gaining in force show a return to attitudes which controlled distant ancestors. The prominent feature of today's progress is the disintegration of complexes which have been thought to be the rocks on which character was built. The wicked are no longer restrained by inborn feelings but by public opinion

and the knowledge of results. The shocks and disillusions of recent times are forcing men to dig deeper for the real rocks on which evolution rests. Men may not find them but they will at least learn the difference between the natural and the acquired. Only as they learn this can a new morality and a new logic be built which, even though it may not make the few better, will lift the masses into a sounder civilization. If posterity is improved, bolder in action, firmer in judgment, keener in joy, what matters the repression which the transition imposes?

8

Social Values

The preceding sections leave the discussion of values in an unsatisfactory shape; losses are so emphasized that the situation is made to appear worse than it is. Not that depreciation is new: many writers have noted worse things, but they have done it with the thought of showing some new morality to replace the old.

Such a task is not within my scheme. There are many visions of moral regeneration which might work if conditions were favorable but which, however, are as yet ideal rather than fact. The world does not go to pieces and then be reconstructed in some subsequent age. The process of tearing down and rebuilding is going on at the same time. Nor are the losses in one field replaced by gains in the same field. It is by the whole not by specific parts that progress of an age is to be judged. Old morality is the morality which minorities have imposed on majorities. The few have dominated at the expense of the many. Small regions through *some technical* superiority have exploited

their neighbors. To the victors go the spoils in return for which the victim gets an imposed sacrificial morality.

Our cherished moral and political principles are thus imported products carried along by traditions which are hard to break. Chief of these in religion is the doctrine of conscience, in politics the emphasis of liberty. That a clear conscience is the mark of personal integrity no one would deny, but that deeds of a clear conscience are beneficial for the public is open to question. A conscience is of value in settling disputes with neighbors, but of no use in the larger social relations where the evils of an act are out of sight.

The rights of minorities are likewise important in local issues where between the two factions many linking relations exist. To injure a neighbor is to injure oneself. His good is also yours in all mutual relations. As soon, however, as passage is made to relations involving world evolution, the status is altered. Minorities suffer in world changes. Are forced to the wall, disintegrated and destroyed. Majorities survive, reconstruct and thus by their pressure create a new world. A clear conscience cannot determine the justice of the Allies' policy toward Russia. Nor do the rights of minorities justify the North of Ireland in blocking the unification of the British empire. The Quaker who sought freedom of conscience by a bold adventure across turbulent seas is worthy of praise. He who rushes to a draft board or to Washington to gain exemption from duties which his neighbor must perform in his stead is an object of derision. In a small world each may pick his job but in a universe he must take what is given. On these cases most people would agree and yet deplore the losses which world decisions make. They see the sins of those who obstruct but not the substitute. Can blind

evolution be trusted to solve problems which the greatest intellects fail to decipher? From this comes a pessimism which seems inevitable when ethical standards fail.

To point a new morality is to dip into the far future, some thousand years hence. What happens then will not guide the world in the present crisis. It is forces now at work on which salvation depends. An illustration is furnished by my summer neighbor, who spent year after year fishing while his neighbors were garnering their crops. All appeals to higher motives were met with an incredulous smile. When the automobile came he watched it with indifference for a time but finally came under its spell. To fish demanded merely a boat he could construct, but to own an automobile meant work and economy. Between the two was a struggle, yet in the end the machine won. Neighbors told me in the spring that Jones had gone to work. In the fall he said to me that he had not been on the water once during the summer. Jones had no better principles after than before, but a radical change was made in his mental outlook. Formerly men had to go to the frontier to reorganize their lives. Now the new sings its song in by-paths where even the backslider dwells. Motives appear with each invention, to satisfy which new energies are called into being.

The stimulation from the outside of which the automobile is an example is complemented by changes in food and clothing which take from meals and dress their emotional significance. Meals once meant mother's pie and cake; they bound the family together and colored the ideas with which the young went forth. Dress likewise meant individual taste. Even the washtub did its share to give each family peculiarities which were passed on from generation to generation. *From pie to* ice cream indicates as great

a change as from fishing to automobiles. From liquor to coffee and from it to the soda fountain represent a similar loss of individuality. Drug stores are all alike; coffee with a similar flavor is made in huge caldrons in each restaurant. The group has displaced the family as a determiner of character, the school is displacing the church, the paper, not the pulpit, sways the multitude while the street outbids the home in molding influence. Everywhere the larger group is displacing the smaller and thus giving to life common forms and goals.

These are not new facts. They have often been used to show the superiority of individuality, morality and conscience as standards of conduct. Too little has been done to study how conformity helps in a rough way to the same ends and does it without the jar and conflict which morality and conscience generate. Morality and conscience are of necessity minority attitudes. They are resistances to mass tendencies. We cannot therefore look to them to check majorities when they become conscious of their power. Conformity, however, does hold them in. Its high levels are not so high as the motives of morality create, but many more are influenced by them. Conformity thus produces a better average than morality. It holds the low above their natural level and creates for them motives which force the adoption of community standards. Neither morality nor conscience has ever checked community vice. The low have been left on their depraved level where they propagate and in the end displace their superiors. Conformity sees little above itself, but it has a clear vision of what is below. With its growth comes an intense opposition of the inferior. The scab, the Hun, the drunkard, the slum, *filth* and disease get an emphasis which morality *never* gave them. Nobody's conscience ever kept

his back yard clean. For those below there is a hell but no reformatory. Put a man where social tradition cannot guide and conscience is the best monitor; but under the complex conditions of modern life it is merely a troublesome reminder of minor delinquencies. It helps individuals to thwart society, it may raise a man above his neighbors, but for these reasons it is out of harmony with efforts for social integration.

The pressure that integrates is not conscience but conformity. Popular tendencies create restraints and prompt demands. Whether sex and appetite should be restrained may be questionable but there is no doubt that the grind of conformity is against them. Justice and equality are both altered to meet new demands. Primitive justice took from the weak and rewarded the strong. It did this because it emphasized personal attributes and punished those who lacked them. Justice was thus the reward for having character; punishment, the penalty for not having it. Social justice in contrast to this is that which is due a person regardless of his character. It penalizes character for the benefit of the mass. It takes from the grandchild what it gave to the grandparent. Creating a sympathy for those below the normal, it uses income not to reward character but to raise the subnormal to normalcy. Child labor laws are an evidence of this and so is the preference shown women. The minimum wage gives to the weak more than they earn at the expense of their stronger and more characterful neighbors. Social equality is an equality which disregards heredity, position and character. It frees from disabilities instead of creating further disabilities for the mass by the elevation of the few above them.

To give to those who have not and even deserve not is an emotional demand which voices itself as *soon as objective* standards displace the subjec-

tive codes upon which character building depends. Evolution makes character by a differentiation which elevates the few at the expense of the mass. It promotes equality and social justice when it compels the superior to use his talent for the benefit of those below. It thus restrains liberty and promotes democracy. These two principles battle for supremacy. Between there may be compromise but no conciliation. Liberty is a demand for the expression of character. Its standards are subjective and its voice is conscience. They are the fruit of character development and would if successful adjust men to nature without the intervention of society. In contrast to this, democracy does not rely on character but on conformity for its success. Democracy is majority governed by objective fact. It is effective only where conformity has created objective standards which the masses accept. The grind of conformity must precede the rise of democracy. Majorities cannot adhere except through the rise of conformities which all accept. A democracy thus gets its force from principles which subordinate character to situation and atmosphere.

In democracy men may differ on minor but not on major premises. Minorities are outlaws unless they accept the axioms of majority thought. If in a prohibition nation a man contends that alcohol is beneficial he is an outlaw, but if he thinks the methods of enforcing prohibition are ineffective his opinion is entitled to respect. It would not block conformity to alter methods of enforcing law, but it would to question the basis on which law rests. All majority condemnation rests on this thought. The minority can think as it pleases —there is no ban on individual thought—but to organize so as to undermine majority conformity is sin—the punishment of which is outlawry. A *change* to be effective must permeate majority

opinion, not by revolution, but by some alternation of taste and inclination. Minorities are effective only as they change fact; when they do they become majorities and act with the same severity as did their predecessors. Each new epoch creates more conformity and intensifies its coercion.

Which is the more desirable, a missionary spirit which elevates the low to one level, or a zeal to elevate oneself to some super position? The decision is not so one-sided as moralists think. It is after all rather a problem of epochs than of absolute right. The struggle of minorities to preserve themselves, and to safeguard their standards, of necessity preceded the epoch of making the attained a common heritage. Perhaps when culture is diffused and community standards are achieved a new burst of minority endeavor will be needed to rise above community life, but it does seem that the democratic swing of the pendulum must go much farther before personal motives can successfully reassert themselves.

9

Income Power

It is difficult to describe American society in a terminology coming from the past. We have no aristocracy in the accepted sense of the term. Our rulers are the people whose voice is the politician. Nor in the same sense have we a laboring class. The American of the old stock guides but the rough manual work is done by the recent immigrant. Still less is there a middle class with manners and habits of its own. All read the same papers, buy at the same stores, ride in motor cars. The great social gulf is between the homed and the *dishomed.* These dishomed people, whether

of American stock or of recent arrivals, form a dissatisfied element whose condition breeds opinions antagonistic to society. While the line is vague in economic terms their incomes are below $800 a year. Neither home nor health can be maintained on this basis. Overwork, poor food, inadequate shelter, bring as a penalty disease and misery. Sympathize as we may with their condition, yet no real danger from them is to be apprehended. This class does not in America perpetuate itself. The grind of factory life, long hours, the danger from accident and disease, cut severely into their numbers. Poverty and vice are housed together; temptation is on every side, girls go astray, and boys becoming rough are unfit for the hard tasks the fathers performed. Before the war it took about a million immigrants a year to fill the gaps which factory life made. Without this fresh stock crises in industry would soon arise. What happened during the war where the labor market was depleted would become a chronic state if a decision were made to limit the numbers which rush in from overstocked Europe.

This view does not match with alarmist views. The Malthusian theory of population is taken to show the constant tendency of the under classes to increase. Yet the overpopulation of the past has been due to country conditions. Cities have never held their own without the in-pouring of country recruits. Now a rapid depopulation of country districts is on the way, a fact due to machinery which on the farm does away with harvest help. Those who were employed from three to four months only are now not needed in the agricultural districts. They become a nuisance and in the end move cityward. Farming districts are thus losing their shiftless population. The attraction of the town and the ease of support by children drawing them from their old roadside,

place them in the maelstrom of town life. Country vice goes the same road. Not all the country districts are free from their refuse population but the process of extinction is at work; even now has gone far enough to prevent mill owners from manning their factories except by the arrival of fresh hordes. How long this will be permitted is hard to say. Whether we move rapidly or slowly a world crisis will come when a new social order asserts itself in Europe. The same causes work there as here although more slowly. The break seems not far distant and with it will go the elaborate biologic argument on which the dreary outlook of the present rests.

The poverty class lack budgetary concepts. They are driven by fear, not induced to productive acts by the hope of better conditions. They thus live from hand to mouth, spend freely while money lasts and stoically suffer when deprivation occurs. There is a fawning respect for capital since they feel and are taught that from it their support comes. Co-operative action thus fails, the future is disregarded and the present emphasized. This is said not to depreciate but to set the basis of the contrast with the class above, which class may be called the income class in contrast to the poverty class. With them there is little fear of disease or non-employment. They do not know what it is to be without food or home. Somebody cares for them in childhood, their work supports in manhood; while old age is provided for by some insurance scheme. They live in the present fully as much as do the poverty class but their amusements, pleasures and comforts come regularly as part of a budget which an ever-repeating income enables them to meet.

This class does not save. If their accounts were squared with the capitalistic class they would *show a deficit.* Nor is there that respect for or

conscious dependence on capital which the poverty class shows. A class which never suffers from the lack of income, which always has its budgetary wants supplied, thinks that nature not capital is the source of income and thus regards it as a right, not as a gift. The income class always growls at and often intensely opposes the claims of capital. Many have tried but not succeeded in uniting the poverty class in opposition to capital; while the income class not only opposes the claims of capital, but to an increasing degree shifts the burden of government from itself to property owners.

I emphasize this attitude not to settle the claims of any class but to get at psychic difference. The poverty class, the income class and the property class have each a psychology distinct enough to create intense opposition. The lines between them are clearly marked and may be measured in income. A budgetary view comes when a fixed income of $1,000 is attained. Below that point the psychology of poverty persists and the fear of want controls. Crossing the line does not mean an immediate change of view. Opinion always lies behind fact yet income permits such a radical change in expenditure that its influence is soon felt. Eager longings replace fear, spending grows until it equals income, new pleasures crowd out stable wants, all of which work a reconstruction of attitude, giving to the income group its striking peculiarities. It is not yet true that he who works gets the industrial reward but it is true that only his children's children will survive this epoch.

In setting this lower limit of comfort, I have not in mind the social worker's view, which is that of fixing a decent standard of life. He asks, "Ought not a worker to have $20 a year for medicine and $100 for clothing?" This appeal to employers or to the public, that the worker should

have a given wage, at the same time assumes that the employer or the public has the power to give or withhold what is asked. This is a wholesome, sympathetic view, but it predicates a helplessness on the part of the worker to enforce his claim. What I mean by budgetary income is that which the worker has some power to demand. His money may not be used for medicine or clothing, but instead for what his moralizing friends would highly disapprove. Yet if he wants these objects and has the power to enforce his claims his budget will contain them even at the expense of useful objects. Budgetary power, not human sympathy, is what sets standards. If motors, movies, and candy induce men to work effectively they will be in a worker's budget and to him society must give enough to pay the bills. The worker must have an income equal to his survival value.

For this two groups of traditions are necessary. Around the home one group is built; the other relates to industrial activity. Action directed to other ends may have a high moral value, yet where these are supreme life dwindles. Training and habit alone can create and sustain a surviving class. With all transient groups eliminated this element becomes distinct. They have home, health and income, each of which furnishes a basis of classification. Their incomes range from $800 to $3,000 a year. Below the lower limit want poverty and vice cut their swath, above the upper limit dominant motives lead not necessarily to dissipation but inevitably to extinction. Society is thus ground on both surfaces, between which a compact, energetic group is formed whose habits and instincts are commonplace yet for their position beneficial. Viewed externally from manners, food or behavior they seem like one, so effective is the grind to which they submit. Yet internally they may be readily separated into two groups,

the dividing line between which, measured in income, is about $2,000 a year. In industrial towns the contrast is between those living in two-story and those in three-story houses. In crowded cities the one group is in rotten tenement districts, the other in neat apartment houses. The amusements of the lower group are baseball, the movies and resorts where rest and excitement are combined. The upper group attend lectures, support churches and get their recreation in clubs, concerts, athletics and summer vacations. In education the lower group attend the high school and are thus prepared for industrial positions. The contrasted group support colleges and thus attain an efficiency which gives industrial control and hence the major financial rewards.

I have made these rather obvious divisions not for the purpose of moralizing about income nor from hopes of improving social conditions. My object is by observation to determine the psychology of each group. To what do they react and in what way? Contrasts are not valuable unless in behavior each class voice its wants and push for their realization in specific ways. Each group has its own emotional life and its own way of expressing its dissatisfaction. The dishomed are revolutionary, the homed are contented; while the leisure class are plainly reactionary. In revolutionary groups the stress is on the inequality of income. They want what they see others have and strike blindly at the bars which exclude it. The leisure class are equally anxious to defend their supremacy. Emotionally, they are controlled by inferior complexes arising out of the danger of their position. Before the menace of industrial revolution arose they were often ardent in their desire for social uplift but this has been altered by the fear of a disturbing overthrow.

There is little hope of a normal expression of

emotion from either of these classes. Both must be expected not only to voice distorted views but to grow more dogmatic in their expression. Were they the surviving class or did tendencies help to strengthen their position, all that social pessimists allege would become a dismal reality. Fortunately both classes are being squeezed by evolution. Survival is not theirs.

If from these static classes the attention is turned to the surviving class the effect is at first confusing. They do not seem to have a distinct group of emotions. Some are as reactionary as those of the leisure class, having the same inferior complexes to disturb their equilibrium. Others are mere money-getters with no thought but to climb the social ladder. A third group, revolting from traditional lore, have joined in revolutionary agitation. Yet, after all, this is merely a temporary view. The class is too new to have distinct emotional reactions, though the power of society is more and more falling into its hands. The problem is not with the members of this group who at present align themselves with older groups, but what others will do and think when they realize their power. An economic society is ahead. This means that productive power —not culture—will have the first place in colleges and that efficiency will reign without dispute. We shall then have an economic democracy which must be sharply contrasted with political democracy. Instead of numerical decisions, dominance will be the result of a mass judgment in which classes participate not according to their number but according to their economic power. Socialistic schemes are based on the thought of a decision in which numbers count. This will be displaced by a mass judgment voiced by those with economic power.

The interests of an economic society are

grouped around the concept of income, on the possession of which power depends just as in earlier times power lay in the possession of property. It is what people spend, not what they have, that gives them position and on which their emotional demands depend. These income urges are gaining clearer expression; as they do the opposition between the property class and the income classes will be more firmly voiced. The arrogance of property will be replaced by the arrogance of income, with the result that the property class will suffer the deprivations now felt by other groups. A partial consciousness of this tendency is already visible. Much of the reactionary tendency shown since the World War has this source.

It will clarify this view to compare it with that of socialistic writers. They expect a mass opinion to be formed by the union of workers, with the result that the cleavage between mass and class will be between Labor and Capital. To my mind socialism and distinctly labor movements are already defeated. The mass judgment is now sharply expressed not only against socialism but all labor movements which use force or excite rebellion. Yet the break between income and property is daily becoming more evident and here mass emotion will be on the side of income. Americans are bound to live well and to have a good time even if the old economic structure is wrecked. If this trend is accepted the seat of power in the new society and the method of its distribution can be determined with accuracy even if some time must elapse before the ideal of an economic society is realized. The power of income is not to be measured in numerical dollars after the fashion of equality theorists. A man with $2,000 a year has more than double the emotional influence of those with half the income, and thus exerts a far greater effect on mass judgment. Tomorrow the

person will be as nothing; his *class* everything. The influence of a class is in proportion to the square of its total income.

The position of the American classes in a purely economic realm would be somewhat as follows, assuming as at present a hundred-million population and sixty billions of annual income.

	Numbers in Millions	Income in Billion Dollars	Relative Economic Power
Leisure class	5	15	225
Upper income class..	20	30	900
Lower income class..	30	10	100
The dishomed	40	5	25
Paupers, etc.	5	0	0

This table is not made for the purpose of voicing the claims of justice nor to assert that economic forces are supreme. It merely shows that the upper income class is destined to have emotional control and that its mass judgment will be coercive. Two groups of rights are set up in opposition to its claim: equality rights, and property rights. Equality rights have a political origin and are brought into economics by writers of political antecedents. They assume a claim on income based on personality instead of productive power. Such claims have no valid basis and cannot be enforced against mass judgment, whose force lies not in numbers but in income power.

Property rights have an historical basis and once had a validity. At first they rested on the belief that property was the basis of peace. Then it was narrowed to the thought that wealth arose from the productivity of land. While now the basis is assumed to be in the fact that Capital has a productive power distinct from and antecedent to Labor. Each of these claims has little validity against the modern mass belief that *income belongs to* those who produce it. Property

income then becomes an income by courtesy, and falls into the same class as charity to those incapable of earning adequate income. I say "income by courtesy," not to disparage, but to indicate the lack of power of its holders to inforce their claims. That the claim is one of courtesy is shown by the fact that the courts and public advocates rest their public position on the protection of widows and orphans or on the fact that most stocks and bonds are held by small holders. The doctrine that capital is the result of saving has a social not economic basis, assuming as it does that society has two social groups with different instincts and heredity, so that the few who save perform a needed service for the many whose motives are transient and fickle. This sort of biology is the only remaining support of the old view. An altered psychologic attitude brings all workers to harmony. There is no serious obstacle in the way of the mass judgment that to the worker belongs the whole product of industry. Courtesy and charity will always play a part in income distribution. Refined dependency is not in danger of losing its support nor will sympathy for the inefficient cease to fill the chests of benevolent societies. But effective power these outside classes do not have. Triumphant mass judgment will crush and reward as it pleases with no obstacle but its own generosity. There are no economic classes to dispute for the industrial product. The choice is either survival with the mass or potential elimination, in the face of which neither property rights nor equality rights can offer resistance.

With these facts as a basis the pressure of mass opinion can be readily measured. It will be exerted against two relatively helpless classes, each of which will suffer the grind of elimination. The burden of taxation will be placed on the rich. The burden of labor will be placed on the poor. The

income class will free itself from both burdens and gain by each increase of mass pressure. It is said that five million workers are out of employment at present. Who are they? They are relatively the poor and inefficient. In numbers they make not more than ten per cent. of the working population. From the burden of non-work nine out of ten American workers are practically free. They, their wives and their children feel no pressure of want even in hard times. The stores scarcely know a change in patronage. The movies attract increasing multitudes, motor cars increase in number and the streets are full of well-groomed people. It is not they but the poverty class on whom the burden of unemployment always falls.

At the same time the dominant class are escaping the burden of taxation, placing it to an increasing degree on property. Under $2,000 a year no married man now pays taxes. What those below the $5,000 level pay does not equal their expenditure for motor cars, sugar, tobacco or even the movies. They are thus practically tax-free and will in the near future increase their advantage. Taxation is borne by one-tenth of the population—while the burden of unemployment falls on another tenth, those in poverty. Four-fifths of the American people are thus in a stable position, free both from want and from taxation. If they seriously felt either of these burdens they would be aroused from their political lethargy. Why should they bother with government, public morality or with the world, when their income appears as regularly as the rising sun? If they awake it will not be from the dismal forebodings of moral and political misanthropes but from some internal urge which their own condition evokes. Wants grow more rapidly than the means of satisfying them. From this arises the emotion on which world redemption depends.

10

Normalcy

To most people the normal is a statistical average, the mean between the extremes statistical tables show. The average Hungarian, Slav or Jew becomes the normal of his race or class. The American is the hundred per cent. third-generation stock, from which average the difference between American and foreigners is estimated.

In its other meaning the normal is the person who has risen to a full development of his inherent possibilities. We inherit from our parents certain innate tendencies which force us to recapitulate the past history of the race. If we repeat fully this ancestral history and reach the maturity and development these inherent urges excite—then we are normal. The normal neither demands nor postulates anything new but it does include a revival and accentuation of all through which the race has passed.

The subnormal are those who have not reached this full development. There has been a thwarting or suppression, the result of which being that some stage has been omitted or not reached. The cause may be vironal or mental; it may be disease, poor food or uncleanliness; it may be social or economic; but whatever it is diverting heredity from its normal channel, it has marred the victim in a readily recognized and unremovable manner. If all human traits were inherited and the viron were without influence these repressions and diversions would not matter. We still could say that men are as they are because of inherited forces which bring each one so far but no farther. Current psychology lays too much emphasis on *inferior* complexes to foster such a claim. Men

even in the best circles are far below the level heredity permits. Their health and culture tend to keep them from acquiring a full possession of their faculties. This is easy to see when their pet hobbies are touched or when their class interests are at stake. If this is true of them, still more is the ordinary citizen repressed and distorted by his bad food, hard work, rigid traditions and sacrificial religion. The average recruit, they tell us, was not in mental growth above a fifteen-year-old boy. What maturity is and what sound health produces he will never know. Early senility and a toothless old age are about all he can expect.

Still cruder than this is the social estimate of our immigrants. That they average with their brothers left behind may be admitted, but ages of oppression, repression and depression have never let their natural tendencies assert themselves. They become American not by inherited changes but by good food, homes, bathtubs, toothbrushes and fair wages. These acquired conditions must be fulfilled before their heritable traits can be measured. I do not say that the south European races are in inheritance like the northern races, but that what these traits are is discoverable only where the repressions and distortions of the ages are removed. From what we know they are like the northern races in their desire for material improvement. Jews and Slavs do not refuse bathtubs nor the use of toothbrushes. They enjoy sweets, like the movies and take kindly to the automobile. Every peasant of Europe is land-hungry, wants independence and is willing to work if properly compensated. They strive for the same political freedom and have the same race ambition. They readily take to frontier ways even if they lack a keen appreciation of social and *literary values.*

I mention these facts to answer the question as to what it is to be normal. The reply seems to be that it would be much above the present social level if current degradation were avoided. We need not fear a fall in civilization from any replacement of native stock by European races. There might be a difference in what we would become but not in what we are. There is a widespread feeling that out of the older stock the higher elements of a new race will come. In these surmises I shall not indulge. Under what conditions genius arises neither I nor others know. Science has not gone that far, but it is safe to say that the average American even of the third or fourth generation does not manifest many traits which can be put under this head. We are, under good conditions, a solid, persistent race with traits common to all European races but not much more. We are thus capable of an uplift to a normal level: we can, if we will, remove the complexes which degrade our standards but we should not assume too easily that so doing will produce a race of giants or give us art, literature and science. They are not normal products, but rest on conditions yet to be discovered. Eugenics can make men normal but it will not make gods.

It is not difficult to state the difference in premise between the two rival theories even if a decisive proof of either be absent. One group avers that race progress depends on the appearance of some new trait in exceptional persons or in a favored class. Just how it arises they do not tell us, but if it appears and is fostered, a race or class arise having this superiority which becomes general through inheritance, when the inferior class are exterminated. This is a theory of breeding and survival—while the opposing theory is one of effort. The new trait comes not from above or without but from the effort of normal people to

reach a higher plane by using their faculties in new ways. The hand, they would say, was not made perfect by breeding but by the efforts of millions of defective monkeys to increase their power of grasping. Each new generation did a little better, which in the end made the human hand and as a by-product the human intellect. The first element in progress is thus a motive. There must be some end which an inferior person desires. His unsuccessful pushing starts a variation which in distant descendants becomes a fixed trait. Do wish and will precede and force inheritance and thus become its cause? or must men vary, breed and through eliminating struggle, survive, before wish and will gain a footing?

The reader should see the force of this issue even if he cannot decide it. Perhaps to do this as good a way as any is to compare American life as presented by two recent books. Sinclair Lewis has in *Main Street* given what he regards as the picture of a typical American village. Mrs. Parker has in her *American Idyl* thrown on the screen a picture of an exceptional family life. Are Mr. Lewis's characters normal individuals or are their inherited traits distorted and suppressed? Are Mr. and Mrs. Parker exceptional supernormal individuals or are they merely normal persons freed by good fortune from the scars and blemishes of their fellows?

It is not profitable to deny that the characters presented by Mr. Lewis are to be found in every American village, yet it is worth while to ask what is in the background of the picture he presents. Something is wrong with Gopher Prairie, but is it in the character of its people or in some external pall which overhangs the town? A fertile soil and good crops should have produced a cheerfulness which Gopher Prairie lacks. Everybody

walks and talks as if suffering from the rickets. The town is living on but half of what it produces, and the worse half at that. Some drain saps the town's vitality. It seems more like the relapse after a local boom than like a normal village. What the trouble is Mr. Lewis does not tell. Where is the octopus? It may be the elevator extortions, the railroads, the land-grabbers or any of the dozen other afflictions which fasten themselves on the nation's life. National traits are suppressed and distorted in the same way by all these disorders. On the surface are a lot of inferior complexes which do not represent normal tendencies. No matter how widespread the evil, yet the product in character is an artificial result which cannot be improved save in the removal of external evils. What Gopher Prairie lacks is not the high traits which eugenists desire but the ordinary animal traits which all creatures show when their viron is fitting. The lack of buoyancy, curiosity and spirit-of-adventure is an animal depression and not the deficiency of inheritance. Gopher Prairie needs someone with the wrath of God, not a eugenic prophet. A town cannot be normal until it consumes all it produces. It cannot ship out its grain and have the cars come back empty. Push and strive must be its motto even if it gets nowhere. Who can push without a full stomach, a bathtub and a toothbrush?

In the way in which Gopher Prairie shows what changes in behavior the suppression of animal traits produces, so the example of the Parkers' illustrate what their free expression evokes. Mrs. Parker puts a Greek toga on Carlton. The picture in the front of the book has a pale, consumptively intellectual cast that illy fits the robust ruddy-faced original whose hair never lay smooth in the manner presented. Carlton was not a *Greek* nor a god. He struck hard, often got hurt in

the encounter, but he never flinched, took failure in a good-natured way and at the next encounter struck harder blows. In modern terms Carlton was wish rather than thought. What he wished he willed; and never yielded to an impossibility until it was tested and not even then until he was knocked flat. No one with other spirit would have tried so many ways to reach desired goals and recovered so quickly from consistent failure. He lived recklessly, spent as he earned and rushed after each new wish even before the old one had expired. The rush and the push were what excited the admonition of his friends more than the judgment with which he acted. The book describes his trips in a realistic fashion. He struck the line hard, used up his energy and fell in a way fitting his active career. He was thus worthy of the praise his wife bestows, yet he was not a genius but a typical western boy freed from the disabilities from which Gopher Prairie suffers. What the Parkers did is not so strange nor so exalted as it seems. A million young American couples could do likewise if they shook off the irresolution which village depression creates. Animal virtues we all have.

A million struggles made the hand, a million bites made teeth. Millions died on the road before the great ends of animal life were attained, but the wish for betterment persisted and in the end reached ample fulfillment. One Carlton Parker cannot fulfill the great human wish for fuller life, but a million—knocking hard, courageous in failure, ever trying the impossible until it yields—will take from life its handicaps and even modify self until it fits the viron for which all yearn. We do not need genius nor a super race to reach what wish postulates. It will come through a freeing of forces which heredity has long since implanted.

Only yesterday I saw a man in rags who for

forty years had toiled diligently on a fertile farm. His heredity was as pure as mine. It is my good fortune always to have more than I earn. Parents and education have given me what to this toiler is denied. Men cannot thrive under exploitation any more than they can burdened with fever or tuberculosis. They need not a new heredity, but the removal of complexes and the fun of spending what they earn. The mass of Americans belong to those whom religious censors held in subjection as long as they could. This common stock has come up wherever it has had opportunity. Men thrive who would have been drunkards or horse jockeys had they lived in New England a century ago. The new conditions have made them otherwise, not any alteration in heredity.

Behold the millions we might uplift if American handicaps were removed. When they rise it will not be because of the much-heralded super man but because these millions strike their heads against seemingly unremovable obstacles until they yield. It is the wish not the germ cell which determines action. Seek and ye shall find, knock and it will open. A good old rule is still the only guide to achievement. For salvation we need animal traits. Only the corn-fed reach Paradise.

11

Joe Gannett

The thought blend thus far described is the effect of the commingling of European stocks under new conditions by which established characters are tested and reshaped. It is an upper class transformation rather than a lower class rise. A civilization, however, is measured by the uplift of depressed classes to upper class freedom. The

common clay must get a metallic ring. Of this rise the Gannett family is a notable example. Joe Gannett, the father, as a mere lad answered Lincoln's first call; he also walked up Pennsylvania Avenue behind Sherman at the close. Unlike most veterans he had never received a scratch nor a medal. Instead of talking of heroic deeds he had picked up every funny tale of camp life from the Mississippi to the Potomac. His stories were a refreshing relief from the glorious recitals of his sober friends. They laughed—but he never became a hero in their eyes. Joe shot the rebels as he did a squirrel. He had no notion that he did a noble deed but merely thought of his markmanship. After the battle he would trade coffee for tobacco and got to like the people he shot at. They were not the Huns his neighbors were fond of imagining, but a square lot when it came to playing cards or helping the wounded across the lines. Joe had violated many an order about not having intercourse with the enemy and thus he knew Southerners to be a different race from what the home folk imagined. But to talk this way after the war was criminal, as much so as to praise a German at present. His neighbors decided that Joe was a rebel at heart and added this to his many delinquencies. How could anyone tell amusing stories of sacred things; how could he make fun of his generals; how could he laugh about breaking military law without being at heart irreligious, immoral and even—this, however, was said in whispers—an atheist?

Everybody knew just what was going to happen. He was held up as an example for boys to avoid. His horoscope told of drunkenness, gambling, licentiousness and numerous depravities of the Scriptural order. Some evidence of God's wrath was sure to fall on such a man. If not the sores *of Job, at least* the potter's field would receive

his bones. In spite of all this prediction, nothing happened. Joe never got drunk; nor slid out of town for a spree; his horse-racing propensities did not degenerate into gambling. He might bet on a horse but he withheld his cash from Wall Street speculation. His barns were painted; the fences in repair; the house and yard a model; even the woodpile was larger and better chopped than in the good old McCleary days. Joe apparently had no conscience; he always did what he wanted. Money flew but it was replaced by good crops. His neighbors would not race horses but they liked to visit Joe's stables and talk of the horses as the ornament of the town. They liked what Joe did but did not dare do it. Their consciences thwarted their desires, while his had become friends.

Yet everybody wondered how anyone could be so near brimstone and not slip over. He and Janet got on amazingly. She lectured his extravagance and took especial delight in lauding McCleary virtues; but he could turn their edge by praising her cooking. She was so full of McCleary superiority that any reference to it brought a relenting smile. When she wore to church the best fur suit the town had seen, she excused herself by saying that against her expostulations Joe would buy it and she did not see the sin in wearing what was already paid for. When they went to the city she spent her time scolding Joe's spending. "Just think of it," she said to a neighbor, "we paid six dollars for a room when we might have had one at the Parker House for three, but Joe said he would not be seen with his wife in such a place. We paid five dollars for seats at the opera and Joe gave a whole dollar to a waiter at dinner. Why, that would have kept a missionary for a week; men are so stubborn and careless, women so helpless; we'll die in the poor

house yet. That is what Aunt Sophie always said; Joe will bring us there if he can." Yet the family throve; unneeded extravagance each year, but then for some unknown reason the McCleary acres increased their produce more rapidly than the expenses grew; so more horses and better stock came to keep the balance. Janet scrutinized the bank account to see there were no hidden expenses but she never found anything more than cigar bills. Joe was open; what he paid she knew, and got what satisfaction she could by scolding. In spite of her moral protests he dragged her into whatever he did. If he showed off his trained horses to the admiring multitude, she was in the seat beside him trying as hard as she could not to enjoy herself. She protested at thus being made an accomplice but he noted she never began to object until the race or parade was finished.

Such was Joe at home. In town he was at the head of everything. When anything was to be done Joe was called on. He was not good enough to be deacon but church finance was in his hands. He could raise more money in a day than the deacons in a year. When the Christian Association failed to rid the town of saloons he got himself elected constable. The saloon keepers went and stayed. He had no respect for law. His methods were direct; he laughed at talk of prosecution. So he kept things straight, not that he cared much but he liked public approval. What he did he knew others would like to do and would have done but for the bites of conscience. Having instinctive regard for public opinion, he was always ahead of it. Hence his neighbors secretly admired his ways but fearing a phantom lost their way trying to avoid it. The moral rocks on which they stood were sinking, yet they could not trust themselves to earth. Its roses looked tempting but has not *every* rose a sting?

This condition is not so unreal as it seems. The past is shaded by certain glories which falsify the perspective. There were a few people who came on the Mayflower; the Puritans were real beings but they are not chiefly our ancestors; if so, the blood has been tainted by that of the common herd. Boston is not the place to find Puritan offspring. The Revolution drove out orthodox respectability and left the mob in control. These were later comers of a very common stock, broncos, slackers, wood rats, knock-kneed madonnas, discarded spinsters. Every deacon had a seraglio in the loft above the kitchen. Women had but two choices—to die in child-bed and to wink at their husbands' indiscretions. Rapid breeding made these groups numerically dominant; revolution gave them political power; but of the fighting spirit they had little. Occasionally they formed a militia for home defense but as a rule they let the world jog as it would. The patriots talked but let others fight. The socially prominent were pro-British rather than honestly Tory. Surviving, they were also the ancestry of much of our present American nobility. There were plenty of patriots in Boston when the British were in New York but only subdued talk when the redcoats were near. Think of three million people who were never able to muster twenty thousand soldiers in a single battle. Serbia did twenty times better in the late war. Most of our fighting was done by foreigners or recent immigrants. The Scotch and the Irish were alone in their opposition to England. They had principle at stake rather than the appropriating of tea cargoes. The battle of freedom was fought not so much in America as in the English Parliament.

If this common herd is followed to their homes the causes of their degeneration become apparent. America had a super-abundance of the crude

necessities but in all else she was lacking. Cheap food makes lazy folk. Nobody worked over two days a week. The rest of the time they loafed, raced horses and drank rum. Between the upper and the common herd there was a gulf as marked as between the aristocracy of Russia and its people. Of the former much could be said, but they, like the Russian aristocrats, were driven to foreign parts. Civilization thus drops back to its primitive base; not depravity, but crudeness prevails.

This is said not to be sensational but to show the base on which the American uplift rests. If we were all descendants of the Puritans, if the youth of the Revolutionary period had been modern patriots, if sobriety and industry had prevailed, from then to now must reveal a rapid descent. But if in the new America crude and vicious elements dominated, the uplift can be measured by its striking features. The mob had to have its emotions, tastes and impulses modified. On these new forces the redemption of America depended. The Methodist missionaries were the first to see the peril and to apply a remedy. Their hell-fire may have been unreal but its appeal was effective. The doctrine of instant conversion opened the way to marked changes in character. Of this route thousands took advantage. They turned suddenly from riotous livers to sober citizens and made good in this adventure. To aid this movement came the opening of the West. Improved transportation brought the settler commodities which modified his taste and gave a market for the grain which before was turned into whisky. Alterations in consumption gave new articles a definite superiority and this checked the tendency to improvident living. About sugar a new diet sprang up more satisfying than the bitter, salted foods which fit liquor

consumption. The country has been freed from the liquor menace not by a moral movement but by the steady pressure of new wants. Drinking thus came naturally under a ban through the broadening of choices, making abstinence the accepted not the unusual thing. The pressure of conformity thus keeps the multitude within bounds.

These tendencies were strengthened by industrial changes. The American hates to work with a hoe but he loves to use tools and manage machines. One has only to observe the hours a man puts on his automobile to be convinced that work on a machine is a pleasure not a task. The output of industry is thus greatly increased, which in turn enlarges the choices available in consumption. Combining these and numerous other material advantages, the way is open for a change in the dominant type of the population. So long as vice was rampant the rigid Puritan morality was necessary for those who would avoid degeneration. In early days the struggle between vice and morality was real and fierce. Families were large but population was scanty. Where did the surplus go? Down to drunkards' graves. Of ten children three survive. Who are those left? Are they physically degenerate or a type that was unfitted to the then prevailing viron? We do not wonder when Southern trees fail to weather Northern blasts nor that flowers will not survive in an unhoed garden. In all physical things we see this fact, yet we fail to apply it to human affairs.

The dominant type in America today are those killed off a century ago by the lure of temptation. They have undergone no moral transformation. They would probably drink as much whisky and be as shiftless as their ancestors if similarly vironed. They eat pie and drink soda

because they like them better, not because their morals forbid the alternative. In survival such men have an advantage over their strictly moral neighbors. Their lives have become more fitted to the modern viron while the strictly moral have become less so. Tuberculosis and similar house diseases cut in on family rigidity, leaving the survivors in inferior positions.

It is this that creates the moral stress in village life. Everybody believes in the old form of moral doctrine and thinks that violators are punished by Scriptural methods. Deep down the sinner should go, each violation throwing him on a steeper down-grade. Poverty, the almshouse, a drunkard's burial and subsequent unremitting punishment is the moral plot so often repeated that it has become axiomatic. As all signs fail in dry weather, so all benign plots are wrecked by American experience. There is no toboggan slide. The sinner is always breaking convention yet he never gets beyond the initial stages. The sun shines on the good and the bad, yet better on the bad than on the good. The really bad have quit the village long ago, leaving the bad like the good—except in their moral standing. By doing bad their social standing is lost but without any injury to crops. The bad merely eat more, drink less and wear better clothes. They ride in autos Sunday afternoons while their neighbors, sitting behind closed windows, wonder why God's wrath does not create a consuming blaze. Prophets are at a discount. Once they led from desert to fertile valley. Now they keep their followers on stony land. The golden fruit across the way rots except when sinners pick.

These facts show the change in survival which a century has wrought. The major part of each family living, drinking and enjoying life was then sucked *into a maelstrom* from which there was no

return. Only a rigid discipline kept the virtuous on the straight road. Today the eddy has been broken. Pleasure canoes can safely glide from shore to shore. A non-moral type survives, who dash against convention, pass antique scarecrows and graze on fields into which their predecessors never dared to look. Though without moral restraint they never do worse than to eat pie. There is plenty of indigestion in every village, but no toboggan slide. They could do better but there is something in the situation which keeps them from doing worse.

The problems involved are not merely those of the village. They are everywhere; often set in more striking hues. The sternness of one generation sits in one pew; in the next, genial contentment. The one is deacon; the other trustee. The deacon is censor; the trustee, manager and money-getter. He sits in his pew with a smile and takes with temporary seriousness all the minister and deacon urge. His wife is thinking of Auction but her demeanor is as sedate as the deacon's mate. The daughter, glancing across the aisle at Mamie Smith, wonders if she will heed the reproof. There is a return glance with the same implication but in neither case does the lesson sink deeply. Both families live amid abundant choices and never consult morality in determining them. They are far from bad in their neighbors' opinion, yet not good by church standard. The trustee is proud of his maternal ancestor who died for her opinions but this does not prevent him from sending a letter lauding the Attorney-General for his severe treatment of Huns, Socialists and other brands of radical thought. He accepts with a smile the deacon's reproof for Sunday automobile trips although in turn he wonders how any one can expect to save *a whole* family for twenty-five dollars a year.

Yet he likes to see the deacon pass the communion cup and would be shocked if a less sedate man were in his place. The deacon is thus an ornament—a reminder of old times. His is a dying race while the trustee is the future's representative. A pure-blooded deacon is hard to find. Some churches pay a premium to get the right brand. When filled with fat, florid parishioners it adds to dignity to have a hollow-eyed deacon pace the aisle.

The public has visualized the deacon as temperance advocate and repressor of art. Yet the trustee is the real sinner. It is he who denounces girls with short hair, skirts and socks. Every innovation brings a volume of wrath not because it is bad but because he dislikes change. Old days and good old ways excite his admiration.

It is wrong to think of the officials at Washington, persecuting helpless minorities, as fierce tigers or as straight-laced Puritans. They are merely good-natured individuals striving to win popular approval. Their feelings are merely herd instinct, not race or opinion hatred. We should not think of a bull pawing and bellowing as hating the object of his attack. He is seeking herd favor. The flow of herd action goes out over channels set by wrath and has all its external marks. The herd leader is merely a hundred per cent American following the line of least resistance. He is cruel and arrogant not from nature but because popular leadership demands it. The level of the mob is his level. What to them is wish becomes to him a deed. The herd does not hate; it merely has a repugnance of difference. A new color, a new form, a new opinion receive the same condemnation; blank similarity is their crowning joy.

The century has altered the surviving type. The drunkard, the tramp, the horse jockey, be-

coming converts, emerge as hustlers, trustees and one hundred per cent Americans. The deacon type have lost their social ascendancy and are often outside the church in the various dissent organizations. They are single-taxers, Socialists, conscientious objectors, peace advocates and other protesting groups who dislike the pressure arrogant majorities exert. The deacon might see a resemblance between himself and the conscientious objector but would be shocked if put in with a Socialist; yet if the form of argument and the method of reasoning are considered, the difference is slight. The Bolsheviki are unwashed deacons; the trustee is a washed tramp. The one hundred per cent American is primitive energy directed in new channels. If he got drunk once a week he would use his energy in brawls, but in the new world it is more fun to persecute minorities. There is thus an emphasis of physical prowess and a love of adventure. Literature has not yet caught the spirit of the change. The peaked-faced devils and New England deacons are still on the stage. The movie, however, represents character in its modern form. The acting of a Douglas Fairbanks meets modern demands. He has the form, the smile and the dash which hold the attention. By watching his ways and comparing them with those of the man on the street the observer can bring to the fore the salient changes in shape and desire which the century has wrought.

Such was Joe and the opinion of Joe. When the bad disappear in the bottomless pit it is easy to point a moral and give warning to young and tempted. But when the wicked prosper, have horses, full barns and bumper crops—even a Job fails to unravel the mysteries of Providence. House on the sand: yes, sand could be seen be*neath* each pillar. The bank is ready to cave.

When the rain descends, the floods come, and the winds blow, Joe's neighbors leap from bed to see the fall, only to return crying: "How long? How long? How long!"

12

Acquired Characters

Science teaches that characters are of two sorts: a physical heredity which is passed from parent to child; a social heredity which each generation impresses on the next. Acquired traits we are told cannot change physical heredity. If so, physical heredity is not altered by the acts of a particular generation. The degenerate die out. The normal survive to give the next generation its physical heredity. If that is improving, the race rises, forcing manners to undergo a change for the better.

Natural traits cannot be altered; acquired traits cannot be inherited. So much is clear yet a confusion lies in the background which obviates the inference that the acquired traits we value are the same as the natural traits we inherit. The words used thus create the assumption that in character-building heredity is all-important. If, however, moral traits are post-natal products re-grafted on each generation by social means, the graft not the heredity is supreme. Of this graft the inherited element is emotion. The acquired element is some shock or strain to which the child is subjected. A single shock or a ten-minute strain may alter a child's character in ways which endure for life.

Every one knows that the child prenatally goes through a fish stage and a reptilian stage. What is not so clearly seen is that a child at birth is in *just such another* stage out of which it must come

if it is to reach normal maturity. At birth it is merely a nervous bundle, a development wrought by the difficulties of child birth. Whatever prolongs this nervous dominance is almost as bad in its effect as it would have been to have remained a fish or a reptile. It is not heredity but the happenings between birth and adolescence which keeps a child in or elevates him above this birth level.

Emotion gives the arousing force to action; instinct directs the response. These two sides of heredity have developed together. In the lower organisms the two correspond, there being an emotion to arouse and an instinct to direct each adjustive act. In an insect each external pressure arouses a definite nervous response, such that action and reaction are so related that predicates from one to the other can readily be made. If an insect is compared with a monkey a marked change in the form of reaction is visible. The antecedents of acts are no longer to be sought in the direct contacts of the monkey with its viron. His responses are imitations of other creatures. He does what he sees others do instead of responding directly to his material contacts.

An instinct is an inherited mechanism. The nervous system is so organized that it gives definite responses to each vital stimulus. Imitation is an acquired trait. What others do creates the impulse to action. Judged mechanically, the difference between a monkey and an insect is that the monkey has lost some of the inherited nervous mechanisms in which the insect excels. There has been a decay in the mechanical responses to external stimuli in the place of which imitation has gained a dominance. Why this has happened could be easily demonstrated, but the real point is that the intelligence shown by the monkey represents not a gain in inheritance but a loss. In-

stinct has been replaced by acquired knowledge.

This decay of instincts has gone much farther in the case of man. Most of his instincts have lost force. Men stimulated by the viron have emotion which prompts action; but no instinct to direct it. The direction comes through imitation or through a rational process. The accepted assumption is that the change from insect to monkey and from monkey to man has been through increases in inherited mechanisms. The change however involves a loss in inherited nervous mechanism, not a gain. The dictum of acquired traits, not being heritable, does not hold. The victory of acquired traits over heritable nervous mechanisms happened way back in the monkey stage. We inherit emotions; we do not inherit responses. Our emotions are natural; our responses are acquired.

If an insect is compared with man the striking difference is that man has a better body than the insect and that its functioning has more influence on conduct than is the case with insects. We like to call our bodies flesh and imagine that we are superior to the degree we thwart their behests. But the facts contradict this assumption. Our bodies have developed; the control of body by inherited nervous mechanisms has decreased. Practically it can be said of normal men that bodily behests control the mind instead of inherited mental instincts controlling the body. The mind is almost blank until emotion and experience determine its direction. Thought is thus the servant of action, not its master.

An insect's reaction to pain is anger. The monkey anticipating pain reacts against it not by angry attack, but by avoidance. The monkey runs instead of fights. His inherited mechanisms of response are useless; their degeneration a benefit. After the monkey had been on the run

for ages the instinctive nervous losses were great enough to permit rational conduct. Progress lies not in restoring nervous control as the rationalist and moralist demand, but in further perfection of body so that its emotions and reactions reflect in an unconscious way the adjustment on which superior life depends.

Neither progress nor degeneration should be regarded as natural unless evidences of the change are visible in pre-human forms. Measured in this way the earliest forms of action are tropisms due to the direct action of physical forces. An external control is thus formed to be replaced later by instincts which are mechanically established movements ending with some external response. These mechanisms are parts of the central nervous system which create definite connection between the organs of the body. The units of this system are the reflexes capable of independent action but which in most cases are under the control of the brain centers.

The non-structural reactions are the effect which elementary physical forces have on animal organisms. Heat, light, gravitation, pressure, are each the source of animal movement. The difference between these reactions and those nervously conveyed is that there is no mechanism connecting the parts. If heat or light creates action the co-ordination ceases with the cessation of the force. If a moth goes toward a light its movement stops when the light fades. The moth does not go toward the light because of any inherited mechanism but because of the direct effect of the light rays. A bee scenting a flower moves toward it as the result of centrally aroused impulses conveyed back and forth by nerve currents. The bee could, if it would, turn away from the flower; the moth cannot turn from the light.

It has no mechanisms by which to resist light impulses.

The direct action of external physical forces has to a large measure been overcome by the development of the central nervous system. We seem to be able to move as we will in disregard of physical agents. While this is true of objective forces it is not true of internal processes. Certain glands secrete and exude into the blood substances which arouse action in other parts similiar to that which the physical forces exert on lower forms of life. While these secretions are discharged into the blood the excitement continues; it stops when the secretion ceases. These temporary forces arouse through contact, not through a nerve current mechanically established. If an insect is injured it responds with a sting. Its nerve connections determine the kind of response; the vigor of the response comes however from the action which the blood excites. So with men; what we do our nerves tell, but the *vigor* of doing the blood content determines. Anger is due to blood changes caused by gland discharges. The nerve mechanisms enabling us to act effectively are permanent organic relations but the feeling of anger is temporary, coming and going with the state of the blood. If then the excitement is carried from one part of the system to others through the blood, the changes effected are blood psychology. In contrast to this there is a nerve psychology, when the excitement is carried along well defined nervous tracts. In the first case the action is tropic; in the second instinctive. To bear this contrast in mind simplifies many complex situations hard to explain in any other way.

Nerve excitement is at its maximum immediately. Pain starts with its greatest intensity and falls off as the nerves fatigue. All sense prod-

ucts are instantaneous in their effects. We see sights, hear sounds, taste or smell with an initial vigor not afterwards excelled. This is due to the perfection of the nerve currents. Tropic effects cannot be so quickly aroused. The glands throw their products into the blood. In it they are carried to all parts of the body. Withdraw light and the vision instantly fades, but the passion aroused by gland action only gradually subsides. An angry person but slowly regains his composure. His feeling ceases only when the blood is freed of the discharged hormones. Tropic force thus intensifies action but never directs it.

When glands and nerves work together action is vigorous and well directed. To attain this end there has been a long evolution. For each instinct to direct there should be an emotion to intensify the decision. This harmony can be seen in insects, and perhaps best of all in the carnivora. But with the monkey instincts began to decay and emotions to grow or at least they hold their own. There is thus an overflow of emotion which goes out, not in harmony with instinct, but often in opposition to it. This opposition can be measured objectively through gland action or through its effect in conscious emotion. Objectively the conflict is between tropic and sensory forces. Subjectively the contrast is between anger and joy. An angry reaction indicates a harmony of emotion and instinct. Emotion then reinforces instinctive demands. When instinct degenerates action is less effective. Fear intervenes; hesitation results. A still further degeneration is indicated by kicking, crying, tears and other emotional reactions. With additional degeneration men laugh at what would to an instinctive person cause anger. By it the emotional currents go out along what, adjustively considered, are useless paths. Either parts are aroused

which have no adjustment value, or old degenerate parts are stirred to a renewed activity. Laughter is merely ineffective anger. The flow of emotion in the two cases is the same. The same organs are aroused. The jaw and muscular face movements are ineffectual bites. The chill of the back which accompanies strong emotion is an attempted movement which in lower animals would have moved the skin or stiffened the hair and bristles. Humor turns emotion from effective adjustment into some useless suppressing channel. All these emotional puzzles are solved when the relation of instinct to tropic action is understood.

The degeneration which moralists fear cannot take place more rapidly than natural traits decay. This decay if judged by biologic evidence must be slow. Ages must pass before visible changes manifest themselves. Rapid declines in civilization must therefore have other causes. The decay which moralists lament is not a general decay but only the decay of some special class. The whole series of problems can be made one by assuming that the surviving class is undergoing a physical degeneration of instinct, while the defeated group is undergoing a decay of their acquired repressions. Economic pressure forces a moral decay of the defeated while physical superiority, causing instinctive traits to degenerate, permits the increase of intelligence.

Darwinian theory over-emphasizes elimination as the source of progress. In some unknown way variation occurs, after which natural forces decide which is the superior. If, however, there are tropic forces at work, nature can start variations as well as to decide between them. Does organic modification begin with the direct action of natural forces, or does it begin with conscious judg*ments which improve* individual power to per-

form, and thus lead through the inheritance of acquired traits to a more effective heredity? The latter answer is the well known theory of Lamarck. Heredity is thus assumed to alter after the conscious judgment makes changes. This means that judgments make heredity and not that heredity makes judgments, an order which I wish to question without falling into the negative attitude of the orthodox biologist.

The correct order I assume to be: first, the direct action of natural forces on life; second, the appearance of a wish to do what natural forces tend to create; third, a power to do through the growth of inherited traits. Then judgments are formed which harmonize with natural tendencies. From this viewpoint the acquired traits which Lamarck puts first are in reality the last to alter and are thus effects, not causes. They mark the completion of an epoch, not its origin. The decay of institutions, morals, customs, and habits does not indicate physical degeneration but an advance in heredity. A new step in evolution has come to a final epoch in which old institutions no longer fitting the new heredity must give way to institutions better adapted to the approaching epoch. There is thus a square issue between those who argue that cultural and moral decency indicate physical degeneration, and those who regard the same facts as an indication of a physical advance.

Darwinism shows how nature can decide between types but it does not show how it can start new ones. This gap a knowledge of tropic forces fills. Tropic forces are always acting on life. Their influence is in opposition to the already developed, inherited powers. They do not help an animal to do what it wants to do but compel it to do something else. The compulsion which the direct natural action enforces has two seem-

ingly conflicting effects. What nature compels an animal to do it tends to do subsequently. Every time the animal is compelled to do what it does not want to do its will power is increased by the resistance it offers. At the same time any movement once made is the next time easier to perform. Every tropic impressment thus tends to perpetuate itself as a tendency which as it grows becomes a wish. If a wish is once gratified each subsequent gratification meets with less resistance. It tends thus to become habit and to build conventions which enforce its demands. The wish in this sense expresses itself mainly through acquired characters, while the will represents inherited tendencies which bodily mechanisms help to enforce. The wish and the will thus get in conflict. The will rules where there are adequate inherited mechanisms to perform desired acts. The wish dominates where these mechanisms are absent or only partly developed. Progress in heredity can be measured in three ways—longevity, muscle and will. Their increase shows that heredity is improving. Mental superiority is not measured in these ways but by wishes which have no adequate biologic enforcement. It is not doing what we can but trying to do what we can't which ultimately tests the growth of life.

13

Inferior Complexes

Through his home contacts a feeling of superiority had been generated in Paul. He had confidence in every one, and he succeeded by aggressive action. He grew as every young animal grows, with a complete harmony between his contacts and reactions. He did what he wanted and

did well because of the accord between his wishes and his needs.

This freedom ceases when church and school are entered. Their discipline is a repression, the assumption being that the child is in tendency depraved. If the child is physically weak or has been taught the need of repression by previous ills, he adopts the social patterns and makes of them a second nature. But if the aggressive spirit has been aroused by the antecedent victories a stubborn conflict ensues. Paul's mother and grandfather believed in obedience, humility and sacrifice as firmly as they believed in aggressive action on the farm. They never carried over home decisions to their social life. School obedience was to them axiomatic. Why Paul needed discipline they could hardly say, yet they relied on its efficiency. The teacher believed in love but also in autocratic rule. Her devices were sugar-coated, though after all the bitter kernel must be taken. So long as the things taught do not match the aggressiveness of home, discipline is needed to divert child life from its normal channels!

This discipline of the teacher and moralist does not eradicate the wrong tendency they dislike; it merely distorts the expression into some other more subtle form. The sense of superiority natural to the child is transformed into a sense of inferiority. A new group of passions and distempers are created which alters the child's relation to his comrades and superiors. Docility is not humbly accepted. The energy which would go out as love becomes distrust and hate.

Every inclination has back of it some natural power with a certain amount of stored energy. This energy breaks through its restraints as water will burst a dam. The obstacle is avoided by flowing in some new channel. The symbol is this distorted expression. It always has some

features in common with the original with differences enough to avoid the imposed censorship. Purity places a tabu on exposing certain features and organs. The result is not a cessation of sex imagery but a creation of sex symbols. By this means the flow of passion is as fierce as if the concealed organs were exposed. Anything associated with a suppressed thought or action becomes a symbol of them. The energy back of each suppression never fails to gain an outlet. When superficially viewed symbolism seems without law, but beneath all is a general law. The suppressed item is transformed into a class concept which includes all thoughts or actions associated with the original. Then there is a degradation through loss of memory or through further suppression so that only the more intense members remain in consciousness. These become the specific symbol of the suppressed original and reappear whenever the suppressed mechanisms are excited. A child is bitten by a cat. All similar biting animals become objects of fear. Then the fear concept fades, leaving only its intense representatives. The child may forget the cat bite and yet have an intense fear of wolves which it has never seen. Applying this principle to Paul, a particular teacher provoked his antagonism. His dislike of her he transferred to other women and to all objects she admired. He gets even with women and art by degrading them below the level of what he loves. If what he likes is bad, the disliked objects are worse. This is the inferiority complex. We exalt what we love, not by describing its beauty, but by degrading its opposite.

If some one had accused Paul of hating women he would have denied it. He had forgotten how his ideas originated. For women in general he had a great admiration for he catalogued this universal *woman* under the concept of mother,

yet any particular girl went into the subconscious class of which the teacher was exemplar. Her beauty, her form, her ways, repulsed him. He was cold but he knew not why. In contrast to this was the mother-concept which to him was the symbol of all the good. She was not a beauty like the teacher. Her face was sweet but her form was faded. He symbolized her qualities as representative of all virtues.

The reader may not attach the importance they deserve to these statements. He will probably smile at the implied criticism of normal school methods. I will therefore add some reminiscences of school life to show their reality. I was reared in the flattest part of the great West, on, as I thought, the best farm in the state. I loved its square fields, its angular board fences, its straight rows of corn. All else that grew was classed as weeds and exterminated at sight. Of Scotch ancestry, I assumed my family and church to be superior to all else. To our school an eastern teacher came. She disliked Illinois flatness as much as I admired it. She extolled stone walls, hills, brooks, flowers and other peculiarities of the admired East. She claimed descent from the Mayflower and knew nothing of which Scotland boasts. The name Patten was flat, she said, while her name—Parkinson—was ornate. I cannot complain of her instruction. She was earnest and well meaning, but she created a group of contrasts which changed the current of my thought, and after many years are not thoroughly eradicated. Bright colors, curved lines, fancy dresses and pretty faces became objects of indifference or aversion.

The suppression of what I loved did not result in the enlargement of the opposite but in an attempt to keep me and mine superior by implied belittlement of other ideals. Whenever denuncia-

tion and belittlement are manifest, this principle has been at work. It colors literature and degrades religion. We call that depravity and degeneration which emphasizes our superiority by a depreciation of others. As soon as the majority begins its repressions the minority defends itself by a depreciation of popular aims. A decadent or losing section or class never admits that its defeat is due to natural or inevitable causes. The worse the defeat the severer the denunciation of the victor. They thus come to regard themselves as remnant supermen, or as isolated peaks in a dismal world swamp.

14

Super Complexes

Some months ago I was walking along a road in a dejected state. I looked up: a new moon threw a mass of light in my face. For a moment the moon and I were one. When I regained composure my depression disappeared. What had happened? What did the moon do to me? Two explanations seem plausible. The shock may have altered my association of ideas and thus produced a purely mental effect. The other is that the rays of light had a direct physical influence which altered my mental concepts. Can light or any other physical force originate mental states different from those which associations due to experience form? This is a problem worthy of discussion and on which light also can be thrown.

I start again from the example of a moth struggling with light. It moves toward the light not because of inherited mechanisms but because, lacking mechanisms to voice its will, the rays of light *become the* deciding influence in determin-

ing its behavior. The analogy to my condition seems far-fetched. I have physical mechanisms to carry out will decisions, and thus seem outside the influence which compels the moth to act. This is indeed true—but states of depression destroy will power. Was I not therefore in exactly the condition of the moth, so will-less through depression that a slight external force sufficed to alter the current of my thought? Are not all men or at least many men at times so will-less that external forces can determine behavior?

When this problem is consciously faced there is not merely my evidence to interpret but a multitude of familiar facts which tend in the same direction. Religious instructors have taught the negative of will as the essential prerequisite to communication with God. We need not take their evidence as to what the feeling of oneness with God really means; but the fact is plain as to how it arises. Depression is the first step. The devotee seeks the woods or at least isolates himself so that old trains of thought are repressed. When his will-lessness is complete nature, acting on him, alters the current of his thought. In his interpretation the new thought is external in its origin and hence from God. The external origin seems evident. Nature can determine behavior by direct means if human wills are so incapacitated that they cannot resist external influences. Two facts seem to me evident, however defective religious interpretation of them may be. Physical forces can exert a direct influence on behavior. The devotee is right in his assertion that the voice or power-compelling action is external to himself.

The evidence of physical direction when the will is dormant depends only partially on religious experience. All poets use the same means of getting inspiration even though they find it in a different way. They seek nature and love iso-

lation. Nothing is plainer than the influence that light, air and vision have upon them. Their walking with nature is the same in substance as the religious devotees' walking with God. They go from depression to elation through direct contact with physical forces and are as truly converted by them as are religious enthusiasts. God and nature are not far apart. The difference is more in name than in reality.

On this point my experience is typical. Not only on the occasion mentioned but on many others a sudden physical change has created a revolution of thought. I rid myself of depression by nature contacts, following which comes a new thought series which appears a miracle in that it is objective. I often console myself in depression—that now I shall get new ideas in the recovery or a solution of unsolved problems that before were puzzles! It rarely happens that in the sudden uplift out of depression this does not take place. I start on a trip through the woods, walk in isolation for miles. Suddenly the depression goes, after which comes an intense elation bringing with it a flood of vivid ideas so objective that they seem to have come from without. I cannot wonder that this state is called a communion, so vivid is its seeming objectivity. I doubt the reality of a communication. At least there is little evidence of this in my case. Unless, however, complete objectivity is denied, there is a need of an explanation running counter to scientific doctrine. Objectivity doctrines have two forms. One is religious, the other poetic. Religious enthusiasm begins in depression and the negation of personal will. A sudden elevation of thought occurs which is accepted as the voice of God. This change of thought is called a conversion and the power to make it is assumed to come from without. All sublime poetry also

begins in a depressed mental state. The poet seeks the quiet of nature and excludes human contacts. Then comes the communion with nature, and the poet thinks he hears the voice of nature calling for a response. The thought movement in the two cases is the same. Nature and God *are* one.

A third group of familiar cases is that of a man wearied by some problem he fails to solve. He sleeps, takes a pleasure trip or indulges in sport. Freshness returns, when like a miracle the solution of his problem looms. These cases show three common elements, depression, a state of will-lessness and the action of some objective force.

If these facts are accepted their interpretation is not difficult. The difference between conscious and subconscious activity is now too familiar to need further discussion. The force back of conscious activity is the complexes acquired through or based on muscular activity. This is will. A state of will-lessness is therefore a state negating the influence of acquired complexes. Depression is the agent by which this is wrought. When the acquired complexes are repressed by depression the ultimate natural forces gain a dominance. These in their general form are what is called the wish. The will—that is, the acquired concepts—rules in ordinary moods; the wish in periods of depression. Depression is not therefore mere negation. It has a positive element which always shows itself in recovery. In a depressed mood a slight physical force can start an upward movement of thought. This the weather, the ozone of the woods, the moon, a brilliant sky or a striking landscape can arouse and thus bring nature and heredity into accord without the interference of acquired concepts. Every such break, throwing out some acquired complex,

permits a new thought movement and with it a permanent change of behavior.

This again assumes that the direct action of physical forces harmonizes with inherited tendencies so that an upward thought movement is evoked when the two act without interference. This thought movement is essentially the same in all persons no matter by what name it is called. It is a groping for fulfillment. A desire not merely to run the course which heredity has set, but to go beyond and gain some goal. This is the universal myth. Taking out details easily accounted for in specific cases, the poet, the prophet, the dramatist have a common plot which leads in a unified direction. It is this common element, always present in the recovery from depression, which creates a super-self as much above the level of personality as sense-self is below it. In such a condition we move toward the light as truly as does the moth and for the same reason.

Call light by what name we will, yet light it is to which we grope in states of elation. Depression is always darkness, light its relief and goal. Such a feeling and interpretation could not exist if the direct influence of physical forces were not an element in character building. The dominating influence on our lives is still what it was when the amoeba first struggled for self-expression. Man has better mechanisms to move toward the light than it had, he is more conscious of his acts, yet his ends are still vague and are to be reached only by crude groping. Mechanisms make will, nature makes wish. The wish thus represents evolution yet to come, just as the will represents the stages through which evolution has gone. Between the two is an eternal conflict, some element of which we face every time we go through a period of depression. Will-lessness is a defect of char-

acter and yet it is the only door through which evolution can advance.

This is a physical view—one with which dreamers and prophets have little sympathy. They think not of antecedents—are unconscious of the personality they have repressed, only seeing the result which thus becomes a real miracle. Yet the sequences are not difficult to explain. Some righteous cause draws the energy and in its zeal destroys much that in gentler moods would be valued higher than the ends attained. This overdoing breaks the power of the will by which the ferocious deeds are upheld. It is the tired prophet, the worn soldier, the weary poet to whom world vision comes. Had they not overdone, it could not have broken its iron bonds. Had there been no glorified cloud, the inner could not have passed over into the outer. But when all these happen together and to the same individual, the repressed becomes dominant. The religious enthusiast fasts or goes into the desert to live on strange food. By cutting out meat he gets rid of its toxins. In the refreshing sleep that follows he sees the visions for which he longs. Fasting and exercise, though seemingly different, have the same general effect. They purify the blood and thus promote a general elation with its vivid thought movement.

My means of getting mental elation differ from those I have described. The first three or four miles of a long walk are dull monotony; then comes a period of elation, followed after a couple of hours by a corresponding depression. On the physical side this means that the first miles, starting a vigorous circulation of blood, free my system of toxins, pure blood elates my mental processes, thought mounts to the clouds and frees itself from the cramping conditions of time and space. In this way are incorporated into experience vague super-sensitive elements which create

super complexes as much above the sense level as the content of an inferior complex is below it. Inferior complexes have their origin in repressions about which habit and instinct build. A developed complex may have little to do with experience, so little that the actual origin may be forgotten, yet an analysis reveals its definite nature. The acquired elements are first, even if obscured. The natural elements are subsequent additions. In a super complex the opposite development occurs. The blood elation arouses in consciousness inherited forms which have little relation to concrete life. It thus gives a vague background to thought which is made concrete through associations with the actual content of experience. The super complex adds to itself sense elements in the process of becoming real and by so doing personality is elevated to a position more exalted than mere experience warrants. As personality rises to this new level the bad is disintegrated just as in inferior complexes it is emphasized. Elation thus throws a person into a triumphant mood in which world ills are eliminated.

An elated person is said to dream; day dreams, they are called. The wished becomes the real. The mechanism is thus the same as of wishes or night dreams. That for which the mind yearns is woven into complexes which, diverting the current of thought from bare reality, project the mental picture into the outer world. If a child, envisaging a stump—sees a wolf, or if an excited person sees a witch, it is plain they have given an objective form to their mental fears. But when a woman sees the Virgin, or a man communing with God hears voices from Heaven, science forgets mental process and denies the testimony. Yet the process in all these cases is the same. Vivid

mental pictures projected beyond ourselves are made a part of the outer world.

I love to walk through the woods, not to see the birds, trees or flowers, but to get the elation which only pure air and exercise arouse. The farther I go the more am I divorced from reality. Suddenly coming into an opening I see a beautiful vista. For the moment the world of which I am thinking, projecting itself, blends with the scene just as the child projects its fears on the stump and makes a wolf of it. However great the illusion, the fact is the child sees the wolf. I also see in the world about me those things of which I am dreaming.

Why such elated transfers of thought are not so common as the objectification of fear does not lie in a difference in the process, but in the frequency of the occurring event. Fear situations we all meet. The striking combinations which objectify dreams come but occasionally; to many because of the temperament or situation they never come. If the prophet did not dream, if he did not seek secluded spots where nature reveals its wealth, he would never have the visions which blend reality with its super powers. A cherished thought can under these circumstances seem a voice coming from above. When Moses saw the light in the bush and heard a voice commanding him to free his brethren—are we to assume that he had had no previous thought of this mission or was he so absorbed in this thought that a flaming bush helped him to objectify what he wanted to hear? The better explanation of prophetic visions is that the command told the hearer to do what he ardently wished to do but lacked the courage to perform. The effect of the vision is on the will. Timidity vanishes; the heroic emerges. This we see, but the process is deeper and more intricate.

A super complex is formed, which abiding gives a turn to subsequent experience.

Every conscious state has some form, color and intensity, the ultimate grouping of which voices our inherited bodily urges. So stated there is nothing mysterious about them. They are not different in kind and origin from other inherited mechanisms. Being merely urges to action, they are vague enough to move in any chosen direction. A perfect organism would seek to realize inherited goals, but find them by means of sense perceptions. This complete adjustment may have held in the animal world. Then life-urges and the nervous mechanisms worked together. The ends are reached and life preserved even if the road wastes a vast number of individuals. Be this as it may there is not a good co-ordination of the inner and the outer in the case of man. There is a gap between vague life-urges and everyday experience which, if not filled by extraordinary events, leaves the life-urges in too vague a form to be of practical use.

The gap is filled either by striking events which blend with the life-urges and thus make them concrete, or by the destruction of inferior complexes through which the level of the current experience is raised to a point nearer the ideal. Most men experience conversion even if not related to religious thought. In every case some inferior complex is broken.

A similar relief from inferior complexes is obtained by sudden dramatic scenes arousing intense emotion. A new view of nature, a masterpiece of literature, a new form of art undermining some inferior complex, may shift the control of conduct to some other group of motives. Striking conversions such as Paul underwent are a real psychic phenomenon. A youthful repression had thwarted a natural growth of his art complexes. It needed

a visual shock to undermine them. He made this possible by the long run which exhausted, and a vigorous recovery which brought elation. To these add the view of nature which he had never before experienced and the elements of a conversion are co-ordinated. This may be a rough road to conversion, but it is a real one.

The day before the Professor's illumination he had chased the rebel bands across a valley. He fell asleep from sheer exhaustion. Sleep rejuvenates, then the cloud stimulus permits the transformation of mere elation into objective forms. Paul's test was more severe. It matters not at what point he fell from exhaustion, for will and body did their full work. Sleep and food bring the tingle of emotion, then with nature's aid the rising flood of internal emotion assumes an objective form. This is the essence of illumination however induced. It is the transformation of the vague surge of emotion into the more definite forms of cloud and sky. Both blood and nature must be at their best to permit this fusion. It comes when favored by circumstances. Skeptics may deny the interpretation but the fact is above their reach.

15

Genetic Psychology

The preceding discussion has been confined to particular points with which the reader is familiar or at least the facts can be found in any popular treatise. There are, however, many who desire a more connected view than isolated examples afford. With such an exposition there are difficulties, partly from the incompleteness of science and partly from the controversies which partizan schools of thought have provoked. The reader's

interest should lie in genetic psychology. He may not hold the recapitulation theory but he does know that the order of development has much to do with the character of individuals. Current psychology shows little of this interest. Each school has certain doctrines to defend and others to expose. The order, if not the content, of discussion is fixed by these needs.

There are many varieties, but two schools dominate current thought. To the older the content of consciousness is the main concern. The newer school call themselves behaviorists, but a better contrast is made by calling them altrospective. They judge of themselves by what they see of others; while introspective thinkers judge others by what they see in themselves. Both methods are legitimate but when carried to an extreme occasion bitter controversies. In contrast to these the genesist starts with the origin of traits, avoiding analysis until the sequences of life are established. The objective and subjective can thus be related without any falsification of either element.

The original reactions of life to its viron are not instincts nor even reflexes; they are tropisms, induced by the medium in which the animal exists. Heat, light and other elemental forces create movements before the being has the organic structures to perform them. These movements continue so long as the external agent persists; they cease with its subsidence. Each physical force, helping elemental life to perform its task, serves as a stimulus to push life along to a point where inherited mechanisms take their place. These mechanisms objectively observed are instincts. They replace the tropisms on which movement originally depended. In addition to these natural sources of movement there are many acquired antecedents which are designated as habits, customs or traditions. A later term, complex, is

better. It makes plain their origin and shows how each complex is not merely acquired fact but also has hidden in it some forces which are either instinctive or tropic. From the standpoint of behavior, tropisms, instincts and complexes make the classes into which all objective conduct can be arranged. Without any appeal to consciousness every act seems thus readily accounted for. Introspection should not run counter to these fundamental considerations, yet it is so distorted by a confusion of ideas that a seeming opposition exists.

Introspective philosophy, having a long historical growth, has never been subjected to the pruning which modern science demands. Many antiquated concepts are thus retained. It should be remembered that mind is a consequence, not the antecedent, of bodily activities. It strengthens and classifies what already exists, but never creates. Mental classification must, therefore, correspond to that of body activities as revealed in behavior. To make the contrast of sense, understanding and reason fundamental in introspective psychology is to ignore this need. Reason and understanding have no place in observed conduct, whether measured by introspective or by altrospective methods. They are merely hypotheses to account for observed facts, which accountancy they fail to fulfill. Conduct is determined by behavior. The introspective elements merely intensify conduct; they never originate it.

On this basis the relation of the inner with the outer impulses is simplified. The elements in observed behavior are tropisms, instincts and complexes. The corresponding internal elements are emotion, thought patterns and associations. The emotions are the conscious reflexes of tropic activity. The thought patterns represent the effects of heredity mechanically ex-

pressed. Associations are the added experience elements which correspond to the complexes observed in behavior.

The statement that emotions are tropic reflexes of bodily action needs amplification, because the thought is not yet generally recognized. Body action is intensified by a gland action which throws hormones into the blood. They are sent not merely where wanted but wherever the blood flows. Their action in consciousness is emotion. It is an old problem to decide whether action precedes and causes emotion or emotion, coming first, intensifies action. The real answer is that both are consequence of blood hormones which have their antecedent in gland activity. Anger and the clenched fist come together because they have a common cause.

Introspection cannot observe instincts. They are discovered only through behavior and analysis. But it can find certain sequences of thought which have the same regularity of action which instincts have. Color, form, order and intensity are bound into units in such a way as to indicate that the combinations are inherited.

The problem of evolution is to attach to each inherited instinct a tropic blood current to intensify its action. There should be in consciousness an emotion—the representative of tropic action—for every inherited bodily instinct. Each mechanism would thereby be strengthened and have its activity increased by the co-operation of blood hormones.

If mental and bodily activity are to harmonize, thought processes must correspond to and be the index of the sequences through which the body goes in its evolution. It is recognized that the sequences of personal evolution are the same as that of race evolution. These forces ought to and in *part at least* have wrought the same result on *mental processes*, which should have identical

stages and reflect the same processes that personal and race evolution show. The inherited thought patterns would thus reflect physical processes and make thought an adjunct to the physical processes observable in behavior, and cosmic evolution.

The reply will probably be that this is not so. Thought, it will be said, does more than reflect; it creates and governs. A careful analysis shows that the two statements are not so far apart as they seem. The difference is not so much in the result as it is in the method of attaining it. All evolution involves a fulfillment. Each striving reaches out to something beyond. Evolution thus has an order and a goal. Each inheritance is a part of some curve which reaches toward fulfillment. The blind mechanical forces are the unconscious means by which evolution proceeds. The general process of life evolution is repeated in the life of each individual. What the race has gone through in millions of years the individual accomplishes in the short period of its existence. It does more than this, for the acquired experience of each creature takes it beyond the curve which the race has completed.

Assuming this recapitulation to be true of unconscious animal life, the same facts should hold for the conscious mental life. Its processes should repeat the history of the race in a vague but yet a real form. The difference is that thought processes move through the history of the race more rapidly than the individual. What the race has done in a million years the physical individual does in fifty; this the conscious mind goes through in minutes. A thought curve has all the elements of race and individual in its processes; it also reaches by its experience much farther ahead of race experience than does the individual in his physical processes. The function of the mind

depends on these facts. Its more rapid movement causes it to pass through the cosmic stages more rapidly than physical processes and thus to anticipate what will happen as they evolve by slow but natural means. By anticipating, thought strengthens the tendency of the life processes to complete themselves in given ways. In what we anticipate we have faith. Thus anticipation, fulfillment and faith get bound together and through their union push life processes along faster than unconscious evolution would proceed. Mental evolution can thus be related to body processes. The mind is emotional. Its forces by their more rapid development become anticipations which intensify life processes. What the body would do slowly, bunglingly and inadequately, mental emotions will so intensify as to create immediate effectiveness. The mind is thus an intensifier of action, not its creator, yet through its power of anticipation it becomes the director of human action. It cannot transform its products into an heredity but it can hasten the bodily processes capable of inheritance.

Thought sequences are parts of the life curve along which bodily and physical evolution is proceeding. Every thought series recapitulates some if not the whole of the evolution through which life has gone. Each epoch of this life recapitulation has some thought symbol which helps to intensify action. If the thought sequences do not follow life sequences, some distorting complex has turned them out of a natural channel. The frequency with which these inferior complexes occur is the cause of the confusion in the interpretation of thought. To gain simplicity these inferior complexes based on disruptive experience must be discovered and displaced. After this is done the recapitulation involved in each thought series will manifest itself through a comparison with what happens *in the* life series of the individual and

that of the race. Just as in the individual life sequence some of the steps are obscured or lost—just as in the earth's crust some of its strata cannot be found in particular locations—so particular thought sequences suppress or dislocate individual steps. Yet the series is there if we look for it; its parts are seldom dislocated except for the influence of inferior complexes which arise from adverse experience.

Logical processes start with a dilemma. Next comes an isolation of the good and bad. The bad is then eliminated, through which relief comes and the good restored. This is the elemental struggle of all life. Millions of times it has been repeated in diverse forms until its essence is as much a part of mental heredity as of the body or of life in general.

Each part of this mental heredity is reflected in consciousness by specific combination of color, form or intensity not definite enough to be guide yet capable of becoming the symbol of some element needed by experience to direct life along normal channels. Superior complexes are formed which have considerable directive power. When men act there is before them some symbol which, if followed, points the path to success. This is due to the more rapid movement of thought through its natural sequences, which enables it to anticipate and in a measure visualize the steps that the more slowly moving bodily processes should take.

If the analysis is carried a step farther than mere symbolization, the background of color, form and intensity can be so isolated as to show that they are effects which emotion is capable of producing. The symbol thus bringing emotional intensification into definite relation to action becomes a guide to normal conduct.

To isolate the emotional symbol from the ex-

perience element, night dreams are usually taken as models. The same movement takes place in day dreams. In my case they are more easily interpreted. The difference is that the steps are more visible in night dreams, while in day dreams the emphasis is more on fulfillment. The prophet is a day dreamer whose thought sequences rush along to a fulfillment which the body is not yet able to attain. He often guides successfully, because his thought processes run so true to life processes.

I shall give a dream to illustrate this. Looking up, I saw some black spots in the sky which, enlarging as they approached, seemed to indicate a storm. Then the cloud broke up into parts and became a long train of cars with a fierce locomotive at the head. This came straight at me. I escaped by a sudden spring. The train, rushing back, proved to be a passenger train full of people. Suddenly turning in the other direction, I saw several bright spots in the sky which aggregated as before, but when breaking up proved to be a herd of fine horses. A noble stallion led, bridled and saddled. I rushed forward to mount. But as I did I awoke.

I interpret this dream to be an endeavor of emotional forces to arouse my dormant muscular powers. They first formed as a danger but when this failed they reformed as an escape series. If this had failed to awaken they would have probably reformed as a sex series and from that gone on to a fulfillment or to a self-glorification series.

Such is the cosmic process as it stands today and on the basis of which all life interpretations rest. Mental force cannot alter life processes; it can only anticipate them. But it can eradicate inferior complexes and substitute the superior in their place. The psychology showing how this can be done opens up a new era of progress.

16

The Sense of Sin

Every thought process has an antecedent—some physical change which manifests itself as behavior. What this physical reality is may be open to doubt or badly interpreted but all the same it is both real and explainable. Fundamental to this explanation is the co-ordination of instinct to emotion. The instincts direct; the emotions intensify. The instincts are mechanisms for particular ends; the emotions are urges which flow to all parts—at least many parts are aroused by them. The presence and effectiveness of instincts can be measured by objective means. Not so with the emotions: the decay or the blocking of their outlets merely turns them into some unexpected channel. The physical form of emotion is hard to trace. It often appears without apparent antecedents and is thus readily misinterpreted. Still it has a physical core which, if understood, brings it under the reign of law. Two great problems each species must face and solve: the preservation of life and its reproduction. Unless all modern biology is in error, reproduction is an easy matter in the animal world. Too many, not too few, are born. Behavior is thus determined by the struggle for self-preservation. Instinctive action preserves life; anger intensifies action. Every angry attitude from the bristling of hair to the straining of muscles has some advantageous effect on survival. The angry animal is thus a unit; every part is co-ordinated for the great end of life preservation. Anger creates personality; makes for a nervous, unified control. Each step in its development brings the animal nearer the human stage.

Human psychology reveals a reversal of this primal tendency. Men have a double not a single personality. They cannot co-ordinate their powers in the way of an angry animal. Two forces have come in to make this change—fear and sex. They represent not the increase of co-ordination—but its thwarting. The essence of this alteration can be stated by saying that man is born with an instinctive love of combat, while trying to turn himself to a disciple of love. Born as a lion he wants to be a dove. Love as behavior is not primal. It thwarts activity; it does not re-enforce instinctive action. The life-preserving forces have come into opposition with the life-reproducing. As anger and the other aggressive impulses have declined, traditions, tabus and morals have arisen to replace them. The acquired traits replace the instincts on which race preservation depends. The superficial struggle seems thus to be between morality and sex when in reality it is between the preservation of life and its reproduction.

From this view anger is the primal outlet of emotion. Against whatever causes pain there is an angry response which intensifies and utilizes every organ. Simple animal behavior is thus a wrathful reaction. The complex processes of behavior begin when some repression shuts the source of pain out of consciousness. There is then an emotional discharge with no behavior outlet; the emotion is active but the directing instinct is absent. The glands pour out exciting fluids but the muscles do not respond with effective action. They thus create mental instead of physical activity, which runs through the life series and pushes to the front some of its symbols. Action is thus directed against the symbol, not against the real cause of the discomfort. Thus is the emotion of hate directed not against the antecedents of *pain* but against some symbol of them.

There is a repression, a mental symbolization and then an intense action directed against the symbol. If crops fail, the thought processes of men, symbolizing their government as the cause, obtain immense satisfaction in its overthrow. If international trade is obstructed, thought processes may symbolize the Germans as the cause and billions are expended in their overthrow. In a like manner Semitic or Negro hatred arises. The mobs who burn Negroes symbolize them as the cause of their woes and get relief in barbaric action.

This hate behavior is manifest in a thousand different ways, each of which has the same outline —a repression, an unexplained emotion felt in some unexpected quarter, a thought symbolization of the life struggle which creates an object of hate and finally an intense concentrated action against the symbol of the assumed evil. The 100 per cent. American is doing no differently than the Southern mob burning a negro. He symbolizes the hyphen, the Hun or the pacifist as the sources of his subconscious woe and acts accordingly. Nor is there much difference between a lynching mob and a group of reformers turning rascals out of a city government. The mayor and the boss are devils; the whole world will be remade by their overthrow. Hence the intense activity and ferocious zeal—resulting in a complete collapse when the pent-up energy is expended. Then years of sleep are followed by a new outburst on similar lines. There is immediate satisfaction in the overthrow of Satan but no enduring results.

Hate is thus the first and most elemental series of symbols. A second series is that of sacrifice, where the initial struggle is followed by defeat instead of victory. The defeat however is temporary, as a transformation follows through which *life* is restored and final victory attained. This

transformation series is the most complete yet evolved and to it the masses resort to gain compensation for their misery. All thought on this basis emphasizes the need of struggle even if it is hopeless. Sacrifice is thus an incentive to action. None are so valiant as those who expect a death which, losing its sting, is the harbinger of victory. The thought series and the muscular series have thus developed in harmony; with them have come an integration of behavior and a growth of character.

A third series of symbols strives for fulfillment. The mind, going beyond struggle, reaches a goal which emphasizes fulfillment. This is the field of the prophet, the seer and the poet. They make the beyond vivid, but for behavior they dwell on struggle, since only by struggle is the route cleared. Let a prophet describe heaven or a poet picture Paradise—and talk gets stale with great rapidity. The mind sticks to struggle and gets more satisfaction out of beating the devil than from entering the golden gate. Sacrifice thus aids struggle and makes an outlet for energy, which tends to restore the equilibrium which defeat would destroy.

From these simple processes to sex is but a step, yet the step is a reversal. Sex tends toward a divided personality and thus makes the struggle internal, one group of processes being set against another. There is a series of reproductive symbols, but if compared with those of struggle they are less distinct, so much so that a love series cannot be made vivid except when put in the form of a struggle. Every novelist plays on struggle and leaves fulfillment to be inferred. A purely sex novel would be too tame to read. The cause of this is that in the early stages of evolution sex impulses, aroused by physical pleasure, had little relation to thought. They became objects of at-

tention only in the higher forms of animal life and hence as behavior follow the lines already blazed by struggle.

There are two fundamental types of behavior, that induced by the co-ordination of nerve and muscle, and those due to the symbolized process of reaching ends by means of thought. Both of these are well grooved and create definite forms of behavior. Either an animal gets wrathy and through struggle attains victory or his mind creates a symbolized process by which defeat and death lead to a transformation which assures victory. The type of transformation symbolized by thought is based not on natural reproduction but on miracle. Primitive men did not realize the connection between sex and birth. To them birth was a miracle not at all related to natural events. On this basis thought processes have been built and when built are impossible to alter. The crooked ways in which nature has gone in carving its road are followed by each generation, even if it logically knows of better.

For this reason sex is an intruder in mental processes. Men hate the natural evolution processes even if they must accept them. When they dream they leave them out, falling back on the good old series their ancestors formed. They like virgin births; prefer to have gods for ancestors than mere men. The opposition to sex lies deeper than the traditions, tabus, and moral restraints which society imposes. It is cast out because it is not one of the vital symbols by which men are carried by sacrifice, through death to victory. Men must cease to love sacrifice and miraculous regeneration before they can think in terms of natural reproduction. They hate it for the same reason that a child hates the omission of some familiar feature of a popular tale. The old

tale fits their thought processes while the abridged narrative jars by its omissions.

Those who have mysterious emotions and urges usually give them a religious interpretation, claiming they come from God. A simpler method accepts the facts but relates them to their bodily antecedents. Many parts are so degenerate that movement is no longer possible. When a strong emotional urge is excited the blood flows to these degenerate parts which cannot act, or if active, have no effect on muscular behavior. Men thus have mysterious urges which they wrongly interpret. If the bodily location of these urges is sought it will be found to be in some disused part. Physically they are endeavors to move parts which to more primitive animals were organs of defense. The currents run along the path anger ran, and attempt to arouse the same action. The phenomenon is thus that of blocked emotion and as a result, more or less disruption of personality. These blocked emotions which have no outlet seem objective because most of the anger manifestations relate to surface parts. They might be called inadequate attempts to bristle or to protect external parts. But the nerves in these regions impart a sense of objectivity and hence give an effective mental interpretation.

An experience while writing this section is illustrative. I had said something which made me feel small. My blood boiled and cold chills ran down my back. All day long strange injects would suddenly occur in my thought. Its usual currents were disturbed by sudden self-denunciations which seemed to come from some objective source. It was as though a censor were condemning me. My muscles suddenly twitched, creating a feeling as if someone were pulling. The curious thing was the seemingly objective nature of injects. I do *not wonder* that people mistake them for ob-

jective facts. The voice, the movement, the condemnation are real physical facts but of different origin from what they seem. It is those who do not have such injects who are defective, not those who have, but misinterpret them.

This misinterpretation is important because from it arises the sense of sin upon which so many of our abnormal concepts depend. Emotion is blocked, strangely vague feelings arise. The mind is confused by multiple tendencies none of which can command action. There is thus a multiple personality, each of which strives to dominate. This inaction makes the sufferer subjective; in thought he turns what would be an objective struggle between self and something external into an internal struggle between the various subjective personalities. The sense of sin is a thought movement which tends to purge the self of these contradictions. The first effects are a feeling of self-reproach and bewilderment. The strange feelings seem to be a self-condemnation. Their seeming objectivity indicates a relation to some external power from which the condemnation comes. Hence a new thought series arises which is the essence of all religion. There is a tempter, an avenger, a helplessness, a condemnation, a savior and finally a redemption.

As most men are in a measure abnormal and often meet unexplainable adversities, the sense of sin gets a place in world thought, and is that to which all resort when unexpected adversity arises. There is emotion and mystery; imagined misdeeds rise up in condemnation, followed by a vague depression which distorts antecedent events. The seeming objectivity of what is internal, the confusion of mental pictures with objective facts, the re-living of past events seen in a false perspective, *intensify* the already overactive bodily processes, *create* new stresses and add to the flame. Such is

the initial result of abnormal stresses, from which life is a terror until an outlet is found.

Sense of sin is all the worse when divorced from religion. To those who have strange, mysterious feelings an outlet is readily found if they believe in the orthodox plan of salvation. With conscience as a guide the old equilibrium can be readily restored and normal life resumed. But if the plan of salvation be not accepted, if conscience be blunted because its admonitions are not applicable to new conditions, if the blood carries its hormones to unusual parts and arouses an activity which the instincts are incapable of directing, then depression and the accompanying sense of sin fall like a blight from which there is no relief. There is a blind call to action, a mysterious woe and no outlet. The mind has no track to offer which will bring emotion and instinct into harmony.

That this is not a mere fancy, the life of an American girl is evidence. No group were ever so well protected from evil and hardship as American girls. Their work is easy; their pleasures abundant; their indulgences are of the sort that thwart muscular growth. A sugar diet creates emotion, yet the muscular response is merely a laugh or some thrill of joy having its source in unused organs. The hero comes at the expected time. There is no epoch of toil or depression to start currents of thought leading to woe. Girls are the joy and ornament of American life. They are keen, bold, ambitious. Could such a life be lived it would be Paradise, yet few escape the rocks which project themselves in later life. To most women the thirties are a dreary waste, a destroyer of illusions, an overthrow of ideals, a shipwrecking of plans.

The causes of this are not far to seek. The protection of girls is complete, but woman must face life's storms in the same crude fashion as did

her forbears. She tries to detour—only to find her way blocked. She is thus forced into the same old rut other ages have creased and finds it too deep for escape. They say in automobiling the rule is not to try to get out of ruts; and so it is with woman after the freshness of youth is gone and paternal protection has lapsed by the passing of time.

The tragedy of this situation is the suddenness and the helplessness of a situation for which no preparation has been made. The emotions have no outlet. The weakened muscles do not respond to the urges of the sugar-excited blood. The blackest woes replace bright promises the bliss of earlier years evoked. To a woman the distance from heaven to hell is not far, and the glide is steep. Courage of youth fades to the gloom of despondency. Why does the happy, ambitious girl of twenty become the nervous wreck of thirty? Why does she become *sex* instead of reaching the goal of *fulfillment?* Reasons may be given which fit specific cases, but after all the outline is the same. Her dreams have proved illusions. She is in a pit out of which there is no escape; her emotions and her muscles are at discord; her thought processes fitted for a protected youth are hindrances rather than helps in the new situation. Her heroes fail to deliver when dragons appear. Thrown on the bare rocks by sudden adversity, nothing remains but to groan and suffer.

This discussion is to make plain the action of Ruth in her fall from celestial light to demon-loaded darkness. According to her father's notions Ruth had led a free life. She could do as she pleased; no woman traditions restrained her fancy in a realm which had no limit. Such a life looks ideal; it is so if its conditions continue. But her father had made no allowance for adversity. Men and women were

exactly alike in her father's philosophy and hence the realization of sex difference did not arise until she plunged into midnight darkness. Her religion was of fulfillment not of sacrifice. Under these conditions every figure in her galaxy of heroes would be turned into demons. The realization of error will smite her as a consuming fire. She has all the terror from which a million forbears have suffered but none of their trains of thought which would show the way out. She has the sense of sin but lacks the sense of forgiveness. Perhaps I exaggerate the mental pictures which arise in her agony and the fierceness of her suddenly aroused sense of sin, but it is true enough to represent the state into which thousands of women fall when they strike the rocks of adversity. The smooth waters in which youth sails give no warning of storms on the open sea.

A lone woman in a stern world is helpless; her failure inevitable. Does she sin, or the world? It makes no difference. She suffers, yields and offers herself a sacrifice for the next generation.

17

The Wish

My position will find some sympathizers; yet many more will instinctively reject it. If people are not very bad nor yet very good, if progress comes at the rate of three inches a century, what is there to do but sit on the fence and watch the passing show? Who wants to live in a world moving with the precision of planets and as little under human control? These misapprehensions are hard to remove. The lion in the way is emotion; unfortunately it is a real lion, not a painted scarecrow. It will not do to deride emotion as do

rationalists. Emotions are of prime importance yet easily misdirected. They are vague, inherited urges which because of their vagueness are readily distorted and put to bad uses. The mere twist of a word may send them in a wrong direction. There is unfortunately a whole string of misdirecting words—material, mechanical, fatalistic, circumstantial, environmental—each of which has an imputation arousing emotional opposition. To circumscribe, to environ, to wall in, imply unsurmountable obstacles. Both the leading groups of thinkers use these terms, the one because their philosophy demands that life be made subordinate to physical processes; the other because anything arousing antagonistic emotion helps them to cast aspersion on what they dislike.

The picture both groups draw is of the race deep in a pit, behind high walls, confined by locks and keys. To avoid this emotional opposition I use the words viron and vironal, which merely mean *outer*, but do not connote any barrier which humanity cannot pass. The real position of men is not in dark cellars without doors, nor within the walls of some dungeon—but rather in an open field surrounded not by a wall but by a variety of obstacles! They cannot escape across the lake because they have no boat, across the river because they cannot swim. To escape they must transform themselves or increase their powers. This is a slow process of striving, wishing and willing —some obstacles will yield if they persist. But this only becomes manifest after many seemingly absurd adventures.

Can mechanisms make themselves or do they imply a maker? This is the problem which Paley propounded and with which naturalists have joined issue at the wrong point. Paley was right in asserting that a mechanism denotes a maker, that intelligence preceded and created mechanical

tools. He went wrong in the further assumption that the maker was superior to the mechanism he made, adding as he did that the maker was a single, eternal, higher power at whose bidding the world came into being. But this error does not invalidate his initial proposition. Machines are made: they are the result of intelligence even if the intelligence is not unified nor of so high an order as Paley assumed. A locomotive was made not by one man nor by a single act, but by the push of a multitude of men—stupid, ignorant, yet striving for better means of locomotion. The makers of mechanisms are of a lower order than those who use them. He who makes a machine pushes mankind above himself. Not only do men reach ends more quickly but they also think better. The lower thus makes the higher, not the higher the lower.

This fact, so plain in all mechanical contrivances, is also true of the natural mechanism we call heredity. A hand is not the contrivance of a superior for the benefit of an inferior, but the result of the urge of a million inferior beings for a better grasp. The wish for efficient action was the motive moving these millions to trials which eventually ended in success. A constant wish and a persistent endeavor added little by little to hand efficiency until the perfection of the human hand was attained. The mechanism of the hand is thus evidence of an antecedent, persistent wish. A stupid inferior created his intelligent successor. The quarrel between the neo-Darwinians and the Lamarckians about the order of this progress is of minor importance. It may be disputed which came first, the alteration in the germ cell or in its soma. Yet the pressure of wish can modify either both in turn or simultaneously. It is the long steady pull of millions of persistent

creatures that counts. Nothing can block their way if the urge for change is continuous.

The problem is thus not one of germ cell and soma but of the antecedents of wish. Whence came they and who is their father? Here again we meet confusion because of the belief that will is something supernatural, an outside, eternal force of the type of Paley's watch-maker. Will however is not thought, but directed energy. It is a compulsion to act as soon as surplus energy accumulates. It must find an outlet in movement and this movement, persisted in, modifies its channels of exit so as to create a mechanism. Each discharge of energy tends to take the path of its predecessor and thus to repeat and accentuate its effects. Will is thus the persistent result of discharged energy. Wherever there is will there is a growth of organic mechanism to make it effective.

Mere energy has no goal. It seeks an outlet but nothing more. A wish pushes energy in some direction and inhibits it in others. It is the conscious voice of an underlying physical process, a process which compels new forms of life to repeat that of their antecedents. There is a physical repetend which recapitulates the antecedents of each race. The wish in its pure form is the reflex of this, simplified as thought. An individual moves through race history with great rapidity. Race thought moves still more rapidly. It does in minutes what the body does in years. It anticipates what the body would do, and by anticipation directs. The wish is what the body is trying to do, and what each time it tries it does more effectively. Energy is thus kept more fully in the track which forces the individual to push his life to its completion; and by the greater concentration of energy on the life repetend, life itself is improved and prolonged. The wish is an emotional intensifier of what has subconsciously existed as a part

of the life repetend. It creates nothing new: it merely improves what is. The wish thus directs energy toward fulfillment and forces energy to move toward its goal. Whatever we wish thus gets the energy for its fulfillment unless some abnormality interferes to misdirect and thwart.

To unravel the difficulties of subconscious thought two types of wishes must be contrasted. One type has a complete mechanical contrivance to attain its fulfillment; the other has not. If we have the mechanisms needed to attain a given end, say food, then the wish becomes a want. Wants arouse will and will puts the mechanisms in operation which attain the end. Want wishes thus press for fulfillment. They arouse activity and stabilize conduct. A pure wish in contrast to these mechanical wishes has not the mechanism to reach its ends, or at least those mechanisms are incomplete. In this case the wish is an urge to make or to complete the mechanisms which are needed as the antecedents of fulfillment. The difference is between the urge which creates the hand and the use of the hand in supplying wants. The mechanism, whether natural or artificial, must antedate fulfillment. This is why every completed thing seems mechanical and where the mechanical view of life gets its cogency. If everything were a complete mechanism and every desire an established want, then the universe would be mechanical. But being completely mechanical it would not be evolutionary. Evolution is the passage from wishes which have no means of attainment to wants which have mechanisms capable of reaching ends. Evolution is thus the creation of mechanisms out of non-mechanical forces. A tropism is due to a natural force which does not act through a mechanism. If a moth moves toward the light it does so without mechanisms either made or inherited. So long as the forces

acts the moth moves; when it ceases the mechanisms of the moth again control.

The direct action of natural forces tends to thwart the fulfillment which mechanical forces favor and thus push life in new and purposeless directions. This new direction cannot of itself be called better or worse than the direction imposed by body mechanisms. It is, however, a variation, and for a variation there is never a complete control. The moth which has seen light and struggled against the thwarting of its predetermined motives is a different moth from one not acted on by the tropic influence of light.

That the action of parents gives the muscles of the child a natural growth, in the direction which the acquired traits moved the parent, is too simple an assumption. There is no such relation between the muscles of the parent and those of the child. The muscles of the parent by becoming more mechanical have improved the general condition of the child; say, given it better food and health. This releases new tropic forces in the child and they create a variation, making the child different from the parent, but in what way only experience can determine. The better muscles of a farmer may cause his son to be a lawyer with less developed muscles, or an artist with a more delicate perception. The child is thus different and hence its urges move it in a new direction. This is the essence of variation—a pure, blind alteration without a motive or an end. When variations occur, the more adjusted survive. A new type is thus created by every mechanical improvement, natural or made, not because of the direct mechanical results but because of products which, disintegrating old wants, make old mechanisms inadequate to gratify new wishes. These new wishes have no antecedent except the surplus

energy which the better satisfaction of old wants creates.

If one acquires the wish to play ball, tennis or even loves to walk in the wood, there follows the exercise a growth of muscular power which makes the new occupation easy and agreeable. These are the acquired mechanical results. But they are not all. The exercise frees the blood of its toxins: there is a flow of surplus energy; a consequent elation accompanied by a new flow of thought. He who walks in the wood does not necessarily think of trees, birds and flowers. If he did he would get but little elation. The thought does not match the acquired muscular power but goes off on routes of its own. It thus stimulates new wishes and leads to a pressure which makes further modification in mechanical powers, perhaps in a reverse direction to that toward which the acquired muscular mechanisms tended. It is not the altered muscle which modifies heredity. No one, not even Weismann, would say that better food, light, air or other ultimate physical forces cannot modify the germ cell. What is denied is that the modification corresponds to the acquired power which was its antecedent. A muscular father does not produce a muscular child, and if he uses his increased muscle to improve the condition of the child the child will even differ from him in some physical or mental aspect.

An easily tested illustration of this is the difference between mother and daughter. If acquired characters were inherited the daughter should be like the mother in build, and in moral and intellectual traits. Nothing is more evident than that this is not so. The discrepancies are both physical and mental. They usually make a bad team, pulling apart even when bound in love. The reason is that what the girl obtains from her mother is not her acquired traits, but an increased urge

to activity due to the better conditions under which she is reared. The poorly vironed girl is her mother over again in look and deed. The well vironed girl has urges her mother never felt and these push her physically and mentally in directions so diverse that the mother exclaims in horror, "Why am I afflicted with such offspring?" Even when bad the mother is not to blame nor is the child. Nature has its own method of procedure in which mother and child must acquiesce.

Acquired human traits do not become inherited, but they create variation from the antecedent stock. Every new mechanism acquired or made modifies heredity and the direction of the alteration is determined not by the mechanism but by the new wish which the improved mechanism frees. There is a paradox in this statement but also a truth. We free ourselves from mechanism by becoming more mechanical. The wish is formed not by the mechanism but by the energy it frees. Physical acquisitions do not perpetuate themselves; they create variation. When variation appears nature chooses the better and eliminates the worse. Thus we have a force which leads to improvement without any intention on its part to improve. This may be disappointing from a moral view but it helps cosmos out of a difficult situation.

This explanation is faulty without an amplification of the relation of wishes to dreams. The wish creates and focuses activity. The dream magnifies it. In sleep the opposition to wish urges is less intense. The shift in thought to avoid struggle is made more quickly. The meaning of the wish thus becomes obscured. When awake we persist in single efforts longer than in dreams and try more expedients. But the next move is always in the same direction, as in dreams. Dreams and action thus run parallel. There is little difference between day and night dreams. Both show rapid

changes in the thought currents to gain easy, ready fulfillment. The best method therefore to represent intense action is to put it in the dream form. What an actor would do in his dream he strives under more difficult conditions to do in waking hours. This is what gives force to the world myths. Blending as they do dream life with heroic life, every intensified act becomes heroic action. That of which we dream our hero does.

18

Romantic Love

The psycho-analyst regards the wish as a disguised form of the sex urge. Were this so my analysis is defective. There is therefore need to contrast what underlies each belief. The contention of the psycho-analyst rests on the assumption that propagation is essential to life and to this end all activity is directed. From my view reproduction is an easy matter; too much—not too little life—comes with each generation. The forces of evolution do not have to strive for this end, but instead for the improvement of life. Sex has therefore remained a by-product of immense import, yet not among the evolutionary forces on which development depends. Heredity is a group of mechanisms for the attainment of ends which the ultimate physical forces fail to provide. It is what they lack not what they furnish to which we must look. Evolution, I repeat, is the evolution of mechanisms, not of propagation. The amoeba can propagate itself as readily as can a mammal, but it lacks the mechanisms of the mammal to reach to concrete ends. The mammals' mechanisms thus reach toward fulfillment, not toward sex pleasure.

If this point is clear the difference between sex urges and true wishes can be apprehended. Wishes work through mechanisms and are made clear and definite by the mechanisms through which they act. Every wish has a goal and a partial or completed mechanism to attain it. Each effort modifies the mechanism through which it acts and thus presses toward a more complete fulfillment. Sex urges are tropic. Certain products are thrown into the blood which while active, turning thought and mechanism from their evolutionary bent, make them servants of sex desires. Sex acts on men as light acts on a moth. The moth does not wish to move toward the light; it must. While sex hormones are in the blood men must do not what they will, but as the excited forces demand. When blood is freed from these hormones, will and wish again assert themselves, evolutionary processes are resumed. Sex urges thus paralyze action instead of promoting it. The mechanical processes are turned from their normal course and temporarily made to serve foreign ends—by foreign, be it understood, I mean foreign to the evolution of life. Primarily inherited mechanisms are for the purpose of improving life, not for its propagation. Wishes are urges to upbuild or to defend and thus need mechanisms for their fulfillment or defense.

To make this point clear a contrast must be made between wishes and compulsions. The wish of any moment must be referred back to its antecedents in nerve and muscle. Each new wish makes a new mechanism and each new mechanism prompts some new wish. Mechanisms, heredity and wishes are thus inseparable. Together they make the evolutionary process and push life toward its goal. Compulsions are blood states. Their antecedents are not in heredity but in the physical forces which intermittently override

heredity and wish. When a moth moves toward the light, its act is a compulsion which is not heredity nor wish but a compelling force it cannot resist. True wishes thus paralyzed come to their own only when passion subsides. Wish is a groping for fulfillment. Sex thwarts this but cannot turn its behests into true wishes.

I am not questioning the power of sex, merely its primacy. Is it, I ask, a force external to the mechanism it uses, which appropriates for its ends mechanisms made by other processes, or is it the author of these mechanisms? Light, we readily see, does not make the mechanisms by which the moth approaches its flame. It forces mechanisms made for another purpose to serve its ends. So with sex. Throwing a glamour over evolutionary processes, it makes them subject to a new master. This fact is readily seen if we examine the plot of a love story. It is the difficulties of love not its realization which holds the attention. Lovers' quarrels, not lovers' truces, make the body of the book and the source of its excitement. The mechanisms of struggle, hate and fulfillment are thus utilized and from them thought and movement come. Sex love is static. It is a thief, not an originator.

We get at the facts genetically when we realize that woman is the result, not of her immediate ancestry, but of a billion distant forbears. It is this billion and not her mother which determines the trend of her thought. Nothing happening in the last thousand years has become a part of female heredity. A girl will get nothing of this unless it is impressed by blows. It is the prehistoric ancestors, the flow of whose thought the girl repeats. How did this distant ancestress look on life?

The question answers itself. This woman was not the slave of man's passions, but an equal if

not a superior in effective enterprise. The natural current of a woman's thought runs on this trail. It visualizes achievement, not love. No woman falls in love until she is knocked down. If critics deny this it is because they have seen naught but cripples. Love of a particular man is an inject due to long-standing subordination. As women drop through misfortune they love their protectors. When this in turn fails they seek consolation in religion. Either are better than brute isolation.

The natural current of thought, the one which most women have, is that visualized by heredity and achievement. Men come in as comrades and helpers; some wild adventures follow their union. They go, go, never reaching a destination, merely see it afar. To visualize this is all nature has done. It is vague, fanciful but real. It is true, of course, that this brings children, but marriage is not a preliminary.

Sex love is a fall from this state. Women sink to the sex level either through fear, a bribe or disease. A crushed woman clings to her oppressor; a bribed woman idolizes its source. From disease, narrowness and monotony she flees to sex love; but with each debauch, sinking lower, her enemies fasten their grip. When she loses all but sex men grin at her depravity. Such is the road of women from the height to the pit. It is a well-beaten track; the only safe road to travel. Yet it is misfortune's impressment, not heredity's. Fancy would blaze another track reaching to not the grave but some illumined goal.

The second current of thought voices reproduction. The mother sells herself in marriage for support. When this current proves unsatisfactory, the religious teacher creates a third current of thought by teaching women that their misfortunes are due to their sins. Woman is a tempter

and must through modesty and sacrifice be cleansed from depravity to reach the golden shore. These concepts, although a second nature, are never visualized by heredity. Marriage, reproduction and redemption have foreign elements of which heredity is unaware. Men talk glibly about "back to nature" without realizing just where it would lead. American girls are nearer nature than any but their distant forbears have been. They think of living, pushing and achieving just as their distant progenitors did. Of sex, marriage and sacrifice they only learn when the knocks of life begin to sear and deform.

"I never was interested in suffrage," said a brilliant young woman recently, "I have no wrongs; no man ever injured me. I mean to take what comes."

This is true of Ruth. She does not love Paul: she idealizes him. He fits into her mental picture and makes it concrete. Of him she expects great things and with him she expects to live and sleep and work. Marriage takes no part in this flow of thought. Nature created it long before marriage was invented. Lovers merely take each other's hand and push on into an unknown world where great things are to be done. Such was Ruth's mental state and so would she have done if her hero had matched her expectations. Unquestioning, she would have gone anywhere and done anything if Paul had led the way. But this was not in Paul! He could not take a girl by the hand, and say, "Come." Hence Ruth goes through a series of disillusions, first about her father's philosophy, and then about Paul. The two men on whom she had relied fail when the test comes. Her father's philosophy breaks; Paul, failing to respond to her behests, drops from the sphere of an idol to that of a brute.

I thought I had described Ruth's disillusion

with such fulness that anyone could see it. Yet no one seems to, unless it is thrown at him with a pitchfork. When Ruth fails in her physical contest with Paul, the only thing persons notice is that she exposed her ankles. A friend the other day lost his moral composure in seeing a woman of whom he could not tell whether she wore over her breast three garments or one. The suspicion was upsetting. At such an exhibition should one smile or groan? That she is the symbol of a world contest in which every human being takes a part, that failure is the bitter pill every woman must swallow, is beyond such a man's comprehension. Yet so is it with protected girls. We encourage them in youth; thwart them at maturity. How many men are there who show up any better than Paul in an emergency? One youthful idol after another falls; the world turns black. Then when woman sinks we nod our heads and exclaim, "Woman is sex and sex is depravity." Girls are not sex nor is it sex a girl wants. Her mind runs not yet in physical channels but toward great ends. She has a thought movement and a thought stimulus as well as a man. But the movement is different. The boy thinks in terms of himself. He is the great world reformer—the giant before whom all else quails. He fights a lone battle and expects a hero's reward. The girl's thought is never so self-centered. He leads, she follows. He is the hero, not she. Her thought turns on the reward he is to have. What is it but she? Of him she dreams, not of herself. She is thus a hero worshipper, an incentive to deeds, not a doer. Yet she would have a part. She must go when he goes, return with him, and bask in the joy of heroic deeds done by *him*. Romantic love formed by millions of antecedent struggles has heredity in the background and follows its behests. It is what women want the world to be, freedom, ad-

venture, not a diseased pressure directing thought toward physical corruption.

This may be close to sex, but the romantic girl is not sex-conscious. Her natural thought would shock her Sunday School teacher and perhaps her mother, who has forgotten the joy of girlhood. If a girl drops to the sex level it is the men and not she who cause it. "If a girl goes wrong, look for the man." The drop is easy, I admit, but it comes only by the stress of outside circumstances.

Ruth wants Paul, to be with him and of him. But above all she wants to be a partner in the great enterprise coming to its fruition in the study. Had the men taken her in, given her something to do, made her feel that she was one with them, she would have played an humble part, been a helpful co-worker and waited without thought for time to carry them to their destined goal. She was a bird, a plumed bird, alive to the present with no thought of the morrow. Did she drop from this level, the men were to blame. They forced her out of her normal channel into an untried world which might lead anywhere—a road most girls take but which after all is foreign to their nature.

An English woman recently said, "There never was a time when English girls were as idealistic as today—nor a time when the woman of thirty was as bad." This statement is worthy of reflection. Girls start out with high ideals. They dream of heroes and think of themselves as mated with some great giant who strikes blows and does world deeds. She, his reward, must be pure and good. She shapes her life to be worthy of her apparent destiny. But the years pass, the hero does not come. Men she finds are mortals, women their prey. Then deceit begins its work. Disappointed and betrayed, sinking to a sex level, she breaks the bonds her normal girl-

ish idealism evoked. She does what man wants; and with him she drinks, eats and sleeps.

Such is the history, not of one girl but of a million. The thought of man runs a parallel course but men are physically stronger. Forty is the breaking time with them. They feel the pang of disappointment, become pessimists and bite the apple of physical pleasure. Oh, the number of one's friends who run this downward course, eat, drink and are merry in the forties to drop into premature graves at its close. The track is thus the same for men and women, but women are more subject to physical disorder and thus meet their fate at an earlier date.

There is a reason for this if we watch at the right point. While a plant grows its sex nature is dormant. Only at the end, when growth is complete, do leaves and stems fade that their energy may be transformed into flowers and fruit. The same is true of men. While they are active sex remains dormant. It becomes a conscious urge only when muscles decay or stiffen. Day dreams of the young are work dreams, not sex dreams. Activity, not reproduction, drives the soul to self-expression. But bad habits, drinking and eating to excess, overwork and other wrongs of modern life, bear their fruit. The muscles soften, the blood makes fat instead of brawn. Then comes sex consciousness, with the downward sweep that carries its victims to untimely graves.

The cynic of forty will smile at this description. He knows the world and finds no one to meet my description. So be it, but that is not the problem or its answer. Pine trees grow straight and tall without branches, until they meet the sky. They have only one motive, to distance their fellows in their skyward urge. Across the way are scraggly pines from the same seed. They are all branches, ugly, useless branches with no

upward-pointing trunk. Why? The pine tree is social. Give it close neighbors and it tries to excel. Put it alone in a pasture and it grovels with the grass, all branches, no trunk.

Which is the natural and which the artificial product? The way to tell is not to go among the measly second growth, but in primeval forest. There nature reveals itself. All trunks are straight and true. It is man, not nature, who makes the modern woods. Searching for the straight and true, he cuts it when it measures seven inches. How can nature show its real form when the woodman's axe thwarts its endeavors? So is it with girls. They have heredity—and a cruel viron. Men chop and deform them as they do the trees. They hunt the virtuous as the woodman does the tree. Such is the woman and such the tree. Thwarted, gnarled, deformed, yet ever and anon some stray example shows its beauty and from it we should measure its nature. Even the meanest has an heredity which once struggled against the fate to which all must succumb. We need not a new heredity, but a new man!

Evolution, having a crooked path, frequently reverses itself. It forces what it has made for one end to take on other uses. Preferring to use what it has in new ways, it often covers its tracks in a manner hard to decipher. Yet even when progressive, it has a cost. There is always a minority which suffers acutely and sometimes unjustly. Could evolution be stopped, this suffering and injustice would cease or at least be felt at some other point. It is a potent fact that if sex restraints were set aside and a free indulgence permitted, many who are now diseased would be cured. It is also true that restriction brings a horde of evils. It may even be that our insane asylums would be emptied if restraint were abandoned *yet neither these nor other objections touch*

the fundamental issue. All evolution is painful to the minority which it deprives of sustenance, or in other ways rids the world of those less fitted for advanced life. Nor can it be said that Puritanism is to blame. The opposition between sex and the wishes which grope toward fulfillment began in the lower forms of life and has become more urgent with every step in its rise. The waste of the overproduction of life has been checked, and more of human energy has been diverted to the satisfaction of wants and wishes. Puritanism is but a late step in this pressure, by which less energy is used for the reproduction of life and more for its betterment. Sex desires must be curbed or the rise of man retarded. We can well afford to support asylums and increase their number if the removal of sex delinquents enables men to reach higher levels of will force and wish attainment.

Puritanism is like its cousin, Prohibition. Both make minorities suffer, both create injustice and even increase crime, yet the test of progress is not in having jails empty but in keeping them crowded. Every new social mechanism has its crop in a new class of defectives who do not measure up to the new standard. We should pity such, relieve their suffering if we can, but none the less, even at the expense of increasing disease and crime, the grind of progress must continue. Man must rise even if he climbs over the dead bodies of his comrades.

19

Protected Girls

America prides itself on being the land of homes, an appellation which is not wholly undeserved. There are many homeless and many more

who are inadequately housed. To these the moral and social attention is rightly given. They deserve more than they get, yet, despite this fact, it is the homed who give America its distinctive character. Other nations have their homeless; they also have their partially homed; but no nation is dominated by the homed to a like extent. Aristocracy plays no part; of plutocrats there are aplenty but fortunately they skip to New York or remote shores on all possible occasions. The cities, the villages and the prosperous agricultural districts are those dominated by the homed, who impress their notions on everything in sight.

Of these multitudes the first and second generation preserve frontier habits; but now the third and fourth generation are in control. To them the frontier is as far from thought and action as it is to the residents of the town. In moving from the frontier they have also moved from the realm of religion, conscious morality and even of history. The past means little or nothing. Even Europe is a vague unreality, an object of charity, a place for a summer excursion but not after all of much consequence. Nor are these people filled with rigorous notions which inculcate an opposition to art and culture. Art in the accepted sense does not count because, like religion, history and Europe, it does not touch life. There never before was so self-centered a group as these millions of well-homed Americans. All their outgoes center about their home life. Popular literature has its standards set by the million readers who make a journal pay, and this million are not to be found except in these self-satisfied homes.

The dictator and money spender is the mother who fastens her views on every one, the father included. Her hobbies are health, cleanliness and dress. A mother recently told me she had twenty-five *complete* suits for her little girl. This was in

a family with an income less than two thousand a year. When I was young, boys stuffed themselves with green apples, doughnuts and mince pies. Now a child waits demurely for the mother to decide whether it is to have oat meal or corn flakes. Even a two-year-old wonders whether another mouthful will give the colic. The father eats what is set before him as meekly as the child, but is occasionally given an extra cup of Postum for a change. Family prayers have gone, in the place of which every one spends five minutes scrubbing his teeth. The food, the clothing and the bills must pass mother's inspection. It is a common sight for a man to pass his pay envelope unopened to his wife and to receive back the spending money she thinks he deserves.

It is these homed groups, not the Puritan-minded, who give support to the prohibition movement. What does not concern the home they fight. Against everything outside and against all differing minorities their opposition is keen. It is a mistake to assume that lynching parties and night riders are made up of the rough elements. If their pictures were taken it would show excellent boys who have the approval of mother and sister in what they do. Where everything centers about the home an indifference to the outside world breeds contempt. Likeness becomes the only standard, the different is the bad.

I state these facts to illumine the background on which the condition and thought of children depend. No one can doubt that health, cleanliness and purity are essentials, and that the children brought up under the toothbrush regime are healthier, sounder and cleaner than their crude, less guarded predecessors. The result is that America has not only thousands but even millions of well-nourished boys and girls who reach matur-

ity with a push worthy of admiration, even if results do not measure up to expectation.

Two ideals lie in the background: the boys must be successful; the girls must be freed from the sacrificial drudgery past ages have imposed. Every well homed mother says, "I do not want *my* daughter to drudge the way I have done." She proceeds to fulfill this desire with a commendable energy amply supplemented by the father's co-operation. Boys must be successful, they both say. Concerted efforts are put forth to this end. Through adventure and in business, the boy must push above the level of his comrades, be a marked youth and attain social eminence in some field.

If this be the desired aim, it must be admitted that society through its educational institutions is rapidly attaining its goal. The trend of education is toward business life and the college courses for this end are especially successful. If we have not reached the goal of showing young men how to get the income needed for a tranquil family life, it is not far distant. I say this of the protected boy who comes from the well homed part of our population. In earlier times the college boy came from a lower stratum, paid his own way and thus knew by experience the hardships of frontier life. Unfortunately this group is now largely excluded. The freshman classes are filled by youths who have never known what sacrifice is. They are not so consciously moral as their predecessors but they have an earnestness and good fellowship that compensate. It is one of the pleasures of a professor to face a freshman class and see what good material he has to work on. Each decade sees our college coming nearer the goal which family life sets. Active young men go over the top, or do any stunt which excites the admiration of their fellows. Marrying pretty girls, they build fine houses, become church trustees, school directors,

village mayors and drink Postum. These rewards are sure to come to the boys—but where are the girls? What part are they to have in this industrial millenium?

That girls should be protected, happy, and contented while at home is the ideal of every family. Were they satisfied to be wives and mothers all would be well. Their husbands would be good providers; they good cooks. But protection and leisure does an unexpected thing. It makes girls different from their mothers. They are a variation which fits neither mother's nor husband's wishes. This brings a crisis. It may come early to the girl who, earning her living, pushes her way in the world. She is the first to strike the rocks, and strike them hard. Even if well protected, indulgent parents die, brothers marry, the home is broken. It is not starvation they face, but reduced incomes and boarding-house fare. What a step to drop from a home to the third-story, back. A woman on her own feet earns just enough to pay rent and board. The refinements others have she may see but not enjoy.

I am not writing a tale of woe nor desiring to exaggerate the agony of a woman who has the world to face. The trouble lies in the fact that she is a misfit, a variation which throws her out of harmony with her world. She is a sprout which in the right climate would grow to a luxuriant maturity; but which in chill air crumples, as of frost. It is useless therefore to depict her narrow life and hear her sobs. Others have often told of these. We get nearer the source by noting what kind of a variation she is. The freedom of her protected position permitted her to follow nature's behests more fully than her brother. She is therefore more natural, less grooved; and in addition all those life-urges which nature has implanted are more active and insistent than in him.

He has practical aims set before him even as a lad. His technical education forced him into a specific calling which gave money, made a home possible, and destroyed or repressed what nature implanted. All nature's urges are evolutionary. It cares little for happiness or personal success. Its triumph is fulfillment; the getting from here into something else. Had brother not rushed so fast, had his face not been held so close to the grindstone, he would have heard nature calling for evolution and thus would have become a variant, not a constant. Men and women are not different mentally. Their mental mechanisms have the same elements and their urges a like goal. The twists that misdirect them are inferior complexes, imposed tradition and the demands of immediate success. Within protected groups men suffer more from these than women. They stifle their natural urges to a greater degree. They have money; women have hope, but little power by themselves to reach out to fulfillment.

There is the difference between boys and girls. Boys have a physical endowment that girls lack. This difference is growing. Each generation sees the power of men increase, not because of their intellect but because of their greater power of specific application. Girls may become cooks, stenographers and primary teachers, but above this grade they are not wanted except for special services. Every time a girl's salary goes up a hundred the boy's leaps up by a thousand. The world is man-made and getting more so. It is this cold fact that the protected girl must sooner or later face; she struggles, fights, hopes, and then breaks. The buoyant girl of twenty is the wreck of thirty.

Do not misunderstand. I am not making a plea for charity. What has happened I approve. I have been an ardent advocate of industrial edu-

cation and have done my share to bring it to its present efficiency. I always rejoice when I hear that one of my students is earning ten thousand a year—and take part of the credit to myself. No world is worth living in which does not have a multitude of such men. But after all it is only one of those great swings in evolutionary process which cures but hurts. Partial evolution is misery; on this occasion it is the acutest misery because it is isolating men from women and thus creating a stress that distorts and even rends the most fundamental of human relations. I have some measure of sympathy for the bad men and women who get into the divorce courts; between good men and women it is all more painful. If woman were sex all would go well, but the better, sounder woman wants to excel, make something of herself. That she cannot do, with the overpowering physical difference between him and her. She is swamped at every trial to compete. The dollars go from, not to her. She can sit in an office and see them fly by. They are not for her to handle. The man has lots of virtues; never has he been praised highly enough; yet the mere distance between him and woman creates a wrong attitude. He gives freely, but there is the same condescension to wife as toward church or fourth of July celebration. For what he does he expects in return adoration. He gets this of the boys to whom he gives firecrackers and from girls in return for flags and ice cream, but his wife groans when he in the same spirit throws her a bill or attempts to placate her misery with candy and theater. He is a good man, I repeat; but in spite of his claim he does not understand women. So men and women drift apart. The better women prefer the misery of the street to the thorn of the home. More and more men seek in inferior women the adoration they deem their

due. Good men marry weak women. Good women may look in but cannot participate in family life. They are denied one function because they insist on another. Thus evolution is thwarted. Each generation works to the same point, repeats the same errors and drops to the same old level. Woman is nature's best product yet she is marred and rendered sterile by a male-made frost. The chill will be removed, not by a new heredity but by new estimates of woman's worth.

20

John and Hattie

My old friends, John and Hattie, have as smooth an exterior as anyone could ask. All that heredity and good fortune can offer is theirs. Yet the current that sweeps them on is relentless in its action. John is a farmer. For a mile his acres face the road. On them are the best stock of the region. Not a weed is to be seen; his roadside is a lawn. The corn rows are straight; the grass grows with a luxuriance which befits the richness of the soil. People come for miles to see the farm, the stock and the man.

John is also a "good provider." Everything about the house is well arranged. The cistern is always in repair, the wood chopped fine and the cellar filled with all the farm affords. Every known labor-saving device is in the kitchen. The ponies are at the door if Hattie or the children want to ride.

Such is John at home and on the farm. Steady, honest, plodding; with a love and care which is seldom excelled. But while progressive and kindly here, he is a standpatter of the most rigid sort. He sits in the same pew his father did, hears the

same sermons, sings the same psalms; all with the same relish his father had. "What was good enough for him is good enough for me," is his fond saying. At election he always votes the same Republican ticket his father did, proudly placing his straight ballot without looking at it.

There never was a change in the town he did not oppose, even to the buying of a new bell for the schoolhouse. All the adjectives his father used about "Copperheads" and his grandfather about atheists he uses about Socialists and labor agitators. He has no use for wagging tongues nor for sidewalk orators. He earns his living, pays his debts; so should other people. Yet he cares generously for the poor and shows his patriotism freely on the Fourth. His great joy is to lead processions and to help the children have a good time at school and church picnics. Anything that makes noise gives him pleasure and his liberality in furnishing explosives renders him a favorite. At Thanksgiving and Christmas the poor get turkeys; his own table to which his friends are invited looks like the feasts we read of in ye olden times. He stands at his door like a Middle Age esquire as his friends depart, and takes their encomia of farm, family and self with a keen enjoyment which reveals the placid contentment reigning in his soul.

This he saw and felt but he never saw the tired look as Hattie dropped into a chair, shrouding her face with her hand. His mother had enjoyed these family festivals and accepted the well-earned praise for her cooking with all the pleasure John had. Why should not Hattie? He never even dreamed it was not so. Biblical praises were the noblest a woman could receive. "Hattie, the very best of women, deserves all this praise and enjoys the honors it brings." So thought John, or at least would have thought if he had thought at all. Any other outcome was unthinkable.

What pleasures has Hattie outside the home? None; John never goes anywhere except to church or to a local celebration. His only joy other than running the farm is to line up the children at a picnic or on the Fourth. Yes, he has one more pleasure; he likes to figure. He must plan everything he does. Every detail is attended and these must be rigidly executed. Though not a hundred miles from "the city," Hattie has been there but three times. John must figure a week before they start, and then every street corner is crossed exactly on time. He is all mechanism; no spirit. Who could call a trip with him a joy? When they came to Philadelphia I tried to get him to let Hattie see the ocean. No, sir! that was not on his calendar. Sea or no sea, his plan must be followed. The only deviation I succeeded in creating was a visit to Fairmount Park, but this was only after an hour's wasted time in figuring at time tables to find if it would fit into that wonderful plan he had spent weeks devising. Who can blame a quiet sigh even if the man is the best "provider" the world has seen? Ancestral virtues have their place, but a little leaven is needed to make them livable.

Hattie never complained. She did her duty just as her forbears did. Her cooking, her children exceeded rather than fell short of ancestral standards. Yet it was duty, all duty, never love. Hattie had a list of "things to be thankful for," and in this she put John and all her belongings except *her children*. It was a long list, those arduous duties which family tradition had imposed; but she did them all without murmur. Yet in her heart of hearts she wanted something else. What it was I doubt if she knew. If she had been free to seek it, she would have failed as other women fail. Yet the wish was there and that look, the joy from what otherwise would have been a de-

light. Were you not sympathetic you would not have noticed the gleam in her eye as she thought of a world that was not all duty.

Do not misunderstand. Hattie was discontented and yet she was womanly enough to be pleased with her position. Who could be John's wife and not get joy from the openly expressed admiration of all she did and had? Other women scrimped and toiled and received hard looks if not condemnation as their pay. John never did thus. Sitting in his armed chair in the bank, he extolled Hattie by the hour. Her slightest wish he gratified. He never chided her about extravagance nor made her account for money received. John was above this. He carried a roll of bank bills in one pocket and a quart of change in the other. A handful always came out at her bidding. When she bought, he threw a roll of bills on the counter. Perhaps there was a bit of ostentation about this, but John should be given his due. He was a bountiful provider and he did it gracefully. Yet she never took a bill that her hand did not tremble. It was slight but always there. She wanted her own money, a budget such as John kept of his income and outgo; she felt that it was his money after all, a gift, not a recompense for service. She received it not because she had done more or less but because she was John's wife. Hence the hesitation, the tremor. I have tried a dozen times to argue her out of this; as many times I convinced her thoroughly. "I know it, I ought to be thankful," she would say, yet the next time the tremor was there just the same.

When I looked more closely I saw the many ways in which her position was irksome. The weight of duty and the tyranny of submission were always present in all she did. She smiled and did her duty nobly. The pressure of a thousand ancestors bore her along, but duty gave no

satisfaction. When the ancestral current ceased to flow she sank into her chair and sighed. John was his ancestors, plus; he overdid what they had done; and enjoyed it. She was her forbears,—minus. She had not broken with their deeds but their pleasures were not hers.

When she held her first-born she kissed her and said, "It won't be so with her." Alas, the hope is never realized. A thousand-thousand mothers have kissed their babes and made the same resolve, but the hard grind of destiny sweeps the girl into the same slavery to which the mother succumbed. There is but one current, in which a woman must move or perish!

Grace is now a woman. What can Hattie do to break *her* chains? Nothing. Joe wants her and Joe is the best young farmer in the town. John smiles every time he goes by Joe's place and John is the judge. But if she marries Joe, she marries the same chains her mother wore. Of goods there will be a plenty, but of sympathy and co-operation none. She will go to the same church, have the same family feasts; in turn she will kiss her babe and resolve it won't happen again—without being in the least able to alter the iron regime that cramps her soul. George wants her also. He is the pride of the town, a college graduate, an engineer making three thousand at twenty-five; he will make ten thousand at thirty, and be on the road to a million at forty. But Grace at forty will be wabbly, fat, diseased and openly discontented. Her summer house, automobiles and theatre parties will be a bore. No, drop the curtain—that is not the way out.

Her one other choice is to go to college. Her father says all the children may have a farm, or an education. What will the education bring Grace? Some dull literature, a smattering of history and a cornucopia of useless things having no

relation to her life, her needs and her yearning. Then what? Nothing but being a snarling Socialist or an insipid old maid. Worse and worse. Better marry Joe and repeat her mother's deeds, sit in the same pew, in turn kiss her first-born, expressing anew the eternal hope of mothers that tomorrow's sun will turn the rusty locks the ages have never unbolted.

Such is home life, not so different after all from what my story describes. Paul and John are the products of the same grind. Paul is ahead because he sees the wrong of the male view, something that no force could make John comprehend. The world fits him because he fits his world. Why change what is already perfect? The Professor is beyond both but still without the slightest inkling of what the real trouble is. His women are as fast to the *wall* as John's are in the *kitchen*. He needs a weak woman to fill out his picture; John needs a tame one.

Nor is the situation better if we face the man of the street or even the college lad on whose shoulders progress rests. Many years as an instructor have taught me that boys are better than they were both in enthusiasm and thought. But their idealization of their brides is as crude as their forefathers'. Protectors and providers. Ah, yes, but not co-operators. They think of buying silk and candy, not of united effort. While this continues their wives may smile, but their hands will tremble when they take the bills.

The women described are as typical as the men. Mrs. Brown everyone admires. Morality extols the woman who bears discipline and misfortune with her grace. Hattie has the discipline without the misfortune. Yet no one doubts that she would meet misfortune heroically were she called upon to face it. The machinery would work just as effectively if the grind began.

To them all praise and honor. They deserve more than they get.

But Ruth, poor thing, has neither discipline, sacrifice nor tradition to mold her into shape. To her comes all the condemnation which follows age-long adhesion to the iron law of subjection. But is she different from the others? Would she fly from duty or face it if the ordeal came? Do men make women, or nature? "Woman is heredity," the Professor says. "Nature's best product. Let the girl grow, fill her life with joy. Then when motherhood comes she is ready for her task." All the mother-instincts which have lain dormant in youth quickly assert their supremacy. She does what millions of mothers have done and she does it rightly. Why teach water to run down-hill or smoke to climb? 'Tis their nature so to do.

Girls become women, not by training, discipline and sacrifice, but by God-given impulses which men may harm but never help.

21

The Next Step in Evolution

This book has been read by literary friends and rejected by publishers. It is therefore possible to foresee what critics will say and on what they will base their condemnation. I cannot change this judgment, nor do I wish to. The end of the literary expert is so different from mine that common grounds are hard to find. This is not a new position. When my book of hymns appeared a literary friend said there were only six kinds of poetry. These he enumerated on his fingers, exactly as he had learned them from his college professor. My

hymns came under none of these heads: therefore they were not poetry.

When I presented my story I found there was only one kind of novel. The learned professors throw out all but this brand. The cause is that novel writing, not yet a hundred years old, has been brought to its present perfection by a single group of English writers. With stray volumes which do not fit this mold the professors make sad havoc. It is easy to arrange the hundred and thirty-nine accepted volumes on a single plan and to glory in the scientific achievement. But poetry is the product of thousands of years. It has had too many forms to be boxed in so simple a manner as the novel. Six therefore is the smallest grouping that a professor can make plausible. If a writer's motive and form do not fit this classification, out he goes to the unliterary darkness.

It is useless to argue a point of this kind either about hymns or stories. It may however be possible to show that the exposition of any writer depends on the end he has in view and the medium through which he moves. Every change either in his end or in his tool forces him to attack prejudice in some new way. Every victory of thought has two stages: a clearing of the logical ground on which opinion rests, and the removal of obsessions by which the truth is prevented from becoming mass opinion. Arguments always appeal to minorities, which fact of itself creates majority suspicion if not disdain. A scientist must therefore stop with an incomplete victory or resort to some literary form of attack. No matter how much a novice he must try his hand and abide by the results. Some years ago I offered hymns to the managers of a local political campaign. "No," they replied, "we don't want hymns: we want arguments." They had them galore, and went

down by a ninety thousand majority. Emotion wins when mass opinion decides.

Of the forms of emotional appeal the more easily handled are song, fiction and history. When a writer makes his choice he has problems of technique to face which he can overcome only by trials—crude trials, yet effective if he persist. Aside from this he is not bound. He need not alter his ends nor deny he has them. Disguised or conscious, every one has ends; of them he should be proud.

A part of the trouble lies in use of the word "novel" to cover the ground of all character studies. It thus becomes assumed that a writer must devise a plot that, hiding his climax, enables him to spring a surprise on his readers! But true character studies do not permit of these surprises. The interest must therefore lie in the normal unfolding of character and not in its too brief manifestations. Development has no finality. It does not stop at marriage or divorce. There is no social station the reaching of which is success, nor any harm from which the loser cannot escape. Character is merely a moving equilibrium never wholly seen in any situation, time or angle. It is this fact which forces character studies to take the form of a story in which time, action and situation blend. In technical terms these changes are called digressions, of which an author can take advantage as often as plot demands. No character study is complete without shifts of interest. Otherwise the view of the subject would be too narrow to be effective. A short story throwing the emphasis on surprise cannot give the digressions which make character studies valuable. English novels make their shifts by description of scenery or of locality. Neither of these are available in America because of the meagreness of details in both these respects.

A Western sunset or a description of a cow barn would not go far. My two parts are a device to overcome this deficiency. To weave my first part into the second, as digressions, would demand not the traditional three volumes, but ten. If the reader cannot of himself blend the two parts, the American novel will have to wait for some new venture.

Without this, however, the defect in transplanting the English novel into American can be shown by taking as an example its latest exponent. Mr. Hardy uses conventional tools and gives English scenery the customary emphasis. It is but a slight exaggeration of his method to picture the cow in the milking scene as looking at Tess's hair and then at the setting sun, to determine by their harmony or discord whether to kick the pail or to give her milk. The fact is that both Tess and the cow are Asiatic animals whose emotions are determined by scenes thousands of miles from England. Tame cows and tame Tesses are English in their repressions but not in their instinctive reactions. It is this fact which makes the final scene of the book so English—and so false. Only slaves bow their faces to earth to indicate their acceptance of moral retribution as imposed by fat English judges. We are also led to infer that if the architecture of the jail had harmonized more completely with the scene, the emotions of the beholders would have gone out in some other form. Such reactions may be truly English but are hardly universal. A Western farmer gets up on an October morning not to see the rising sun but to feed the hogs. His emotions respond to the state of the market, not to the brilliancy of sky effects. A story must be made to move, not in accord with tradition, but with impulses implanted long before Europe was heard of. The immigrant brings Asia, not Europe, with him. He

is disloyal to Europe and hence instinctively opposes everything English. The English are slaves to law. The American is equally a law-breaker. A new heaven and a new earth are our demand, a dream which beats the charm of English fellowship.

These statements are negative, showing merely where the break with English tradition occurs. Tragedy and retribution are equally amiss. They inculcate morality but do not promote evolution. The new plot must show an evolutionary shift without a predication of its moral worth. It is a movement from here to there. Something that converts the *is* into the *is not*. It is easy to compare what is today with what a writer hopes will be three thousand years hence. Of such pictures literature has an abundance. They reveal an acute imagination—but to show where the next movement in evolution will take place and where it will land the participants is a scientific problem demanding both a knowledge of the present and of evolution. A plot of this kind must give an accurate description of the class on which evolution is to work and of the means by which the alteration is effected.

Mud Hollow is the base on which the nation rests. It is the normal in the sense that it has the soil and mechanisms on which prosperity depends, without the impressment of a foreign culture which would thwart local tendencies. Normalcy may be defined as prosperity without culture. Money to do with and not knowing what to do.

Mud Hollow is not Gopher Prairie. Its inhabitants do not drag out their lives nor suffer deprivation for the benefit of absentee capitalists. The elevators and the railroads may take more than their just share but Mud Hollow is not conscious of exploitation. All pay their debts, have

money in pocket; ride to church and market in their Sunday clothes. Not everybody lives in Mud Hollow nor are all its inhabitants well off, but the class is large enough to control public opinion and thus make the stone on which evolution rests. Progress demands surplus as well as discontent; new wants to battle with old restraints; a shift in emotion in addition to changes in corn plows and harvesters.

Bowman is Mud Hollow strained and concentrated—a group of farmhouses without farms. To it families go to see their sons turned into Congressmen, doctors, preachers and school superintendents. The interests and talk are of the farm except as interspersed with tales of the Civil War. More than half of the residents are old soldiers to whom the War made the only break in life. Even the professors were but a single generation from the farm where they felt more at home than in Athens. Every woman is a housewife, bakes her own bread and is proud of her kitchen. Boys do not return to the farm, but girls are expected to tread the path of their mothers. They might "fool away a couple of years at books," but in the end they are to marry some budding Congressman, bake potatoes as did mother, and rear children. In this Bowman is not different from towns to which successful farmers retire, spending their mornings in gossip and motoring out to the farm after dinner. Every village has rows of such farmless houses where leisure and content dwell, unconscious of world problems or of world misery. All this looks simple and in a measure satisfactory, but does not seem to afford a good basis of a plot; nor would it, if the boys and girls reared in these protected homes were as stubbornly material as their parents.

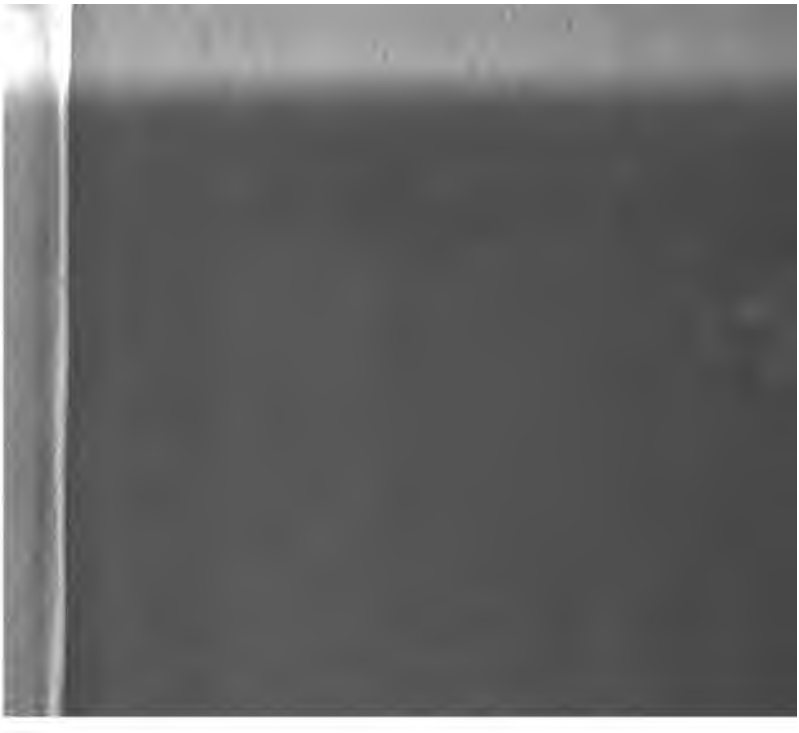
But surplus does not crave more surplus: it turns itself into adventure. It makes breaks, up-

sets tradition, and creates variation. This is the process to watch and the source from which new plots arise. It is emotion, not situation, that alters.

Asiatic heredity, European tradition, American situation. That is America today. Three antagonistic forces play on every one. America feeds; Europe restrains; Asia fumes at both food and restraint. If Asia wins we shall have evolution; how it is to win is the only plot worth unravelling. To dump Europe, its traditions, culture and morals, seems to be the only thought movement capable of lifting Mud Hollow above itself. The break and its consequences can be foreseen even if it does not bring mankind into a storm-free Utopia. One step at a time. That is all evolution is, and does. Nature has surmounted worse evils than those we face. She has put America in Mud Hollow. She must find a way out.

In a description of what is to happen a writer has but two choices. He must describe the next transformation—how we are to get from where we are to some other stable point, or he may strive to picture what the final evolution of the race will resemble. To tell what the world will be like three or ten thousand years hence, giving free scope to the imagination, is satisfying in the sense that what we wish can be readily described. Such pictures are merely the perfecting of what we have. Evolution is not a dream, but a series of transformations shifting from one base to another.

Each new civilization is such a shift. Each master mind is he who points the way from one base to another. The real makers of evolution are not the dreamers—but those who create a new order to replace the chaos into which their fellows have fallen. The growth of new physical traits, the pressure of invention and the fruit of adven-

ture make old institutions untenable. Their replacement makes a step in evolution. Such steps are associated with Moses, Luther, Cromwell, Bismarck. Each leads his comrades through a wilderness, into a land of promise. These men make history. They can be praised for what they did and blamed for what they did not. However we judge their mistakes and failures, they each helped to establish a new order which, moving mankind upward, established a new equilibrium.

We have broken with our past and pushed on into a depression out of which there is no beaten path. To find an exit is evolution's next great task. People and situations have importance only as measuring change and pointing this new equilibrium. We are in a period of progress. Our children will live longer and have better times even if they scoff our dearest traditions. When the clouds break we shall be in a new Paradise but not in Eden. Many, many Paradises must be sought and gained before Eden re-opens her gates.